FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

OUI

JANUARY 1974 $1.50

SPECTACULAR HOLIDAY ISSUE

THE KINGDOM AND POWER OF SCREW

WILL BILLIE JEAN AND BOBBY RIGGS MARRY?

CHOPPING UP THE MARTIAL ARTS

SEXING UP THE BOOB TUBE

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The height of sophistication, the the TX-9100's stabilized, drift-free front end employs three dual gate MOS FET's, two tuned RF stages and a 5-gang variable tuning capacitor for exceptionally high gain and extremely low noise. FM sensitivity is an astounding 1.5uV.

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Both radiated noise and noise interference have been completely eliminated by 6-stage limiters working with differential amplifiers and a new pulse noise suppressor circuit. Signal to noise ratio is a superb 75dB.

Other features include: exclusive drift-free, alignment-free phase lock loop (PLL) IC circuitry for optimum channel separation; unique muting control that eliminates both interstation noise and the popping noise of tuning and detuning; a completely unitized monolithic IC for the AM section; dual tuning meters.

At $349.95, including a walnut cabinet, the TX-9100 is the epitome of advanced research.

The SA-9100 is the most exciting and remarkable integrated stereo amplifier available. Its two separate balanced positive and negative power supplies use a total capacitance of 30,000 uF for an absolutely pure DC voltage supply. With 60+60 watts RMS, at 8 ohms, both channels driven, there's stable power output, excellent transient response and only 0.1% distortion between 20-20,000 Hz. That's 100+100 watts RMS at 4 ohms, 1,000 Hz . . . fantastic!

Unlike other amplifiers which offer direct-coupling only with the power amp, the SA-9100 is direct-coupled in *all* stages — equalizer, control and power amps. This provides the finest transient response, wider dynamic range, THD and IM distortion of only 0.04% (1 watt). It's an incredible achievement.

Twin stepped tone controls (two for bass, two for treble) custom tailor your listening. There are 5,929 combinations to suit your listening room acoustics and to compare or compensate for component frequency response. A new tone defeat switch adds extra flexibility; it provides flat bass and treble response instantly.

Whatever program source you're likely to feed in, the SA-9100 has two inputs for it, plus connections for three pairs of speakers. There's a special electronic trigger relay system to protect the speakers against DC leakage. Additional features and refinements include: level set and loudness contour controls; separate switching between the tuner and phono 1 and any other single program source; two-way tape-to-tape duplicating and monitoring; individual controls for phono 2 and aux 2; high/low filters, plus much more.

The most exciting-to-use amplifier that has ever powered any hi-fi system, the SA-9100 is only $449.95, including a walnut cabinet. Unquestionably the most advanced hi-fi components available today, the TX-9100 and SA-9100 are the showcase units in Pioneer's new lineup of tuners and amplifiers, starting at $139.95, including walnut cabinets. Let your Pioneer dealer demonstrate how they can outperform anything you have ever experienced in the world of high fidelity.

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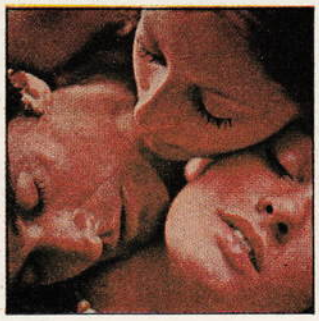

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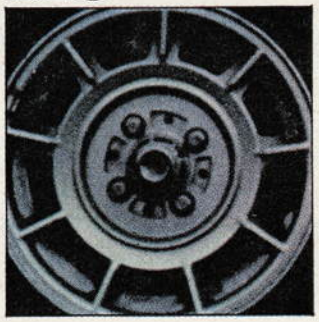
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MAIL

Menacing thoughts

On page 13 in the October *Openers*, you show a photograph and say that "Twenty menacing objects have been cunningly hidden." I have examined this photograph closely, as have six of my friends. We have absolutely no idea what could be menacing about it.

JACK LUTZ, JR.
Dayton, Ohio

October issue, Twenty Menacing Objects: what else but the lady's ten fingers and ten toes?

FRANK J. MARCHETTI
Warwick, Rhode Island

Twenty Menacing Objects. First category: ten toes, two feet, and two knees. Second category: two cheeks, two eyes, one fun bush, one ear. Grand total: 20.

SGT. JAMES TESCHKER
McCoy AFB, Florida

I am writing in regard to the Twenty Menacing Objects. Since I have a good eye for them, I could see them, even though they were hidden: ten fingernails, ten toenails.

REVEREND FREDDIE ALBRECHT
Attica, New York

This is the most ridiculous list I've ever made!

1. Chain, left top corner
2. Uneven light around bed
3. Dark shadow under arm
4. Breasts need shadowing
5. Legs too long
6. Sheet too short
7. Her left wrinkled stocking
8. Feet too large
9. Left breast points up
10. Left breast appears smaller
11. Weed molding, bottom right, is ugly
12. Is this a stocking ad?
13. Sheet covers too much
14. Setting lacks imagination
15. What's under the sheet?
16. Bed appears short
17. Renée Perle's hand is on her left breast
18. Photo too large
19. Mod stockings and drab background
20. Photo doesn't turn me on

BILL GENDRON
Wantagh, New York

Menace, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder.

Current thinking

A comment on your *Openers* interview with Paul Getty (October) in which he mentions electroshock treatment: I have had electroshock. To me the prospect of future treatment in the same manner is horrifying, although I now understand it better. From what I remember going through, it is like this: A rubber mouthguard is placed between your teeth. Somehow your head is messed with to receive current. All jewelry has been removed. As the current goes through, the muscles tense and there is a gradual loss of sensation. After maybe four seconds of this you are knocked out.

Although I fear it, it saved me from self-imposed starvation. I only hope they will find a better way. Each treatment is no worse than going under ether. Most of the fear comes from waiting behind curtains for the treatment and hearing stories spread by fellow patients.

HARRIS RICHARDSON
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Führer furor

Re: *Springtime for Hitler* (October): What next? Photos of sexually mutilated children to cater to deviate tastes? You have gone from the good taste of *Playboy* to the obscene with your new venture OUI. I will purchase neither publication in the future.

DIANE LINDA MILLER
Sicklerville, New Jersey

Total disgust with your article *Springtime for Hitler* may force me to overlook your magazine in the future. Why would anyone want to waste effort on such a man? I will buy your magazine again, but why not use your fine photography on someone or something else, instead of a turkey like Hitler?

C. B.
Houston, Texas

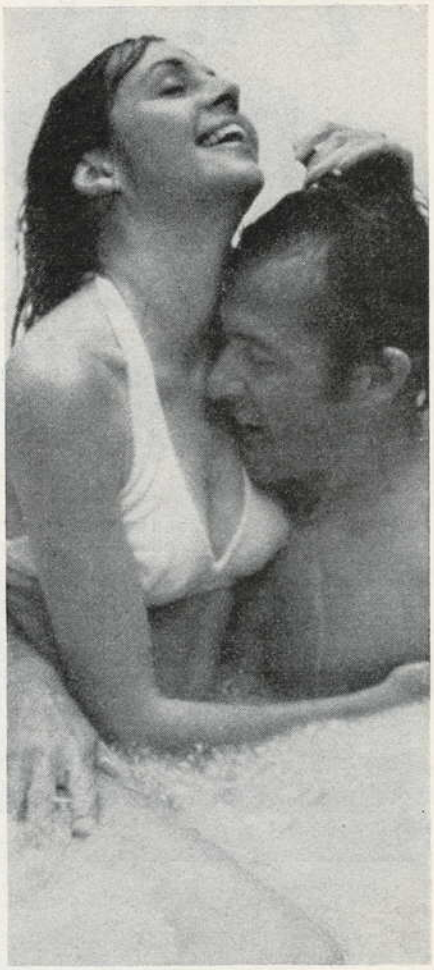
I was shocked at your lack of taste in attempting to show the murderous Hitler as a comical, woman-loving man. I find it depressing and totally unnecessary to display him as a hero. It is an act of pure ignorance.

SISALEE M. HECHT
New Milford, New Jersey

Fight fans

Your photo series, *Golden "Goldie" Pelt* vs. *The Mighty Moloch* (September) had an extraordinary amount of animal sex appeal. It was out of sight! There is no foreplay more arousing than a competitive wrestling bout between male and female. I guess the series appealed to my primitive masculine instincts. Nevertheless, there were two things about the series that made it

Playboy presents the wild, wild West Indies



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Yes, it's true!—if you join the Club right now, you may have any 12 of these records or tapes for only $1.97! Send no money now—just mail the postpaid application provided ...and with your 12 selections, you'll receive a bill for only $1.97, plus processing and postage. That is *all* you pay for your first 12 selections—there are no additional membership dues or fees for joining! (Be sure to indicate whether you want cartridges, cassettes, reel tapes *or* records.) In exchange...

You agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years. That's right!—you'll have *two full years* in which to buy just nine selections ...so you are not obligated to buy a record or tape every month, *or even every other month!* And you may cancel membership *at any time* after you've purchased your nine selections.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment. The selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes $6.98; reel-to-reel tapes, $7.98; records, $4.98 or $5.98—plus processing and postage. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about four times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will always be enclosed with each magazine.

...**if you do not want any selection offered,** just mail the response card provided by the date specified

...**if you want only the Selection of the Month** for your musical interest, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically

...**if you want any of the other selections offered,** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the regular selection at our expense and receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Here, indeed, is the most *convenient* way possible to build a record *or* tape library—*at the greatest savings possible!* So act now—mail the application today!

If application card is missing, please write to: Columbia Record & Tape Club, Dept. 1KL, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Columbia House
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

somewhat less than perfect: (1) although the photography was superb, it should have been done in black and white instead of color; (2) while Goldie is a beautiful woman, she is much too small and lean to project a convincing image of the strong and sexy Amazon.

The latter complaint being the more important, why not use a female combatant who is equally as beautiful as Goldie but who weighs 20 to 25 pounds more and who has the muscular grace of a female dancer or a female gymnast?

NAME WITHHELD
Augusta, Georgia

Your picture story on Goldie Pelt was great. I'm sorry she lost and feel she is entitled to another match, possibly a two-out-of-three-falls affair. Pass the word to Goldie that I would be more than willing to aid her in training for it.

H. BENSON
Brunswick, Maine

We have relayed word of your availability as a training partner to the great Pelt, who, at this very moment, is working her buns off in a secret wrestling lodge high in the Andes.

Loved the nude-wrestling match in your September issue and the little item on female nude wrestling in the October *Openers*. Hope for more on the subject, especially a nude match between girls.

A few questions: (1) Are there any magazines devoted to the subject? (2) Will you be doing any more material on F.N.W.? (3) In the film *Women in Love*, there was a nude-wrestling scene between two men that I believe has become famous. Has any movie ever featured a nude match between women?

RAYMOND J. BOWIE, JR.
Somerville, Massachusetts

A few answers: (1) none that we know of; (2) possibly; (3) yes.

Beer bust

I must take issue with Jon Borgzinner's September *Satellite* item. It is filled with misinformation, and I wonder if he has ever been to an *Oktoberfest* in Munich. Certainly the beer served at the *Oktoberfest* is not 3.2 beer; in fact, it would test at considerably less than that. Quite sensibly, our German friends cut down on the amount of alcohol used in the *Oktoberfest* brew. If they did not, chaos would result. Borgzinner has no knowledge of beer at all, or he would not talk about beer running 14 percent alcohol. A 14 percent brew would actually be a barley wine.

His imagination also runs wild when he says that 14 percent is about four percent more than you get in the usual German export beer in the United States. I'll say so! The German exports and other foreign beers will run a maximum five percent alcohol by weight, which becomes 6.25 percent by volume, or 12.5 proof, but no one other than Borgzinner measures beer by proof. Incidentally, five percent weight is still substantially higher than most domestic beers.

BOB SIMONS
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

Fan letter

I have just finished reading your October issue. I was so taken with it that I have sent in my subscription money and anxiously await the next issue. I had been sort of floating around from one alleged men's magazine to another. OUI is different; it is alive with all its untried newness. It has places to go, and may it never stop going places. There are no wet-dream-fantasy letters written by readers eager to see their names in print. Your articles are written with a living style that grasps readers' attention and doesn't let go. The pictures in your October issue, especially *Mirrors*, were exceptionally well done and extremely erotic. My hope is that you will continue to do pieces in such a lavish and sensual style.

IRVING G. ROBINSON
New York, New York

Tieing one on

The number of people who enjoy sadomasochism, bondage, etc., (or would enjoy them if not so inhibited) is staggering. Your girl pictures, articles, and interviews are, of course, interesting and done in excellent taste. But with the repetition of this format year after year, yours and at least a dozen other similar men's magazines will eventually get dull. This will not boost sales.

In 1954, for example, when *Playboy* first introduced nipples in photographs, it was exciting, as was the first showing of a vagina only a few years ago. The fact that these were never shown before made them exciting when first introduced. But today a new sexual element must be introduced in your magazine, much the same as it is being introduced in people's sex lives to combat year-after-year sameness.

S/M is the last frontier of sexuality. Your July feature on the subject will not only fill the need for newness and excitement, but will also help contribute to a sexually free society.

STEVE COLEMAN
Vero Beach, Florida

Man knocked numb by magazine

OUI? *Non!* You are too far out for me—a poor relation (at devalued-dollar subscription prices) to the fine magazine that is *Playboy*. The shock to my conservative New England sensibilities with the arrival of each successive issue of OUI has numbed my good intentions of writing you to implore that you apply the balance of my ill-placed investment in your sensationalist rag to an extension of my continuing *Playboy* subscription.

CONRAD R. CARTER
West Yarmouth, Massachusetts

Out with in

Let me inform you first that I enjoy your magazine. OUI's articles concerning contemporary culture are well written and imaginative. But I want to take issue with your magazine's obsession with that which is not: Ed Ward's book-review section in your October issue is a good example. In reviewing John Birmingham's novel *The Vancouver Split*, Ward praises the book as a "fine story of the post-Woodstock generation." He goes on to say something to the effect that Birmingham realizes that we are no longer living in the far-out, oh wow, heavy era of the Sixties—"that we are living in 1973, not 1967 plus 6." Fine. But such a statement represents an attitude that permeates your magazine—a kind of arrogant hauteur that states: "I'm very with it, you see, so please don't bother me with anachronistic ideas; they really bore me."

Your continuing categorization of people, ideas, and objects as being "in" or "out" is also something we no longer need. Leave that to *Women's Wear Daily* and *Esquire*. Please discontinue the bullshit and get on to something else.

BLAISE CIRELLI
Havertown, Pennsylvania

Ex-facto Mano

Working in cement may give D. Keith Mano some excuse for being such a blockhead, but he at least ought to have the sense to stay away from jobs he can't handle. He seems more concerned with impressing us with his supercool style than with interpreting the films he supposedly sees. His review of *O Lucky Man*, as with the Bergman movie, shows his complete ignorance of all but the most superficial aspects of these films.

KEVIN EDWARDS
Stockton, California

Wang slang

We find your contributions from readers to be interesting and enlightening, but we're disappointed to note the apparent lack of response from Canadians in the *Mail* section. Accordingly, we have composed the enclosed "tail":

WHICH WANG WAS WITCHED
Wicked Wanda Witch was wanging Wally Warlock's wet wingwang, while wandering Willy was willfully watching wretched Wanda Wart who waited wantonly with wonderlust, while wondering whose wingwang was wanting wanging, when Wally Warlock's wang was wonged.

B. SMITH
B. COUWENBERGHS
J. LEDUC
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Wow.

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

How they make a drink called tequila from a natural, living cactus plant.

First it takes about 10 years to grow this cactus called the agave tequilana or blue mezcal. Then they steam it to bring out the juice, then press it in giant rollers and squeeze the juice out which tastes kind of like a sweet potato with a funny smell. Then it's distilled and aged. Jose Cuervo first made it in 1795. And it's really the best there is.

Patti Patterson

This is the part they make it from. Even the extra fancy, aged Gold Cuervo Especial.

80 PROOF. JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY ©1973 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

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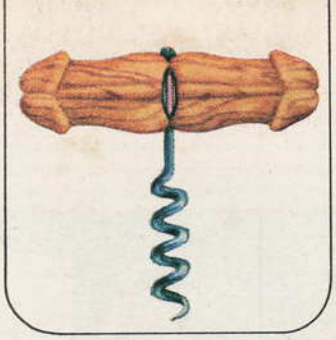
Taste it all in Viceroy.

Get a taste of excitement. A taste worth smoking for. That's Viceroy. Full flavor that comes on rich and smooth from start to finish. Viceroy. Taste what smoking's all about.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size, 17 mg. "tar," 1 .2 mg. nicotine;
Long Size, 18 mg. "tar," 1 .3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC. Report Feb. 73.



OPENERS

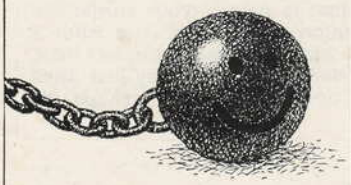
Free speech; thick tongue

We went to see Speakers' Corner, near Marble Arch in London's Hyde Park. It's very famous, except in London, where everybody considers it something of a nuisance and a bore. In America, we learn that it's a citadel of freedom. Indeed, when the Free Speech Movement clashed with the administration of the University of California in 1964, the administration's compromise proposal was to set up some sort of "Hyde Park area" or "free-speech corner."

The big subject at Speakers' Corner is Jesus, with Socialism (The Joys of) and Socialism (The Evils of) holding down the place and show positions. The preachers were by far the most numerous. They ranged from a matronly West Indian woman who exhorted her flock so rapidly and loudly that she could not be understood, cutting down the size of the crowd around her considerably, to a two-fisted Methodist, complete with turned-around collar and gleaming head. The Methodist believed in a hard God, and his sentiments were echoed widely. This is not a big year for mercy.

Little of what was being said was potentially inflammatory, unless one is a dedicated follower of Satan. But the monument to free speech survives. It is an almost wholly benign characteristic of the British and the Americans and might just be the thing that keeps nations, if not in one piece, in several large fragments.

Women in cages



This month's award for Most Popular and Subtle Convict goes to a man in Lebanon, known as Victoria, who dressed up in drag, got himself busted on a misdemeanor, and ended up in the women's prison in Beirut. Here's the popular part: prison guards, ever watchful, noticed the female inmates stomping and gouging each other just to get close to our boy. Now here's the subtle part: it took a medical examination and a *special investigation* by prison officials to discover that Victoria was not a woman, whereupon Vic was moved to the men's prison to face, according to the AP report, "unspecified new charges."

Nice while it (unspecified) lasted. —R.S.

Hooray! Kissing is OK, even when you've got a cold. Doctors at the University of Virginia Medical School say that the cold virus travels by people shaking hands or touching, and then rubbing their hands on their faces. For winter, we would suggest a concentrated avoidance of hands and fingers and, instead, a hearty smack on the lips to all those requiring a social greeting. With a bumper crop of mistletoe, we can yet wipe out the common cold.

Go? Yes. Come? No.

Nova reports that Barry Gold, a London lawyer, applied for a Russian visa earlier this year in order to witness the trial of a Soviet Jew, Lazar Lyubarsky. Predictably, his application was rejected, so Barry phoned the Russian Embassy. The conversation went like this:

BARRY: My name is Barry Gold. I applied for a visa to visit Russia.

OFFICIAL: And we refused you.

BARRY: Is there any way in which I can go and view the trial?

OFFICIAL: There are three

Vegetable of the month

Keith H. Larson sends us this photo of a genuine uncircumcised cherry tomato and wishes to tell us that he has it in his freezer should anyone care to give it a playful little tweak or hug. Readers, hoe that row.

Why is this girl smiling? Turn to page 18 to find out.

possible ways. First, you can get a letter of invitation from the person concerned.

BARRY: Is that possible?

OFFICIAL: Absolutely not. Secondly, the legal committee could invite you in.

BARRY: Would this be likely?

OFFICIAL: Absolutely not. Thirdly, you could get a tourist visa and get into the trial that way.

BARRY: Would I get out again?

OFFICIAL: Absolutely not.

Babyproofing Mr. Macho

During World War II, the Government decided that the best way to stir the nation's youth was through comics. Comic-book artists were dispatched to Washington to join the war effort, Nazifying villains both in and out of the officially approved books. Comics as propaganda was born.

The war may be over, but the Socially Conscious Comic marches on. *Los Supermachos*, a superpopular Mexican comic, recently devoted an entire issue to telling the Mexican people *Como no Tener Niños* (that's *How Not to Have Kids*, gringo). "There are lots of personal reasons why women use contraception," *Los Supermachos* declares, while an inviting blonde explains that "the most common" reason "is because we're not married."

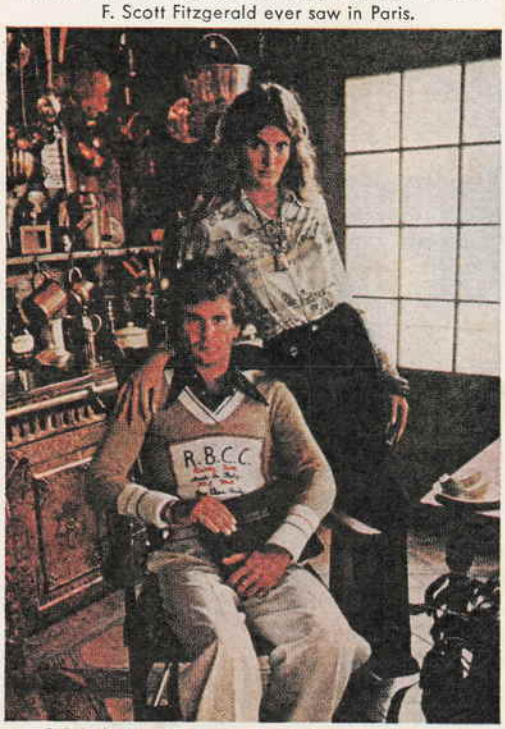
It has a bit about how babies are born (*"¡Pasale, chato!"*—"Come on in, pal!"—

cries an available egg to an entering sperm), information on various means of contraception (the pill and rhythm get emphasized most), and lessons in social theory ("he's confused marriage with a beggar factory").

The book goes all out to please everybody. Men are told that if they're *really macho* they'll make sure they don't knock the lady up, "because she'll be unavailable for several months."

But it's the Mexican ladies themselves who have the best word. When a *mucho macho* refuses to have a vasectomy, a female chorus gets to complain, "our husbands are underdeveloped." Which is more than even the superest *supermacho* can stand. —T.C.F.

Inside or out, the RBCC label matches the *je ne c'est quoi* that is part of your spirit. Lettered and beastied clothing, wilder than anything Hemingway or Gertrude Stein or F. Scott Fitzgerald ever saw in Paris.



Right Bank Clothing Co. With the audacity to turn labels inside out.

RBCC BEVERLY HILLS

All we can say is booga booga to the Right Bank Clothing Company of Beverly Hills, California. Out there in movieland, they seem to think it's more chic to wear your labels showing. Perhaps. But is it equally chic to claim that the RBCC label "matches the *je ne c'est quoi* that is part of your spirit?" In other words, does the label match your "I not it is what"? Somehow, we always thought it was *je ne* sais *quoi,* but then, people tell us that Californians don't read, that they just drive around in big cars and go to pool parties. So perhaps it's nothing. *Sais rien?*

A dope called Red

Word around town is that the greatest marijuana is from Colombia, S.A., which accounts for half the reason it is known as Colombian Red.

To connoisseurs, Red is a real treat. Most prefer it over green the way they'd rather have claret than chablis. Marijuana from Colombia has been imported into the U.S. only in the past three years—ever since Panama Red mysteriously stopped coming in. For years, 1000 pounds of Panamanian would show up in San Francisco come spring—and be gone in two days, so crazy is everybody there for fine Red. When Panama dropped out, Colombia moved in, and now it's smuggled in with some regularity.

All right, who knows how Red got its name? Dr. Pot, a gentleman and scholar on the subject, says the main factors are tropical weather and how the bush is harvested. Red results, he's been told, when the green stalks are slashed and left to lay out for a week or so, baking in the equatorial sun until the THC, which ordinarily acts as protection from the fierce rays, burbles throughout the plant, thereby changing its color from green to red as it dries.

The nugget of Red we have seen was transported in two-pound bricks of buds so tightly compressed that at a glance they could be taken for gigantic Hersheys, 'cause . . . mmmmm . . . they smell sweet as chocolate.

In a big shipment of weed there are usually two levels of quality, sometimes three. Dried and less tasty versions

The following notice was posted in the Hotel Matchbox in Katmandu:

NOTICE—NOTICE—NOTICE

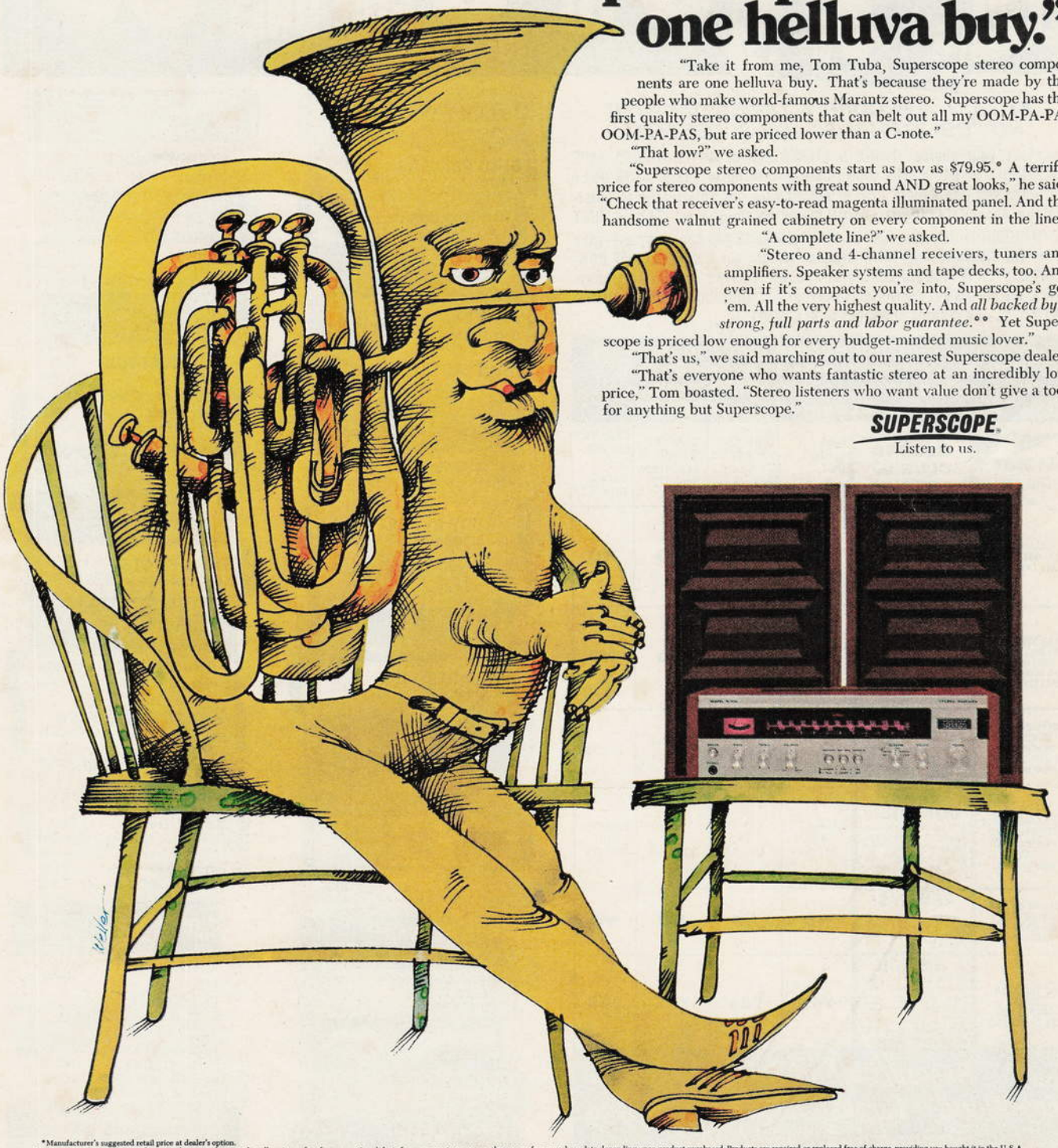
It is hereby notify to the stayer that anybody has to complained their problem in staying, Please be kind enough to contack MANAGER on the Top-Floor: At 6 AM—10 AM & 7 PM—11 PM

Next to the notice was this sign:

Anyone has intended to stay here (MATCHBOX), Please contack at the above indecation time: Or leave a tenant for MANAGER IN ROOM—1. Thanking you MANAGER/MATCHBOX Katmandu

Here we are in Nice and those two gentlemen with the bazookalike things are spraying the beach with a perfume scented with lemon and lavender. The beach at Nice stinks because of the pollution, and rather than *solve* the problem . . . . You get the idea. The French also invented sauces to hide the taste of spoiled meat. In America, we call this civilization.

"Superscope stereo is one helluva buy."



"Take it from me, Tom Tuba, Superscope stereo components are one helluva buy. That's because they're made by the people who make world-famous Marantz stereo. Superscope has the first quality stereo components that can belt out all my OOM-PA-PA, OOM-PA-PAS, but are priced lower than a C-note."

"That low?" we asked.

"Superscope stereo components start as low as $79.95.* A terrific price for stereo components with great sound AND great looks," he said. "Check that receiver's easy-to-read magenta illuminated panel. And the handsome walnut grained cabinetry on every component in the line."

"A complete line?" we asked.

"Stereo and 4-channel receivers, tuners and amplifiers. Speaker systems and tape decks, too. And even if it's compacts you're into, Superscope's got 'em. All the very highest quality. And *all backed by a strong, full parts and labor guarantee.*** Yet Superscope is priced low enough for every budget-minded music lover."

"That's us," we said marching out to our nearest Superscope dealer.

"That's everyone who wants fantastic stereo at an incredibly low price," Tom boasted. "Stereo listeners who want value don't give a toot for anything but Superscope."

SUPERSCOPE
Listen to us.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price at dealer's option.

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Killing Me Softly With His Song

MARVIN GAYE 6742 Tamla
Let's Get It On

HELEN REDDY 4762 Capitol
Long Hard Climb

DIANA ROSS 6759 Motown
Touch Me In The Morning

NEIL DIAMOND 8458 MCA
Rainbow

ROD STEWART 2170 Mercury
Sing It Again Rod

RICHARD HARRIS 1545 ABC/Dunhill
Jonathan Livingston Seagull

JACKSON FIVE 6775 Motown
Get It Together

ELTON JOHN 8417 MCA
Goodbye Yellow Brick Road (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)

ISAAC HAYES 0497 Enterprise
Joy

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN 5702 MAM
I'm A Writer

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS 6205 Buddah
Imagination

DAWN 7625 Bell
New Ragtime Follies

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CAN YOU BUY ANY LP OR TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	ALWAYS! Guaranteed discounts up to 81% on LPs and tapes of ALL LABELS!	NO	NO	NO	NO
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED LPs OR TAPES?	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records and tapes you want are sent – and only when you ask us to send them.	YES	YES	YES	YES

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Main Street People

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RASBERRIES 4770 Capitol
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Cosmic Slop

THE BEST OF SIEGEL SCHWALL * 3145 Vanguard

THE ESSENTIAL ODETTA 2 LPs * 3194 Vanguard

MOODY BLUES 5611 Threshold
Seventh Sojourn

MOODY BLUES 5520 Deram
Days Of Future Passed

CAT STEVENS 0885 Deram
Matthew & Son/ New Masters (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)

ROD STEWART 2055 Mercury
Every Picture Tells A Story

THE BAND 0109 Capitol
Rock Of Ages (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)

HELEN REDDY 4689 Capitol
I Am Woman

STEELY DAN 1016 ABC
Can't Buy A Thrill

THE BEST OF THE JAMES GANG 1024 ABC

ROD STEWART 2154 Mercury
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FIFTH DIMENSION'S GREATEST HITS ON EARTH 7823 Bell

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Movie Soundtrack

ERIC CLAPTON 0901 Polydor
At His Best (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)

BEETHOVEN 7252 Yorkshire
Symphony No. 9

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STEPPENWOLF 1214 ABC/Dunhill
16 Greatest Hits

THREE DOG NIGHT 1404 ABC/Dunhill
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SHA NA NA 0729 Kama Sutra
Golden Age Of Rock And Roll (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)

URIAH HEEP 2014 Mercury
Magician's Birthday

ERIC CLAPTON 5355 Polydor
Clapton

2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY 9050 MGM

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL 3152 Vanguard

TEMPTATIONS 6619 Gordy
Masterpieces

GRASS ROOTS 1198 ABC/Dunhill
16 Greatest Hits

JAMES TAYLOR 3707 Euphoria
The Original Flying Machine

GRAND FUNK 4606 Capitol
Phoenix

CURTIS MAYFIELD 5959 Curtom
Superfly

STEVE MILLER BAND 0117 Capitol
Anthology (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)

BEETHOVEN 7047 Yorkshire
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HISTORY OF THE GUESS WHO* 9324 Pride

URIAH HEEP 2022 Mercury
Look At Yourself

URIAH HEEP 0208 Mercury
Live (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)

THE DIONNE WARWICK STORY 0273 Scepter
(2 LPs & 2 Tapes)

ARTHUR FIEDLER & THE BOSTON POPS 5371 Polydor
Bacharach-David

RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS 9373 Verve
14 Greatest Hits

* These Selections Not Available In Tape

AL GREEN 5637 Hi
Call Me
STORIES 6015 Kama Sutra
About Us
STEELY DAN 1529 ABC
Countdown To Ecstacy
Z. Z. TOP 5686 London
Tres Hombres
DICK CLARK 6023 Buddah
20 Years Of Rock 'N' Roll (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)
JIM CROCE 1149 ABC
Life And Times
B. B. KING 1537 ABC
To Know You Is To Love You
SMOKEY ROBINSON 6767 Tamla
Smokey
STEVIE WONDER 6692 Tamla
Talking Book
OSMONDS 9415 MGM
The Plan
CURTIS MAYFIELD 5967 Curtom
Back To The World
ISAAC HAYES 0653 Enterprise
Live At The Sahara Tahoe (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)
RARE EARTH 6783 Rare Earth
Ma
JOHNNIE TAYLOR 6465 Stax
Taylored In Silk
STAPLE SINGERS 6452 Stax
Be What You Are
NEW YORK DOLLS 2188 Mercury

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To Buy Anything Ever!

BRAND NEW HIT LIST!

CHOPIN 7054 Yorkshire
Polonaise in C Sharp Minor
MAMAS & PAPAS 0612 ABC/Dunhill
20 Golden Hits (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)
ISAAC HAYES 0638 Enterprise
Shaft (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)
THE VERY BEST OF BILLIE HOLIDAY 9209 MGM
LOBO 7922 Big Tree
Of A Simple Man
MANDRILL 5306 Polydor
Composite Truth
LONDON CHUCK BERRY SESSIONS 6882 Chess
FIFTH DIMENSION 7880 Bell
Living Together, Growing Together
DR. ZHIVAGO 9365 MGM
Movie Soundtrack
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON 5801 Monument
Jesus Was A Capricorn
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON 5835 Monument
Me & Bobby McGee
JOAN BAEZ 0380 Vanguard
Ballad Book (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)
DAVID FRYE 6114 Buddah
Richard Nixon: A Fantasy
SAVOY BROWN 5694 Parrot
Jack The Toad
JUDY GARLAND & LIZA MINNELLI 4788 Capitol
"Live" At The London Palladium
BUCK OWENS 4796 Capitol
Ain't It Amazin' Gracie
JULIUS WECHTER & THE BAJA MARIMBA BAND'S BACK 7971 Bell
GLEN CAMPBELL 4804 Capitol
I Knew Jesus (Before He Was A Star)
SCOTT JOPLIN 4747 Angel
The Red Back Book
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL 7989 Bell
Soundtrack (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)
SKYLARK 4853 Capitol

*These Selections Not Available In Tape

EDDY ARNOLD 9431 MGM
So Many Ways*
THE LETTERMEN 4812 Capitol
Alive Again, Naturally
JOAN BAEZ 3186 Vanguard
Hits/Greatest And Others
SERGIO MENDES AND BRASIL 77 7930 Bell
Love Music
JOHN DAVIDSON 2162 Mercury
Well Here I Am
RAY STEVENS 9449 Barnaby
Nashville
LIGHTHOUSE 5403 Polydor
Can You Feel It
JOHN MAYALL 5421 Polydor
Ten Years Are Gone (2 LPs & 2 Tapes)
M.O.R. JAMES LAST 5439 Polydor
MGM MUSICALS* 9456 MGM
Bandwagon/ Kiss Me Kate (2 LPs)
MGM MUSICALS* 9464 MGM
Singing In The Rain Easter Parade (2 LPs
MELANIE 6122 Buddah
Please Love Me
MERLE HAGGARD 4838 Capitol
I Love Dixie Blues
MOODY BLUES 5710 Threshold
Question Of Balance
LOBO 7997 Bell
Calumet
MOODY BLUES 5546 Deram
In Search Of A Lost Chord
THE HISTORY OF THE EVERLY BROTHERS* 9472 Barnaby
(2 LPs
CAT STEVENS 5728 Deram
Very Young & Early Songs
HISTORY OF THE NEW SEEKERS 9480 Verve
HOLST* 5652 London
The Planets — Mehta
LEO KOTTKE 4846 Capitol
My Feet Are Smiling

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come clumped like dirt clods and sell for $400 a pound. A flavor slightly superior to this sells for $450.

The fully mature buds are hand-manicured—a nicety that always comes with Red or fine Michoacan.

A proper joint of Colombian Red, a third as thick as your little finger, will stone four people silly for two hours.

St.-Tropez All the way (Hey)

Why is this girl smiling? Well, her pal, Manio Victor Maimone, decided to throw a rather impromptu contest one night at St.-Tropez to determine just who had the best breasts on Pampelonne Beach. Around St.-Tropez Manio Maimone is known as Monsieur 50 percent, since he owns about half of everything worth owning. So, of course, his friends made it a point to show up for the contest. Four even entered. The winner, Laurence Kelley, was awarded a 40-day all-expense-paid vacation to Bali. That's why she's smiling.

Miss Kelley decided to take her trip to Bali with Maimone, which was a risky thing to do. Two years before, Maimone was flying from Geneva to Rome, high on booze and whatever, sitting next to a lovely lady who complained about making a seven-hour layover in Rome before continuing on to Rio. Maimone, using his cigar as a gun, forced the pilot to land in Rome to let off the Rome-bound passengers so he and the lady could continue directly to Rio. He also asked that the Pope be present for their arrival. The Pope didn't show, unfortunately, but a squadron of police did. He got 11 months in prison.

But now, as is obvious, Maimone is back. And Miss Laurence Kelley, she of *Les Plus Beaux Seins de Pampelonne*, took her 40-day all-expense-paid vacation in Bali with Manio. But she made him leave his cigar at home. That's also why she's smiling.

Sunday morning with MANDRAKE

Fags help to sponsor the Highland Games

IN 15 days from now, to the skirl of bagpipes, the thunder of drums and with great civic and military ceremonial, the Highland Games will open in Edinburgh. these proceed

Huh? Well, because it's *English* English, this headline means Rothmans, the cigarette firm, is sponsoring the Highland Games in Edinburgh, and not those fey fellows in the plaid skirts.

Junko meets the Boston Crab

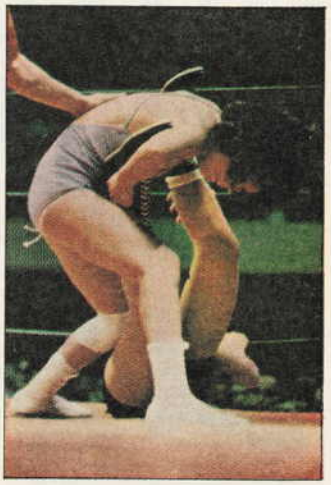
Fans of the fabulous "Goldie" Pelt (OUI's cover lady of September) have asked: where may we find such lady wrestlers?

In Japan, dear readers, where girl wrestling is a sport complete with intensive training, championship matches, and fan magazines. American lady wrestlers, who find their art unappreciated at home, often make the trip overseas in the hopes of beating the soy out of their Japanese sisters.

The Americans soon learn not to giggle at the Oriental's demure size and demeanor. These ladies tussle together six nights a week, and they know how to use every bit of their bodies.

OUI's Japanese correspondent cornered Laura del Rio moments after the Los Angeles champion had been beaten to the ground by Japan's Junko Hoshino.

"Why do you do it, Laura?" he asked. "Do you really like



getting mashed up nightly?"

"It's not always me on the wrong end of the punch," explained the sweltering 33-year-old mother of two. "I find wrestling fantastic. That's why I do it. There is something inside of me that wants to run and jump and climb and do whatever I can. And wrestling gives it *all* to me." Even little Junko Hoshino.

St.-Tropez at night: four girls, eight breasts, and a cigar in the wings.

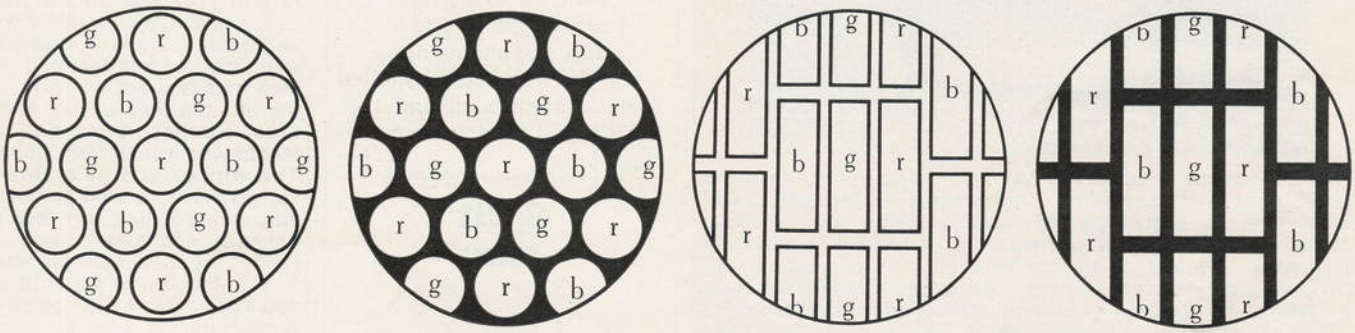
Fruitcakes and Rod Stewart

So there we were, Rosie Boycott and John Steinbeck and Norman Who-Is-Probably-Not-Crazy and Jay Who-Probably-Is and me and Other People As Well, riding in the small silver bus, the wheeled pill, up from London to Reading, where Oscar Wilde wrote *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. Wilde was in jail for being a fag, or, as the British would say, a cigarette.

There was fruitcake to eat and Scotch to drink out of the

Just who is that man in Room 227 of the Metropole Hotel, One Karl Marx Square, Moscow, Russia? It's the Moscow representative of the Chase National Bank. You have a comrade at Chase Manhattan.

A 19¢ BOX OF CRAYONS CAN SAVE YOU FROM MAKING A $400 MISTAKE ON A COLOR TV.



Get your kid's box of crayons and take out three colors.

Red. Blue. Green.

These are the three colors that make up a color television picture.

If you took microscopic portions of color television screens, blew them up and simplified them, they would look like the diagrams above.

FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Color in the circles in the first diagram.

Do not color the background.

You have just simulated the way the first generation of color TVs reproduced a color image. The colors look weak, soft.

This process was around back in 1956. Unfortunately, many color TVs on the market still use it today.

SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Using the same three colors, color in the second diagram.

Compare the two.

The circles in the second diagram are much more colorful. Sharper. Clearer.

The reason? The jet black background.

This process is also being used by many manufacturers today. And while it may be far superior to generation 1, to a color TV expert it's practically ancient.

THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Now we come to the modern way of reproducing a color image. Stripes.

Again, do not color in the background.

Notice how much more color you can get into stripes than circles. Even though the total area of the diagrams is equal.

The colors look brighter. More true-to-life.

This system is the newest method of reproducing a color image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest Toshiba has.

TOSHIBA INTRODUCES FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

When you color in the fourth diagram, you'll see it has all the advantages of the previous two.

The wealth of color of a stripe.

Plus the sharpness and snap of a black background.

Resulting in the brightest, clearest color television image possible today.

This system was invented by Toshiba. It's called Blackstripe.™

We decided to demonstrate its superiority to you the best way possible. By letting you see for yourself.

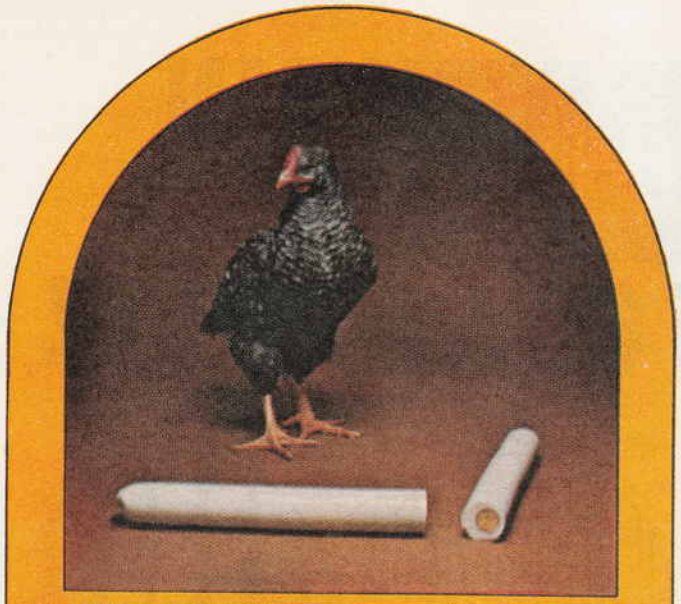
Toshiba Blackstripe.

If you buy a color TV that doesn't have it, you could be making a $400 mistake.

Model shown, C-335. Manufacturer's suggested retail price $369.95. 13" picture measured diagonally. Solid state circuitry composed of 5 plug-in modules for better performance and easy servicing. "Uni-button" automatically adjusts color balance, tint, brightness, contrast and fine tuning. Matching swivel stand included.

TOSHIBA

Toshiba America, Inc. 280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017



Right out of the squawk box onto your plate—plop!—it's the new streamlined Gourm-Egg. Trademarked. Never again those small yolkless white egg ends staring blindly from a chef's salad. Never again that worrisome gray shadow around the yolk where it comes up against the white. Never again a crumbling yolk on your fork. All these workaday egg problems are solved by the Gourm-Egg, the marvelous reconstituted cylindrical two-foot egg that quiets babies, amazes adults, and even confounds chickens.

Gourm-Egg is yet another peppy problem solver from the mass-feeding industry, the same industry that brought you Sir Broil, the steak with the "optional grill marks" (May *Openers*). We recently flew cross-country on a major domestic airline and were served perfectly sliced Gourm-Egg on our salad. But the grill marks on our steak were improperly affixed and fell listlessly onto the fork.

Does the grill mark come before the steak? The chicken before the egg? Are you as confused and hungry as we are? Go ahead, take another bite, cluck. And wipe those grill marks off your chin.

bottle and those giant British hash-and-tobacco joints to smoke. The high from those joints is not wonderful—hard and metallic and painful, like taking medicine. Nevertheless, we were going to a Rock Festival, where all the kids get loaded and dance to the *music*, so we toked up like stevedores. There was lots of conversation. Norman Who-Is-Probably-Not-Crazy talked about Jean Harlow movies, and Steinbeck talked about Tantric Buddhism. Shared experiences, as they say. It was only that the act of sharing seemed ritualistic. The act of *conserving* is the new sacrament. At least, that's what I thought, but I didn't know anybody very well.

Rod Stewart came onstage there at Reading, a vision in yellow silk muffled in an eight-foot tartan scarf. Stewart is very proud of his Scottish background. He gave a pleasant, uninspired performance, staying well within himself. As he stood in the lights and the midnight wind, arms raised to the applause, I was reminded of a pterodactyl as yet unaware that he is extinct. This made me sad because I like Rod Stewart very much.

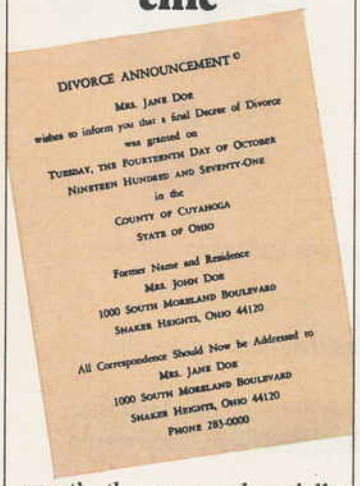
The British crowd trooped quietly out after Stewart, like they were leaving a concert. They had chosen to stand on the good English dirt at Reading for 12 hours, victimized by inadequate portable toilets and overpriced food, and there they were, filing out like soldiers, enjoying all the disadvantages of rock festivals with none of the benefits. One was reminded, not of Oscar Wilde, but of Thomas Gray:

The Curfew tolls the knell
of parting day,
The lowing herd wind
slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward
plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to
darkness and to me.

On the way back, I wanted to talk about rock and roll, but I found I didn't have anything to say. —J.C.

Last month, *Openers* brought you the incredible X-rated Girlie Goggles, guaranteed to grow hair on your chest and make your eyes pop out in wonderment. We have since received a photo of the Girlie Goggles in action, and let us tell you that the man you see above was literally speechless after finding out just how spicy his private life could be when wearing a pair of these specs. He also tells us that, indeed, the X-rated Girlie Goggles do grow hair on your chest.

Split chic



DIVORCE ANNOUNCEMENT ©

Mrs. Jane Doe
wishes to inform you that a final Decree of Divorce
was granted on
Tuesday, the Fourteenth Day of October
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-One
in the
County of Cuyahoga
State of Ohio

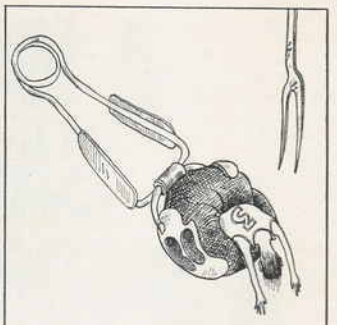
Former Name and Residence
Mrs. John Doe
1000 South Moreland Boulevard
Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120

All Correspondence Should Now be Addressed to
Mrs. Jane Doe
1000 South Moreland Boulevard
Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120
Phone 283-0000

It's the new and socially correct way," says the brochure mailed with the sample announcement. Staid and straightforward, the dignified legal type stares out dismally from the paneled ivory paper. "DIVORCE ANNOUNCEMENT," it reads.

The cards may be ordered in custom-printed lots or with fill-it-yourself blanks. What your name was, what your name shall be, where the credit-card bills should go.

The brainchild of two Cleveland printers, James Healy and Walter Elfelt, who hate printing wedding invitations, the cards are starting to pick up steam. "We'd like sending these cards to be the thing to do, instead of just a passing fad," says Healy. "Kind of like Christmas cards." —T.C.F.



The Snail World Championship of flat racing, held recently in Murillo De Rio Leza, Spain, was won by an anonymous Spanish mollusk who streaked four feet and an inch across a hot tin plate in the allotted time of five minutes. Runner-up by half a length was a snail from Chile. The winner and next three fastest finishers, who presumably won trophies, tiny racing helmets, and kisses from a pretty lady snail, were allowed to live; the rest of the field of 150 were eaten by the event's organizers.

Vegetarians: it's all over now but the shouting

Anthropologist Ralph Bolton ventured down to Peru and paid a visit to the Quolla tribe, whose members live on a diet of oats, barley, potatoes, and grain. While there, Mr. Bolton made a new scientific discovery linking violence with a low-protein vegetarian diet, similar to the macrobiotic diet that is supposed to keep you peaceful and calm and give you a feeling for international relations. Yes. But the Quollas, ironically, are known for meanness, bad manners, and, according to Mr. Bolton, they

The Shape of Things to come

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Please complete the following:
☐ Enter (or) ☐ Renew my own subscription.

☐ $_____ enclosed.
☐ Bill me after January 1.
☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.

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Total subscriptions ordered: _____
(Enter additional subscriptions on separate sheet.)
*based on current newsstand single-copy prices.

My Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please circle **A** or **B** below to indicate which card you want to announce your gift of PLAYBOY.

A **B**

(circle preference here)

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Gift Card B

Mail your order to:
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919 North Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Rates and credit extended to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.

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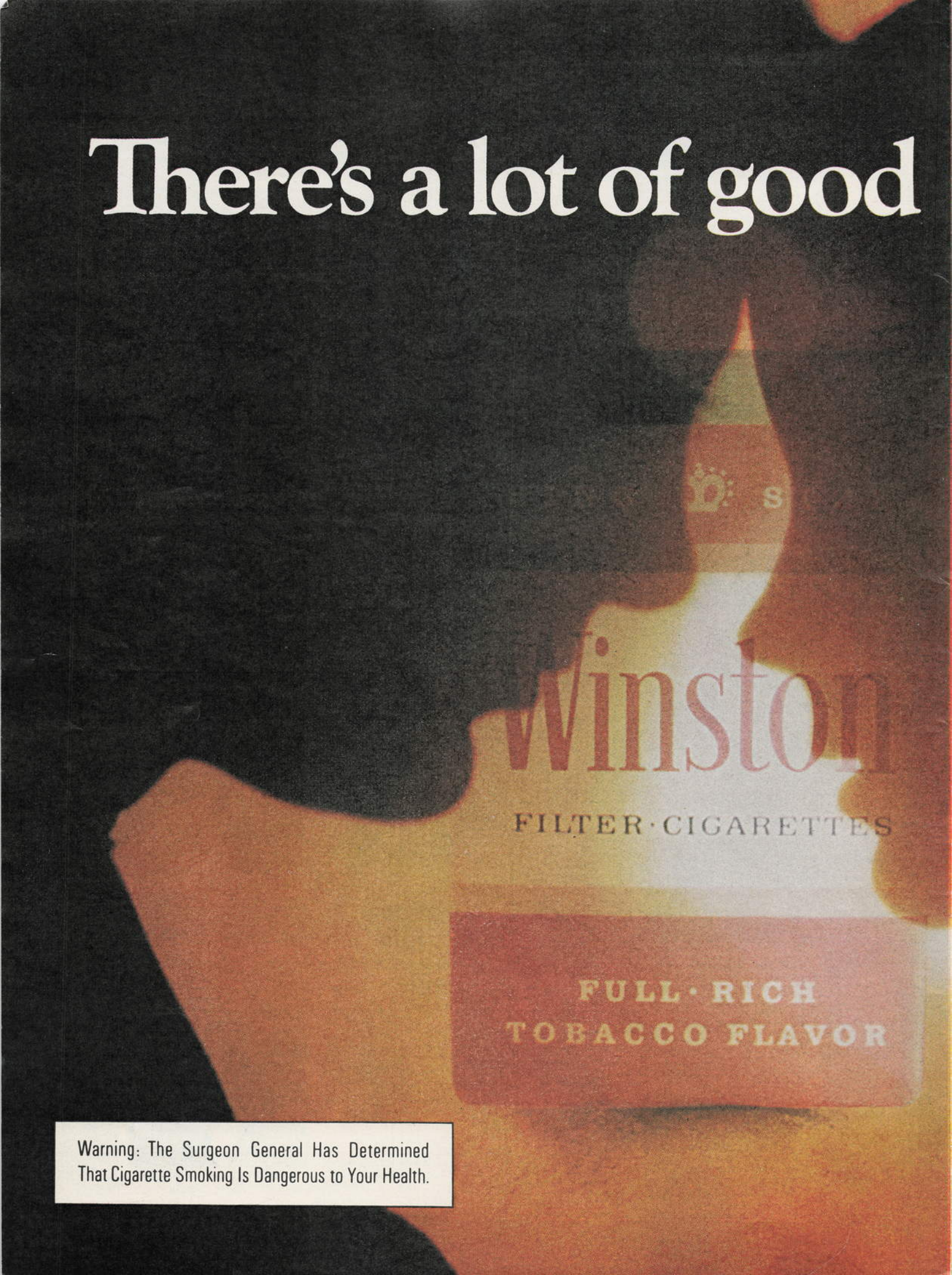
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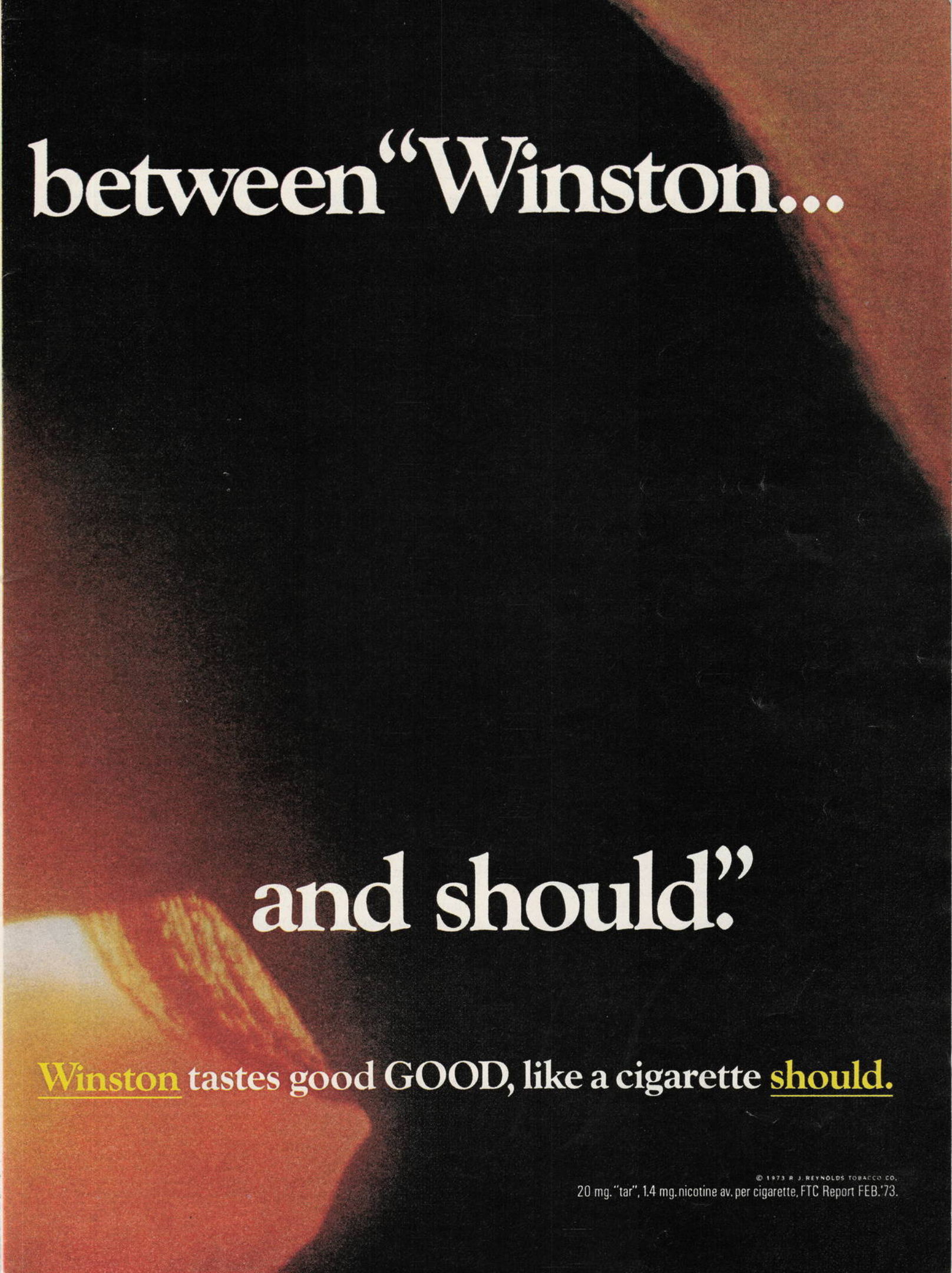


© 1973 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

"love nothing more than a good fight."

Mr. Bolton discovered that about half the Quolla grown-ups are murderers. And the whole gang likes to pass the time setting fire to crops, slaughtering livestock, raping women, and stomping the jungle out of each other. Mr. Bolton, God knows how, avoided being beaten to death in a juice bar by these surly Peruvians long enough to *test* 66 Quolla males. He found 55 percent were suffering from hypoglycemia, or low blood sugar, which is brought on by a low-protein diet, among other things. Strenuous physical activity increases the blood-sugar level, and since fighting and anger produce the quickest results in the body, Bolton believes the Quollas' rages may be simply survival measures to counteract their blood-sugar deficiencies. Because they feel so good after a fight, the Quollas keep on fighting. To back up this theory, Bolton checked out 30 East African tribes and found the ones with a higher protein diet to be proportionately less violent.

Bolton feels his theories may be applied to America's urban slums, where the poor are likely to be on protein-poor diets and where crimes of violence are most prevalent. It seems doubtful, though, that bales of meat will ever be airlifted into the ghetto to cool things off. Without the tension of the inner city, there would not be the relief of suburbia. And without the spread of suburbia, there would be no McDonald's. And without McDonald's, well . . . just imagine. —R.S.

A preliminary indication of Phase Five from the city of New York:

EDSELS--2, '59, run & look gd, 1-2 dr, 1-4 dr, $500 ea or $1000 for one. Alplaus. 374-5488 ml4

Just a lazy hazy crazy day at the Customs station at San Ysidro on the border between Mexico and California. Checking the longhairs for dope, checking the farmers for wetbacks, drinking Mexican beer and squinting at the sun. Along comes a suspicious-looking van. Up against the wall, mothertrucker. Inside, under the mattress, a secret compartment. In the compartment, parrots: $2400 worth of black-market parrots. Parrots, moreover, with a glazed, uncertain eye. Drunken parrots, besotted with tequila in an effort to keep their beaks closed during the border transit. Parrot smuggling is illegal. Off go the malefactors to jail, to be dealt with in the firm yet merciful way that has traditionally characterized this country's treatment of parrot smugglers. And the parrots . . . well, they're still in San Ysidro. Polly want an Excedrin?

Bok choy nok wam (and a side of gefüllte)

Singing Bamboo, the only Chinese restaurant in Tel Aviv, was founded by one Mandy Rice-Davies and is still run by her ex-husband with a staff of Japanese waiters. Come here down by the Yarkon River your first day in the Land of Israel and you'll find it just another dark, agreeable restaurant peopled with pretty folk. But come here after a week, on Sabbath, when just about all of Israel comes to a halt, and see these pretty people drinking hard liquor (the Israeli is about the most sober citizen who walks) and eating of the flesh of the swine—sweet and sour—in a country where Old Testament dietary laws rule, and you get a distinct whiff of sulphur. Sodom and Gomorrah.

There's lots of uproarious laughter, and they tell you it's Sabra humor (which isn't Jewish humor). Tel Aviv's flashy people all come here. Local movie stars, former paratroop heroes, novelists, *nouveau-riche*-socialist kibbutzniks who made their first million in the city, art gallery owners, political doves, publisher-parliamentarians, Pierre Mendes-France's 22-year-old niece with waist-long silver hair.

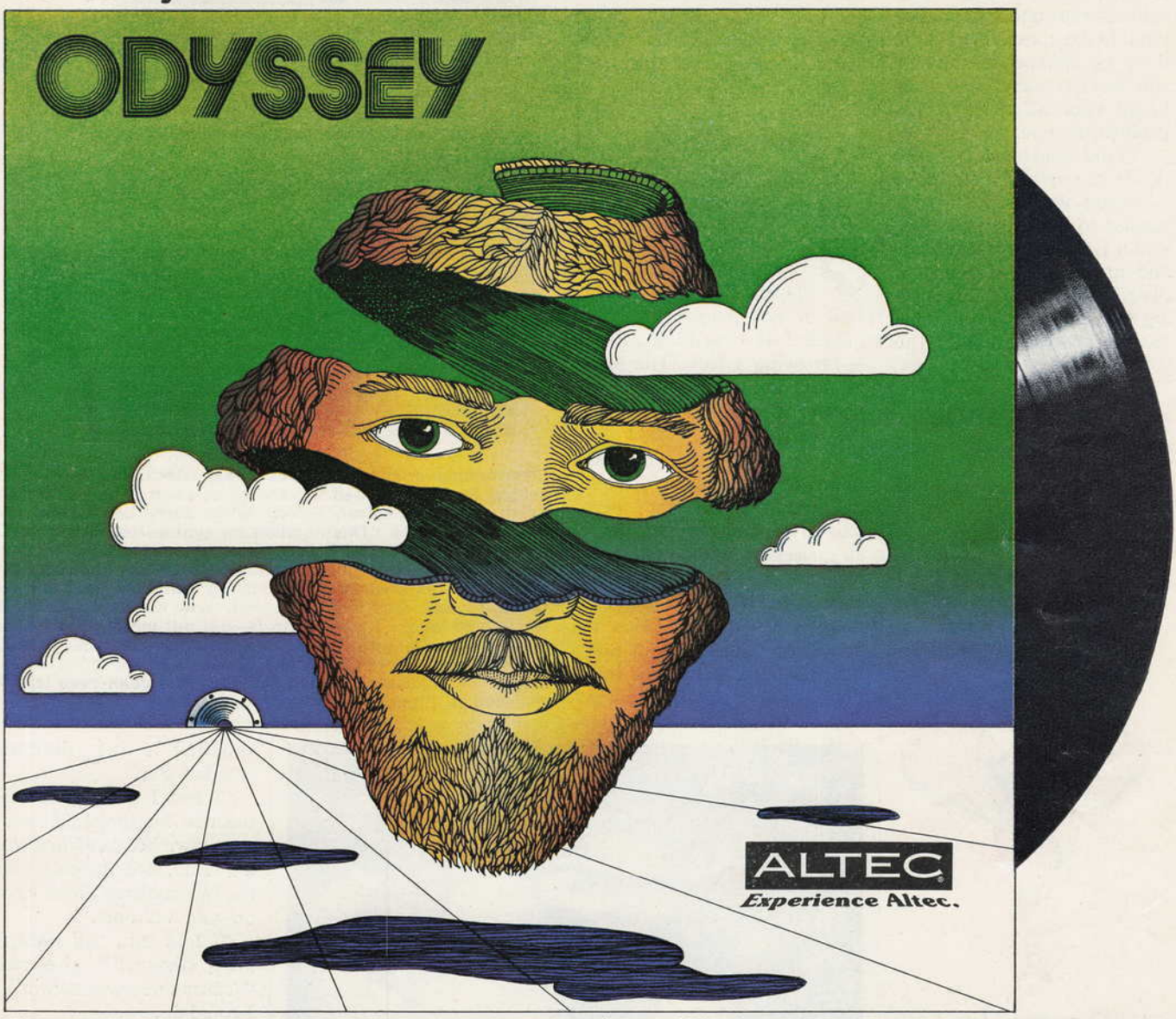
The cuisine isn't much worse than that of any Chinese restaurant in Europe, and the restaurant is always jammed and noisy. And Singing Bamboo has more beautiful quality, tanned, blonde, female flesh per square foot than any place outside Beverly Hills. —C.G.

Rubber boom boom

Excessive morality is a killer. Just ask the Irish Republican Army. The radical Provo arm of the IRA is very much involved in blowing things up. They generally use bombs with a rubber time fuse—you put acid inside a rubber container, the acid takes a certain time to eat through the rubber, and boom! It turns out that condoms make the most effective fuses, but the good Catholics of the IRA won't use condoms because condoms have that, you know, other function. They

In Peter Sellers' new comedy, *Soft Beds and Hard Battles*, he plays a French general, a British Intelligence officer, a German Gestapo chief, a Japanese prince, a French president, a convent chaplain, and Hitler. That's Adolph, above.

33⅓ revelations.



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Why "Odyssey"? It's our way of celebrating another year of Altec leadership in designing and producing monitor loudspeakers for recording studios. A 30 year involvement with the ever-evolving recording industry. An industry that has fused vision and reality to create the dynamic and sensitive sounds of today.

Altec is grateful to have played a role in this odyssey.

Come join us. It's beautiful.

For the name and location of the nearest participating Altec dealer, simply call this toll-free number: (800) 447-4700. (In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400). When you pick up your copy of "Odyssey," ask to hear a few cuts on the new Altec Mini-Monitors. Just listen. No obligation.

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Experience Altec.

use rubber balloons instead. But balloons have not been subjected to the kind of quality control procedures that rubbers must undergo, so they tend to be unreliable. Often there are members of the IRA still on the scene when the bomb goes off. This is not good for morale.

On the other hand, it doesn't do to be overeager. A Provo who had wrestled his conscience to the ground walked into a Londonderry drugstore and ordered five dozen condoms. The druggist, disbelieving the young man's ostensible sexual prowess, called the cops. *C'est la guerre.* —A.A.

Crazed garlic armpits!

Hail to thee, Ana Lucia Agudelo, OUI's Ethnic Spoilsport of the Year. Ana Lucia returned to her native Colombia from Athens, where she was among the finalists in the Miss Universe contest. She held a press conference. She said that all the European entrants "smelled very bad. Even the prettiest women in Europe smell of garlic and onion." She added, in what we may assume is a rough translation, "There were beauty queens in sweaters who were unbathed." A bevy of fetid lovelies? The mind boggles, and, having boggled, moves on.

The houselights dimmed, the band struck up a fanfare, the m.c. announced that Australia's annual Logie Award for the best U.S. television series had been won by *Mod Squad*. The Logie was presented to actor Michael Cole. "Oh shit!" said Cole. On national television. Complaints poured in, as complaints will, after which Cole explained: "I was moved emotionally. The whole feeling of my heart came across." —R.R.

Hustlers, players, and gamin' women

Four days before the First Annual Hustlers and Players Convention and Ball in Los Angeles, a lady named L.D. was disqualified —for being a lady. The promoters defined hustlers and players as "entrepreneurs of the turf," and L.D. said she was that indeed. She was ready to compete in the six judging categories, too: best hair style, most unique jewelry, sleekest automobile, best business sense, best-dressed escort, best-dressed player; and she had the $50 price of admission, and they still said no. But L.D. didn't get into the business because she was shy or without style, so she showed up, anyway. With a lady on each arm.

L.D. and her ladies: "I be sweet toward my women. I don't call 'em no bitch or no ho. . . ."

And amidst all the crushed-velvet golf caps, the monkey-furred sleeves and pants cuffs, the maximinks, the five-inch patent platforms, the Windex-blue jump suits, the couple color-coordinated with their bodyguard; among the satin tuxedos with rhinestoned lapels and the wide-brimmed crocheted hats starched and wired for maximum pimp crimp; amidst everything, L.D. was the star.

"L.D. Hey. She's got *two,* right?" said a girl in the crowd outside. "She must be *bad.*"

Bad enough to come in a white polyester and mink midisuit with cuffed trousers, diamond pinky rings on both hands, white shirt, black-diamond tack tie, white felt hat cocked over a unisex Afro, short nails with clear polish, no make-up, and a left nostril sporting a tiny, diamond-studded star.

"I feel I'm as qualified as the men, but they said I had to step down because I'm a woman," L.D. told reporters inside the International Hotel's gold-on-gold ballroom.

"I told 'em, 'All right, I'll step down,' " she said, " 'cause there was nuthin' else I could do.

"I really prepared for this thing. It took a lot of courage. I'm just as business-minded as many of the men here. I have nice-lookin' jewelry and beautiful women, and I had this suit made special. I don't mean to be conceited, but it's one of the best-lookin' suits here."

L.D. thinks of herself as a player rather than a hustler. She said she will take gifts from ladies, and that she has four of them. And she said she definitely knew why she'd been barred from competition.

"Men are scared I'm gonna game their women away," she said. "Whereas they'll beat a woman and mistreat her, I'm gonna treat her with respect. This world is too rough as it

***Electronique artiste* Jean-Yves Labat (December *Revue*) invented this color-coded system of notation to get down his mixture of synthesizer, Buddy Holly, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Gregorian chants. "This notation for synthesizer music works through colors," explains Jean-Yves. "It looks strange because most people are brought up on academic music, but electronic music requires a whole new system of notation—just like the old Gregorian. One day I just said, 'Why not use color?' For weeks and weeks I worked on it—got out my physics books, studied wave lengths, the color spectrum—and after a while it was there. The unity of this album is in the color of the sound." The album is called *M. Frog.* And Jean-Yves is, you guessed it, French.**

WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!

910 ACTION SPOTS WHERE A GUY CAN'T HELP BUT SCORE!

If you've always suspected that somewhere out there are bars and discotheques where a guy can't miss, you're absolutely right! And now, for the first time ever, you can visit these places yourself. Yes, NOW you can experience what it's like to walk into a swinging, rocking discotheque where luscious, horny, long-haired girls outnumber men ten to one! All you need is AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS! This fantastic 320 page book gives you the names and addresses of over 900 great places to pick up girls. In fact, this book makes it so incredibly easy to meet and sleep with girls, you'll wish it had been written years ago. Here are just a few of the 910 pick up spots you're going to learn all about:

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- A bar where girls ask you to dance if you don't ask them!
- **A *nude* beach where hundreds of tan naked girls sit around just waiting for you to talk to them!**
- A bar chock full of rich divorcees who park their yachts at a special dock in back of the bar, then come inside to get picked up!

26 SWINGING CITIES THIS BOOK COVERS SO THOROUGHLY, YOU CAN HAVE A GIRL IN EVERY PORT:

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Baltimore	Houston	Philadelphia
Berkeley	Las Vegas	Phoenix
Boston	Los Angeles	Portland
Chicago	Louisville	St. Louis
Cincinnati	Miami	San Francisco
Cleveland	Milwaukee	Seattle
Dallas	Minneapolis	Washington, D.C.
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"NO MAN SHOULD VISIT ANOTHER CITY WITHOUT THIS BOOK IN HIS SUITCASE!" *Steve Tuttle*

Here's a book that can turn your very next business trip into the time of your life. So don't just dream of finding a great-looking sexy girl in Chicago or Dallas or New York. This trip you can actually do it. Instead of the dull, no-action places cab drivers always recommend, this book will instantly take you to the kind of bars and discotheques you've been looking for—places where you're virtually assured of meeting a pretty, friendly stewardess, or nurse, or model to talk with, dance with, and, more than likely, sleep with.

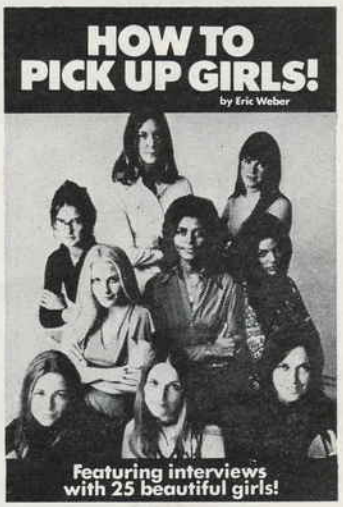
WHERE TO MEET GIRLS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD

Most guys don't think of their own towns as good places to pick up girls. Well, this book is going to change all that. Because it's going to show you *foolproof* pick up spots *within five miles of your own home!* You probably never thought of them as good places to pick up girls. But the fact is they're just loaded with *eager* women who would love nothing more than to get their hot little hands on you!

THE GIRLS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

Don't waste one more Friday night wandering from bar to bar. Not when this fantastic book can show you where to find more long, lean, beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS costs only $7.95—*less* than what you could waste on drinks in a dull, no-action bar. So send for your copy this instant. Whether you're in a big city a thousand miles away from home, or in your very own neighborhood, this book will lead you straight to dozens of girls who are sitting there waiting for you *at this very moment.*

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!



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Here is a book that not only teaches you *exactly* how to pick up girls. It *guarantees* you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and *date* at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

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Player of the Year: flashing trophy and smiling Mom.

is to go around beatin' up on women. So I be *sweet* toward 'em. I don't demand anything. I don't call 'em no bitch or no ho. I call 'em by their own names.

"A woman is like a precious jewel to me; you handle her with care. The reason a woman turns gay is because most men don't know how to treat her. She can be good, bad, whatever, but if you treat a woman right you can bring her out. And this is my main thing, tryin' to bring 'em out, 'cause women are who I like. I don't do it for profit, I just believe in treatin' people nice. If a woman wants to give me somethin', it's cool. I don't game off 'em, but if they give me somethin', I accept."

As it turned out, L.D. was probably better off in her ringside seat. The competition was embarrassing and disorganized: only 12 contestants actually made it to the runway. Following the dinner of collard greens, yams, chopped steak, champagne, macaroni and cheese, and cornbread (served up by black-tied white waiters), the judging began in earnest.

One Player finished second in a fur-trimmed outfit (borrowed from a men's clothing store) and Indian jewelry (borrowed from a turquoise dealer who'd decided at the last minute not to enter himself).

Another entry didn't have an escort and had to shop the audience to find one, and one man's escort strolled the runway with a run in her stocking. Singer Joe Hicks' street clothes were stolen as he performed.

"It was a flop to me," L.D. said afterward. "I had expected four or five hundred people and two or three hundred guys modeling."

Willie Hicks, who owns the club where L.D. works, emerged the winner in a green Lurex maxisuit with sequined lapels. His lady wore white ostrich feathers, black fingerless gloves, and black and white nail polish. Pretty tame stuff.

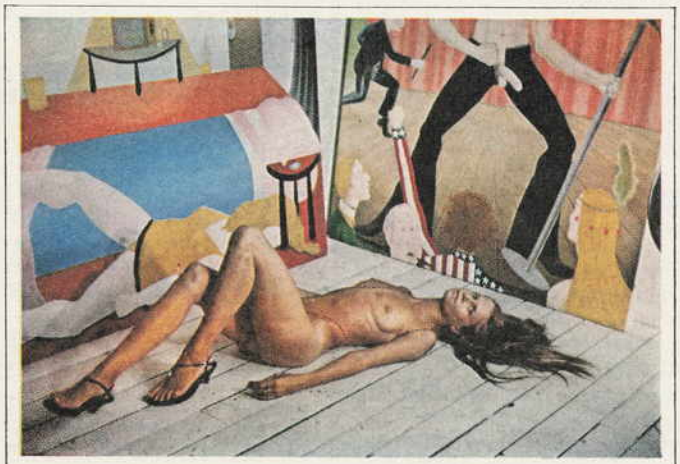
Even the little kids who lingered outside agreed with L.D. One 18-year-old in a stocking cap who'd studied the comings and goings said "It wuddn't nuthin'. I mean, did you see how the people dressed in *The Mack*? This is terrible. You're better off watchin' *Soul Train*." —B.A.K.

Pigs and fishes

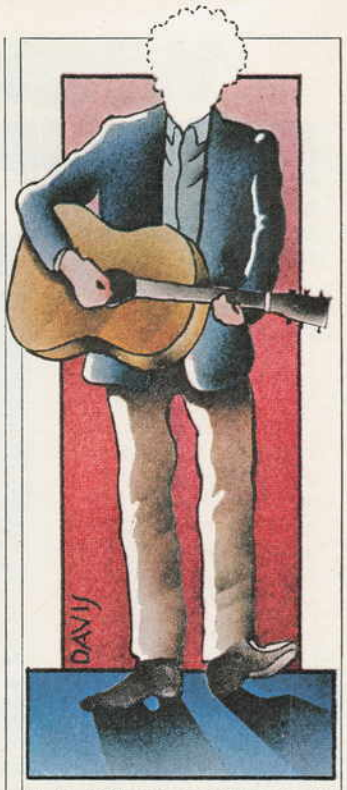
The owner of Hound House once rubbed shoulders in a cramped one-and-a-half-room apartment with three Dobermans, a boxer, and a Siamese cat. "The necessity for fresh, good foodstuff became mandatory," he says.

Now Sam Meinhold has opened a butcher shop for dogs and cats where Manhattan pet owners can get really top-of-the-line foods for their cherished animals. "The public," he says, "is gravitating toward more exotic breeds that they have to pay considerable amounts of money for —$150 to $1500 or more —so they no longer want to feed a dog or cat just *any old food* that happens to be on the market. You might call it a status symbol, but there is a very genuine concern for the welfare of the animal, in relation to how much money the owner paid for it." Meinhold claims it's actually cheaper to buy from his butcher shop, since with a nutritious diet the animal ends up eating only one third his normal amount of food.

Meinhold was a photographer for 25 years, but, he says, "Being a great dog lover, the movement from the photo-



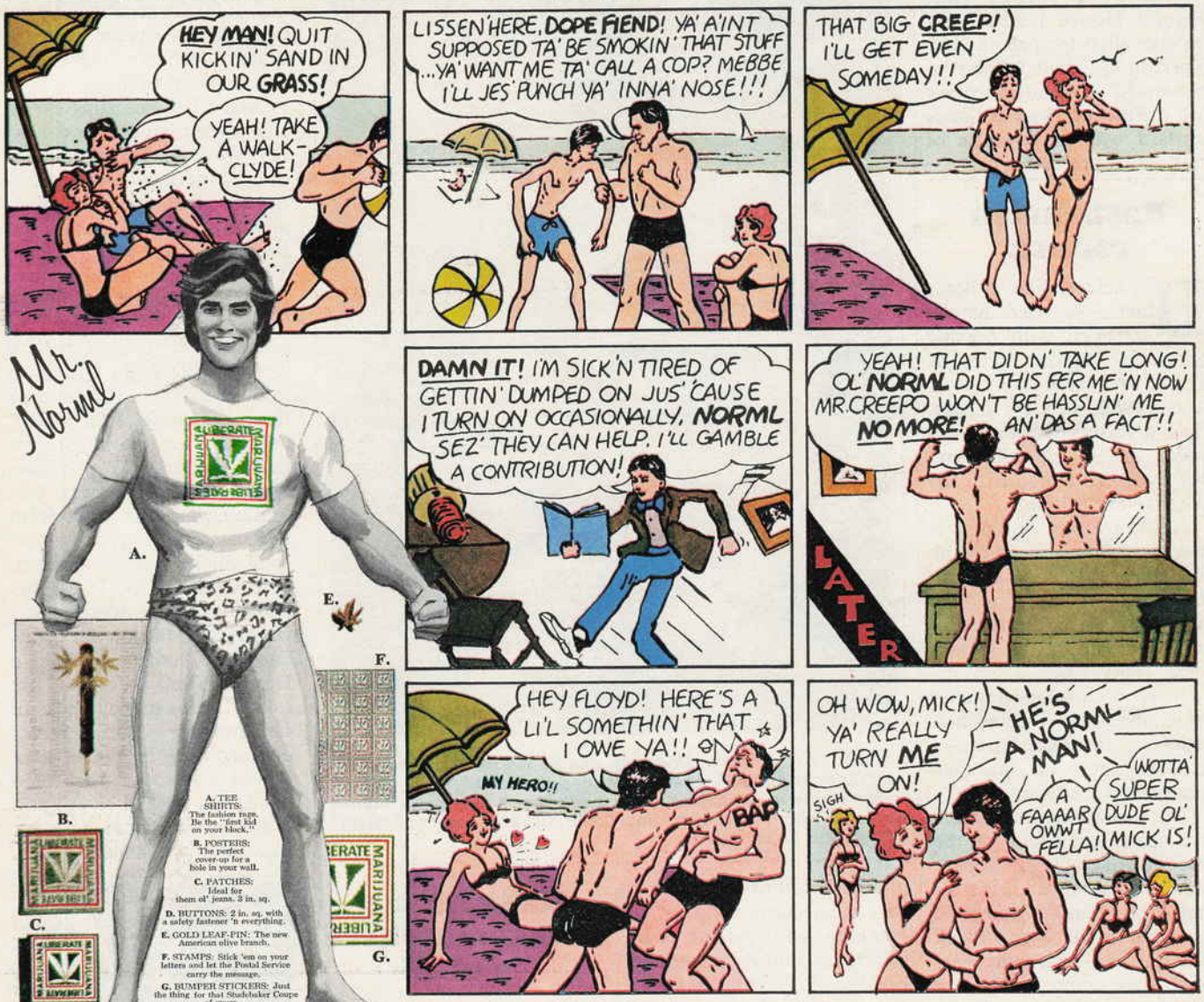
This is a picture of an artist and her paintings. The artist's name is Ann Duncan. The paintings are part of a series entitled *Great Moments in Rock*. Art is beauty. Beauty is truth. Which is more artful, Ann Duncan or *Great Moments in Rock*? Which is more true? This is not a contest. The answers are up to you.



It is with profound pleasure that we announce the winner of the First Annual OUI Magazine Certificate for Achievement in the Arts. This award differs from all others of its kind in that the entrants are judged not on any objective standard of excellence but rather on criteria set by the artists themselves. The winner of the coveted parchment this year is Bobby Dylan, who has finally achieved his lifelong ambition and attained obscurity.

Bobby who?

THE INSULT THAT MADE A NORML MAN OUT OF MICK!


HEY MAN! QUIT KICKIN' SAND IN OUR GRASS!
YEAH! TAKE A WALK-CLYDE!
LISSEN'HERE, DOPE FIEND! YA' A'INT SUPPOSED TA' BE SMOKIN' THAT STUFF ...YA' WANT ME TA' CALL A COP? MEBBE I'LL JES' PUNCH YA' INNA' NOSE!!!
THAT BIG CREEP! I'LL GET EVEN SOMEDAY!!
Mr. Norml
LIBERATE MARIJUANA
A.
B.
C.
D.
E.
F.
G.
A. TEE SHIRTS: The fashion rage. Be the "first kid on your block."
B. POSTERS: The perfect cover-up for a hole in your wall.
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DAMN IT! I'M SICK 'N TIRED OF GETTIN' DUMPED ON JUS' 'CAUSE I TURN ON OCCASIONALLY, NORML SEZ' THEY CAN HELP. I'LL GAMBLE A CONTRIBUTION!
YEAH! THAT DIDN' TAKE LONG! OL' NORML DID THIS FER ME 'N NOW MR. CREEPO WON'T BE HASSLIN' ME NO MORE! AN' DAS A FACT!!
LATER
HEY FLOYD! HERE'S A LI'L SOMETHIN' THAT I OWE YA!!
MY HERO!!
BAP
OH WOW, MICK! YA' REALLY TURN ME ON!
SIGH
HE'S A NORML MAN!
A FAAAAR OWWT FELLA!
WOTTA SUPER DUDE OL' MICK IS!

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ARE you "bummed-out" by the tactics of *bullies* who kick sand in the face of your constitutional rights? Do you get to feeling like a "97 pound weakling" when you see your friends arrested and jailed for possession . . . when you know that the LAWS AGAINST MARIJUANA ARE A CRIME? Do you get agitated by the thousands of needless "busts" which make *criminals* of well over 200,000 people every year? PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOURSELF! Do you seethe in frustration in the *mistaken belief* that all you can do is incur legal fees and think of yourself as a "scrawny-runt" when the same thing happens to you?

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graphic business to the dog field was natural, because in the dog field, if one really cares for animals, the personal reward far outweighs the monetary reward. Which is not necessarily true of the photographic business."

Meinhold thinks that Hound House is the only butcher shop for pets in New York, in the United States, in the world . . . and has plans for a little ever-onward-and-upward with his promise of fresh-meat power for pets.

Rastafarian raunch

His hair is like a lion's mane—tangled, luxuriant, rich with organic odors. He smokes a lot of dope, and he hardly ever works. Still, he's no hippie. He's a Rastafarian from Jamaica, and he looks like that because God told him to. What's your excuse?

A lot of places in Jamaica, they don't think much of the Rastafarians. In Kingston, cab drivers warn visitors to stay away from them. But the situation has improved greatly since 1960, when a government report explained something about the origins and beliefs of the Rastafarians—something, it seems, that they had never done themselves.

The Rastafarian movement in Jamaica grew out of the teachings of black philosopher Marcus Garvey and the island's own increasing sense of its African heritage. Black Rastafarians—that's the only color they come in—believe that they are the lost children of Israel, forced to suffer in the multiracial Babylon of Jamaica and denied their rightful station by imperialist Europeans, lighter-skinned Jamaicans, and members of the privileged black middle class. They revere Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia as the reincarnation of Jesus Christ, a divinity that the Lion of Judah has steadfastly refused.

They also believe that *ganja* (marijuana) is a holy weed, a sacrament, and they quote the Bible to support their claim. It is the combination of their chemical and political beliefs that has made them unpopular in Jamaica. There are only 20,000 of them, but they persist, stubbornly—the Amish of the tropics. Keep on keeping on.

—L.S.

A woman took this photograph. She thinks that a woman photographing another woman changes the feeling of a picture, slips it into a self-exploratory mood. She thinks that a woman can get what a man can't get. Could this be sexual solipsism? Could this be serious?

Haven't we met somewhere before?

Want to be a big scorer, a guy who makes it all the time? Tired of being left out of the sexual revolution? Dan Martino will tell you how. Come into his classroom an insecure Clark Kent, leave a virile, self-assured, *concentrated* Superstud.

Dan Martino, 28-year-old former girl-getter from UCLA, has turned his copyrighted techniques into a thriving business proposition. For anywhere between $125 and $600 (depending on how personal a service you require), Martino will teach you exactly what to do.

And what does this exclusive, expensive course consist of? Well, in lesson number one, Martino-ites are informed that Nehru jackets and tiny ties are no longer the hottest fashion on the block. Then in lesson number two, Martino lets his neophytes know that it's necessary to establish eye contact with a woman before she'll let you into her pants. Lesson number three, the biggie of the bunch, imparts the astonishing secret that it's easier to talk in a quiet restaurant than a rock emporium. And that, aside from a recap and a rundown of local singles bars, is about it.

More than 1500 Los Angelinos have surrendered their wallets to Martino for gems like these, and (according to Dapper Dan) not *one* has asked for his money back. In fact, Martino is in the process of franchising his outfit, so as to bestow the Martino method upon Chicago and New York.

At least Barnum gave his suckers entertainment. —L.P.

We

Contributors to this section include Andrea Adam, Lew Arthur, Jon Carroll, Joseph Cleary, Terry Curtis Fox, Al Goldstein, Cynthia Grenier, Beth Ann Krier, Geoff Link, Linda Pembrook, Richard Rorabach, Lester Sloan, Simon Somerfield, Susan Subtle, Ray Swallow, Tom Werts, and the staff of OUI magazine.

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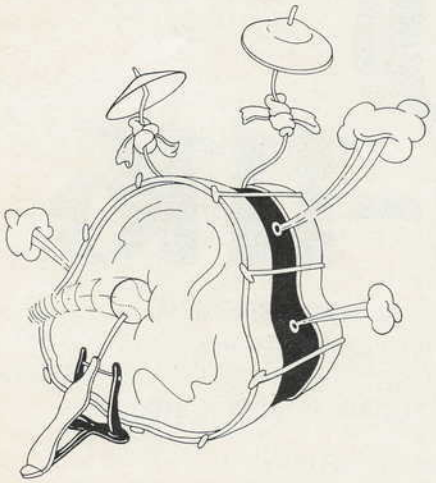
REVUE

Bang the Drum Slowly: the high price of marching to a different drummer

It's time someone told the truth about **Bang the Drum Slowly.** A minor-league film; sentimental, self-indulgent, with strong pretensions to unpretentiousness. The frames are so stagy, so claustrophobic and pedestrian, you might as well be in the theater's men's room. Camera work is cursory, a matter of flipping the ON switch; even slo-mo baseball action shots are posed, ungraceful. Acting scores just above the Vitalis locker-room commercial's style. Phil Foster is all right; that's because the film descends to his broad, stand-up-comedian style. Robert De Niro has been shorted by the screen writer. He looks precisely like a moribund catcher—but a catcher dying of terminal stupidity, not Hodgkin's disease. Talk about the tools of ignorance. He's "almost too dumb to play a joke on." Under sentence of death, his life style changes hardly at all. It's the writer's cop-out: he was afraid or ill-equipped to deal



with a sentient, reflective being. I was more upset watching my wife's rubber plant die.

Yet *Bang The Drum Slowly* bats around .850 with reviewers. Rave atop rave. It tells you something: there is a soft herniating place in the critical diaphragm. It's tough to pan a funeral. I suppose one is always tactful with cripples, old ladies, ruptured cats. Perhaps. Perhaps, too, shell-shocked by the My Lai of screen realism, anything halfway gentle seems poignant to reviewers. *Bang the Drum* was made from an 18-year-old novel. Note that it registered with the money men just after *Brian's Song* had such TV success. I can replay the Neanderthal thinking for you: "Merv, that dead-football-player thing did good." "Yeah, but it's been done already. We gotta be different." "Merv, how about a dead-baseball-player thing?" "Hey, that's good. Good. Go buy one." Next year, *Goalie's Song*. One wants to like *Bang the Drum Slowly*. The temptation is irresistible; nonetheless, it must be resisted. This is art, not a Jerry Lewis telethon. The nation's critics had better find objectivity before they get transferred wholesale to the Radio City Music Hall beat.

•

She puts her head in his lap. Long fingers sneak up. She unzips his fly. He feels a draft, rezips nervously. *Merde.* Her hair is snagged in the zipper. They hobble off to find the scissors, she on all fours, he leap-frogging over her like a third-string potsy player. **The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe** can make you retch laughter. Often.

It can also be silly. Not quite as often. There's a Three Stooges orchestra scene that belongs in another film. And when the hero gets shaving cream in his toothpaste, he burps a baker's dozen too many bubbles. Pierre Richard, the superagent by default, does a bumpkin Jacques Tati. Mireille Darc, the Mata Hari, justifies even the high tariff of East Side New York art theaters. She has a most sensual vaccination mark. American girls don't get vaccination marks anymore. Medical progress, my foot. Used to be, we kids could tell whether a girl could French kiss by the depth and roundness of her vaccination mark. Now you have to see a foreign film if you want your rocks off.

The premise is interesting. A secret-service maven confounds his uppity, ambitious subordinate by pointing out a passing stranger as his new superagent: the subordinate's rival. The new man, Richard, remains ignorant throughout. But the uppity subordinate suspects him. Given a little suggestion, you begin to

perceive that all human actions are ultimately suspicious. It's called the Haldeman-Ehrlichman syndrome. Try it on your neighbor, your wife. Cocktail conversation is suddenly decodable. Walk the dog and hydrants seem subversive. Our lives are circumstantial evidence. A great warm-up exercise if you're majoring in paranoia. *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe* is thoughtful, witty, urbane. Also a bit overboisterous.

The Grande Bouffe, controversial winner of the 1973 International Critic's Prize at Cannes, is a human *pâté de foie gras*: billed fondly as the most repulsive film ever, a sort of screen emetic. Actually, this depends on your stomach. If there's nothing in it, you'll get hungry; if it's full, you'll puke all over your feet. Four gentlemen rendezvous at a plush Paris town house to commit suicide by eating. They are caddied for by Andrea Ferreol, who looks like a gigantic *kielbasa*, with knockers you could double dribble. There are one or two nauseating bits, as advertised: notably Michel Piccoli's death halfway through a Mahleresque fart. Next time someone says the crap really hit the fan, you can tell them you saw the movie. But *The Grande Bouffe* is meaningful, craftsmanlike. It has the coloring and serenity of a Flemish still life.

I suspect *The Grande Bouffe* is a burlesque of male ceremonies. There are stag films—stag slides, at least—and a gladhanding Rotarian camaraderie purls

under the *gourmandise*. Men in groups. Marcello Mastroianni invites three hookers: they are disruptive; gradually they drop out. The relishing of food is not a coed rite. You know it. Take some chic broad out to dinner: your meat goes to waste on bone crannies—look, ma, no hands. You dice and redice vegetables, pass on dessert, mouth pursy as if alum-fed behind your napkin. A wide-open placket and a wide-open mouth, both are improper in mixed company. Andrea Ferreol is androgynous in spirit, her 50-60-75 arithmetic notwithstanding: a glutton's moll. She officiates at the ritual, complaisant and complacent. *The Grande Bouffe* is a volunteer fireman's smoker-banquet raised to the last powers of sophistication. A provocative and idiosyncratic film. No need to see it; no need to be afraid of it, either.

D. KEITH MANO

Goats Head Soup: The Rolling Stones gather some moss

It was a decade ago this December that *I Wanna Be Your Man*, the Rolling Stones' second single, made it to the Top 20 of Britain's *Record Mirror*. Since then, second fiddles and demigods alike have risen and fallen by the wayside, but the Stones have always managed to forbear obsolessence. When the semiretired Dylan and the fragmented Beatles became arthritic and lost their magic, the Stones were enjoying the lauds that met their 12th gold album, *Let It Bleed*, and they grossed a tasty $2,000,000 on a 20-stop United States tour.

Not counting *Jamming with Edward*, a non-album of home recordings released by Marshall Chess and disowned by Mick Jagger, their last LP, *Exile on Main Street*, was the first of over 20 Stones albums to be almost universally damned by the rock-crit world. It's artless and disjointed, went the cries of those not willing to accept this aural gangster movie on its own terms. The critics dug and scavenged through the double album for scraps of redeeming social value or metaphysical insight, and they tossed aside as worthless such wonderfully lurid homages to tank-town sleaze as *Tumbling Dice*. No, this just won't do, they moaned in orgasms of infallibility, echoing the sentiments their parents expressed back in 1965 when *Satisfaction* first blared forth.

Now, more than a year after the much aspersed *Exile on Main Street*, the Stones have marked the end of their first decade with **Goats Head Soup** (Rolling Stones Records)—the first album since their descent to the regions of the canonized but imperfect. Accordingly, the disc will doubtless be picked at and whined over in a most grand fashion, none of which, of course, shall matter: as shown by *Exile*'s reception, the Stones will always sell like Coca-Cola. And so, rather than invoking periphrastic visions of cultural stasis or musical cataclysm, let's just say it's a fair album.

Some of the cuts here are indicative of everything that's wrong with the Stones. *Coming Down Again*, a piece of cokey mood music, is just a bit superfluous in this year of Our Lord 1973. When they did something similar with *Moonlight Mile* two years ago, it was pleasantly seasonable, but now there's one line too many out of sync. Same goes for *Winter Song*, which comes off too self-consciously arty to cut the mustard. *Angie* is chintzy, and one of the few Stones songs that could be comfortably covered by Anthony Newly. *Can You Hear the Music*, a Sly Stone cop sprinkled with some rather incongruous touches of *Their Satanic Majesties Request* psychedelia, is best described as

abortive. Perhaps the worst offender, *Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker)* strives to be a sharp-like-a-razor portrayal of police brutality in New York, but it comes off silly where it's supposed to be grave, and corny where it's supposed to be *au courant*. For a taste of stark realism, the tune refers to a cop who snuffs some kid in Central Park with his .44. Sorry, Mick, in Fun City they do their shoot-'em-ups with .38s.

As always, though, when these gents are hot, they're hot. *Dancing with Mr. D.*, for instance, is the Stones at their demonic best: slick, sophisticated, and underscored with that strange, almost medieval witchery that in the past lent a sardonic logic to their recording *Ruby Tuesday* two weeks before Jack Ruby's death and kicking off their Altamont show with *Sympathy for the Devil*.

Both *Silver Train* and *Hide Your Love* are substantial blues steals like those that dominated the earliest Stones albums and cropped up again en masse in *Exile on Main Street*. *Hide Your Love*, featuring the Mick on piano, is so obviously indebted to Jimmy Reed that only the Stones could have pulled it off. Similarly atavistic, *100 Years Ago* finds Jagger falling back on his eternally quaint attempts to capture the essence of bloozey American dialect with the likes of "Wen' out walkin' t'rough d'woods d'utter day," a further reminder that, above all, the Stones have always been test-tube chillun of 20th-Century American Kultur.

There was a time when, unsatisfied by the tepid *Stray Cat Blues*, I wished the Stones would have had the gumption to do a song like *Star Star*. Beginning with a standard Chuck Berry riff, the song (originally dubbed *Starfuck*) proceeds to run through a record high of 56 crooned fucks in 4.25 minutes. But that doesn't help erase the song's Johnny-come-lately aftertaste, especially when you know that the Fugs were getting tsked left and right for doing fan-fuck songs like *Skin Flowers* and *Frenzy* eight years ago. Aside from the nitpicking, however, it's a good album. Just late bloomers, I guess.

•

Years before Mick Jagger had ever gotten laid, Alabama-born disc jockey Sam C. Phillips was putting down the foundation for one of the most significant movements in the star-spangled history of American popular music. Starting out in 1953 as a blues label, Phillips' Memphis-based Sun Records released a score of legendary stuff by the likes of Little Walter, James Cotton, Little Milton, and the Prisonaires. With Sun Record No. 209, however, things went a bit berserk; the record was *That's All Right* b/w *Blue Moon of Kentucky*, the first release by a Tupelo truck driver named Elvis Presley. Following that initial Presley blowout in 1955, Sun released, besides Elvis' earliest cuts, first recordings by Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison, Johnny Cash, and Carl Perkins.

One of Sun's lesser known alumni is Ray Harris, who waxed two singles for the label in 1956–57. After leaving Sun, supposedly disgruntled at Jerry Lee Lewis' snitching *Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On* from him, Harris did a stint of construction work around Memphis. From there he started Hi Records, releasing products by the Bill Black Combo and others. Now Harris and magister Phillips have gotten together to form the Trace Recording Studio, in hopes that the two of them might trip over the same alkahestic magic that almost blew

Sun off the face of the earth some 18 years ago.

Doc Kirby & Co. (Playboy) is the best of Trace's first batch. Kirby, a local badass who sings regularly at Memphis Airport Lounge, is here aided by a slew of equally local musicians and ace producer Ray Harris. Rather than looking backward for a rockabilly renaissance, they chose material as rooted in 1973 raunch as one could hope for. Blue-ribbon winners include *John B. Stetson Hat* and *Oh What a Night*. Fingers crossed.

—NICK TOSCHES

Wilt: tall writer, short book (plus tall books by shorties)

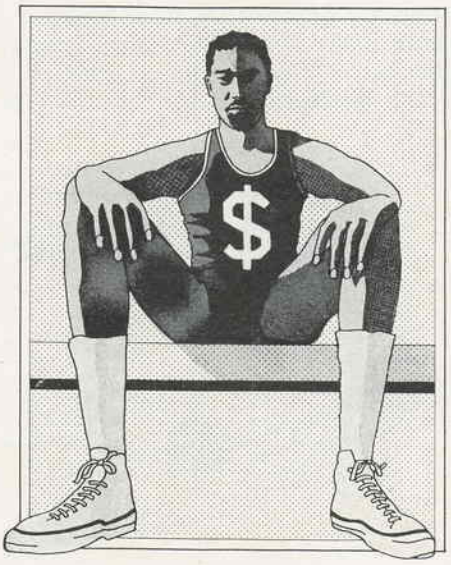
Look, if you say that Wilt Chamberlain is a great basketball player, I'm not going to fight you on it—if you say that Truman Capote is a great basketball player, I'll be the first to nod respectfully. There exists absolutely no one—man, child, or data-processing salesman—to whom I do not bow on the subject of basketball. But I am afraid that if you send me a book entitled **Wilt: Just Like Any Other Seven-Foot Black Millionaire Who Lives Next Door,** an autobiography by Wilt Chamberlain and David Shaw (MacMillan, $6.95), then I'm going to have a few words to say. Not the least of which is that I don't believe I've ever read an autobiography by two people before.

Unless I've missed something (and I must confess that my last two issues of the *New Reader* are lying here unopened), *auto* means self. And if there isn't such a person as Mr. Wilt Chamberlain and David Shaw with only one head, a single pair of arms, a single pair of legs, etc., then the use of the word *autobiography* here is, if not totally incorrect, at least a bit gauche. This is one of those as-told-to books. The problem with as-told-to books is that they are invariably the story of someone who doesn't really have a story to tell and knows he can't write, telling it to someone who doesn't *even* really not have a story to tell and doesn't know that he can't write. The as-told-to writer (and the word *writer* here achieves an almost historical precedent in loose application) is always someone who writes books that people tell him despite the fact that if he would pay just a bit more attention to custom he would see that a fair number of these writer fellas wrote books that they told to themselves. I don't want to sound like a reactionary hidebound traditionalist, but I must confess that at least two or three of my favorite writers wrote books without benefit of outside tellers.

The teller-tellee book is a relatively new invention. However, it is not a relatively new invention like quadrophonic sound. No, it is more a relatively new invention like Cool Whip. This type of book, for instance, was not hanging around Paris in the Twenties with Papa and Matisse and Stein and Toklas. If it had been, we might now be able to thumb through something called *Pablo: Just Like Any Other Five-Foot-Six Spanish Millionaire Who Lives Next Door*, an autobiography by Pablo Picasso and Gertrude Stein.

"Pab refused not to paint.
I believe he is a short.
Tough man with thick and black. Hair.
Pab is not.
A visionary. Like you say.
This is false."

Now, there's the kind of teller-tellee book I'd like to read. *Wilt*—and I hope the publishers forgive me for being so familiar, but I absolutely refuse to be responsible for helping that full title



achieve print with any frequency—is not. Mr. Chamberlain may be a tall man, but he sure tells a short book.

Imagine my surprise and delight when, after sorting through this month's avalanche of volumes on home decorating, self-abortion, and how to make big money by adroit bowling, then the home tomes written by and/or about convicted but sensitive mass murderers, I came across an actual Book. This Book has a title of only one word—**Pentimento** (Little, Brown, $7.95)—and was written by only one person, Lillian Hellman. Being under seven feet and probably not such a hot basketball player, Miss Hellman was compelled to write a book that she told to herself. This is just as well, for Miss Hellman doesn't believe in trick shots. When she peddles a book with a rather obscure name, she explains it: "Old paint on canvas as it ages sometimes becomes transparent. When that happens, it is possible, in some pictures, to see the original lines: a tree will show through a woman's dress, a child makes way for a dog, a large boat is no longer on an open sea. That is called pentimento, because the painter 'repented,' changed his mind. Perhaps it would be as well to say that the old conception, replaced by a later choice, is a way of seeing and then seeing again."

Some of the people Miss Hellman writes about are well known, others are not. But it makes no difference. She writes so well that I was just as interested in a boy referred to only as Jimsie as I was in the sections dealing with Tallulah Bankhead, Dorothy Parker, and Dashiell Hammet. *Pentimento* is a book of such consistent excellence that it is impossible to pick out and serve up to you the tastiest morsels. I could tell you that when asked by a friend of hers what she thought of *Candy*, she replied, "A nasty way to make a buck," or that were you to read the chapter entitled "Turtle" you would have endless compassion for a reviewer who is trying to think of a way to say "compelling" without actually using a word she would rather leave to those people Dorothy Parker called the booksy ones. I can tell you these things and still be unable to give you a sense of the quality of this book. Lillian Hellman is a marvelous and important lady, and *Pentimento* is a marvelous and important book. If you don't go out immediately and buy it, don't be surprised when you're not invited to my birthday party.

Mr. Craig Karpel, the writer of **The Tarantula in Me** (Klonh Press, $.59), is a close friend of mine and a frequent contributor to OUI. You can accept or reject my statement that this in no way influenced my judgment. By way of proof that it didn't, I can only offer the absolutely firm rock-bound statement that if Mr. Wilt Chamberlain and David Shaw were my mother I would not have deleted a single unkind word from my review of his book. Now, amenities dispensed with, we can settle down with this book—though perhaps book is the wrong word. And not just for reasons of length (it is only 24 pages long) but also for reasons of content. A book usually—and considering what I've read lately, I realize the danger of beginning a sentence with "a book usually"—is a compilation of observation and thoughts held together by style and cadence, and, while *The Tarantula in Me* is certainly not lacking in any of these components, it is essentially an idea, a discovery. It concerns itself with the dance craze of the 15th Century, Tarantism, and Mr. Karpel relates this to Bob Dylan, Dylan's book *Tarantula*, and the dance craze of the 1960s. In discussing *The Tarantula in Me*, the *Village Voice* said, "At this point in time, Craig Karpel is more interesting than Bob Dylan." Craig Karpel has always been more interesting than Bob Dylan. You just never knew about it because he doesn't play the harmonica. Now you have no excuse.

—FRAN LEBOWITZ

© Lorillard 1973

King Size
or Deluxe 100's

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
America's quality cigarette.
Kent.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine;
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SATELLITE

How the French play dial-a-lay

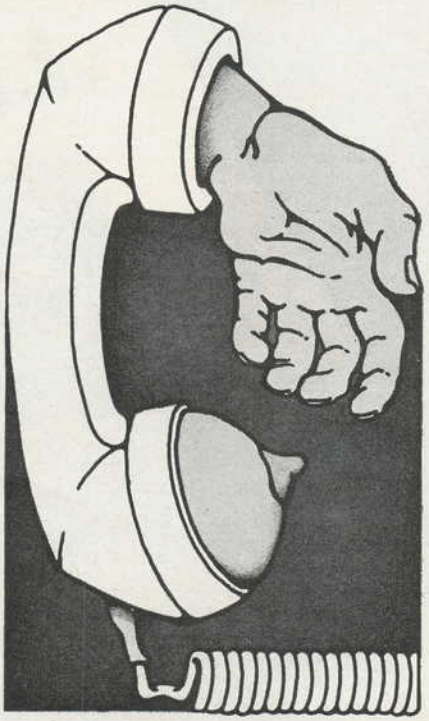
PARIS—The telephone system in France is notoriously inefficient. It's so awkwardly organized, in fact, that it inadvertently supports a sort of open-wire sexual-commodities market.

During World War II—that mother of invention—French Resistance cells in Paris hit on a way to talk on the telephone without being overheard; they used nonattributed numbers, numbers that didn't belong to anybody. Two persons dialing the same nonattributed number at the same time could talk without cost or fear of surveillance. Twenty years later, a fellow I know named Marc Pierret heard that people had found a peacetime use for nonattributed numbers. They call it *Le Réseau* (the Network).

At the time he heard about the Network, Pierret was in Freudian analysis. It seemed to him that, by talking with people he did not know, he could duplicate the conditions of his analysis, based as it was on free association with the analyst refusing to enter into a personal relationship. His fantasy was that he would become the analyst, he would turn the principles of analysis inside out. Transfers would take place. Instead of the analyst controlling him, he would control others over the phone. It didn't work. People weren't using the Network for therapeutic reasons; they wanted either to meet someone or to make fun of someone.

Getting into it was no problem. There are hundreds of nonattributed numbers. When you dial one, you hear a recorded voice saying, "The number you are calling is not presently attributed. We regret that we cannot complete your call." In the intervals between announcements and over the recorded voice, you can talk to people who have dialed the same number. It takes patience because the voices are often faint and ghostly and the calls are often cut off. Once you are connected, you throw out a *nom de guerre*—Heathcliff, for example—and say, "Heathcliff calling a feminine voice." You repeat your call signal until a female voice replies—she may call herself Juliet—saying, "Juliet receiving Heathcliff." It is a limbo of libido.

In the confusion, with dozens of voices competing for attention over the regular drone of the recorded announcement, only basic information can be given. Heathcliff gives Juliet the



number he is calling from. A basic rule of the Network is that it is always the man who gives the number. This gives the woman the initiative; she can call or not call. It protects her; if she gave her number, half a dozen Heathcliffs would be on the line. The Network ratio is about five men to one woman.

Pierret once connected with a woman whose fantasy was being made love to by a thief. Pierret gave her instructions: "Leave your front door ajar. I will arrive exactly at midnight. You will be lying naked on your bed, and I will come in and make love to you without saying a word." Everything worked out according to plan. At three A.M. another Network patron called the woman. She described the situation, and he asked her to make love with Pierret while he listened.

One of my favorites in Pierret's memory book is the girl who wanted to meet him on a train. "I'll meet you in the first-class car of the 7:58 for Amiens," said Pierret. "Tell me what you'll be wearing." Pierret prudently waited in the car behind the first-class car to leave himself an avenue of escape, but when he saw that the girl was attractive, he joined her in the reserved compartment; they got to Amiens a little after nine, spent the night there, and visited the cathedral the next morning.

The Ministry of Posts and Telecommunications has tried to stop the Network. The recorded announcement sounded angry and raised its voice. The PTT, as the telephone people are known in France, used their technology to harass the telephone *guerrileros*. But at the same time, a fifth column of PTT employees who are Network regulars kept supplying new nonattributed numbers.

It's still going, but it's harder now: you have to stay on the phone for hours; the numbers keep changing. A couple of night spots like La Question near the Place Maubert or Le Pasha Club in Versailles serve as brokers for Network numbers and hangouts for Network regulars. The Network has developed its underground hall of fame, its stars, who are known by their *noms de guerre*, like Hamlet, Vladimir, and Venus.

Pierret's not sure why he keeps going back to it. It's time consuming, it usually doesn't live up to expectations, and it's infiltrated by petit-bourgeois values. But there he is again, calling a new number, 905 51-51: "Velázquez calling, Velázquez calling feminine voice." This time there's a reply, and he gives his number. Less than a minute later, his phone rings, and he starts his Indian ruses. After ten minutes of banter, the crucial moment:

"I'd love to meet you."

"I might disappoint you."

"What do you look like?"

"I'm five foot, two."

"I *prefer* petite women."

There, he's made a physical dent. The woman is describing herself.

—TED MORGAN

oui

DATEBOOK

1974

JANUARY

1 TUE New Year's Day

2 WED

3 THU

4 FRI

5 SAT

6 SUN

7 MON

8 TUE

9 WED Richard Milhous Nixon's Birthday, 1913

10 THU Linda Lovelace's Birthday, 1951

11 FRI

12 SAT

13 SUN

14 MON

15 TUE

16 WED

17 THU

18 FRI

19 SAT World Championship Kite Flyoff, Sandcastle, Lido Beach, Sarasota, Florida

20 SUN

21 MON

22 TUE

23 WED

24 THU

25 FRI

26 SAT

27 SUN Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's Birthday, 1756

28 MON

29 TUE

30 WED

31 THU

FEBRUARY

1 FRI

2 SAT

3 SUN

4 MON

5 TUE Florida State Fair, Tampa, through the 16th

6 WED

7 THU

8 FRI

9 SAT

10 SUN

11 MON

12 TUE Lincoln's Birthday, 1809

13 WED

14 THU Saint Valentine's Day. After two martyrs of same name, killed on same day by Roman Emperor Claudius.

15 FRI

16 SAT

17 SUN

18 MON

19 TUE

20 WED

21 THU

22 FRI

23 SAT

24 SUN

25 MON

26 TUE

27 WED Ash Wednesday — first day of Lent

28 THU

MARCH

1 FRI Saint David's Day, Wales. Celebration of the country's patron saint.

2 SAT

3 SUN

4 MON

5 TUE

6 WED

7 THU

8 FRI

9 SAT

10 SUN

11 MON

12 TUE

13 WED

14 THU

15 FRI

16 SAT

17 SUN Saint Patrick's Day

18 MON

19 TUE

20 WED First Day of Spring

21 THU

22 FRI

23 SAT

24 SUN

25 MON

26 TUE

27 WED

28 THU

29 FRI

30 SAT Grand National Horse Race, Liverpool, England. An incredible steeplechase.

31 SUN

APRIL

1 MON Saint Lazarus' Day, Bulgaria. Ancient Slav holiday also honoring the goddess of spring and love.

2 TUE Academy Awards Presentations

3 WED

4 THU

5 FRI

6 SAT

7 SUN

8 MON

9 TUE

10 WED

11 THU

12 FRI Good Friday

13 SAT

14 SUN Easter Sunday

15 MON

16 TUE

17 WED

18 THU

19 FRI

20 SAT

21 SUN Birthday of Rome. A national celebration of Rome's founding, thought to have been in 753 B.C.

22 MON

23 TUE Shakespeare's Birthday Commemoration, Oxford, England

24 WED

25 THU

26 FRI

27 SAT

28 SUN

29 MON

30 TUE

MAY

1 WED

2 THU

3 FRI

4 SAT

5 SUN

6 MON

7 TUE

8 WED

9 THU

10 FRI

11 SAT

12 SUN Mother's Day

13 MON

14 TUE Midnight Sun at North Cape, Norway. The sun never dips below the horizon between May 14 and June 30.

15 WED

16 THU

17 FRI

18 SAT

19 SUN Ho Chi Minh's Birthday, 1890

20 MON Festival begins in Pamukkale, Turkey

21 TUE

22 WED

23 THU

24 FRI

25 SAT Festival Gorgone d'Or, Marrakesh, Morocco

26 SUN Indianapolis 500 Race. Held annually since 1911.

27 MON

28 TUE

29 WED

30 THU

31 FRI

JUNE

1 SAT

2 SUN Queen's Birthday, London. Trooping the Color, etc.

3 MON

4 TUE

5 WED

6 THU Seaman's Day, Iceland

7 FRI

8 SAT

9 SUN

10 MON

11 TUE

12 WED

13 THU

14 FRI

15 SAT

16 SUN Father's Day

17 MON Anniversary of the Watergate Break-in, 1972

18 TUE

19 WED

20 THU

21 FRI

22 SAT

23 SUN Midsummer Eve, Scandinavia. Bonfires, fireworks, and street dancing.

24 MON Tuen Ng; Dragon Boat Festival, Hong Kong. Races between canoes built to look like dragons.

25 TUE

26 WED

27 THU

28 FRI

29 SAT

30 SUN

JULY

1 MON National Holiday in Burundi, Rwanda, Somalia, and Canada

2 TUE

3 WED

4 THU

5 FRI

6 SAT

7 SUN

8 MON

9 TUE

10 WED

11 THU

12 FRI

13 SAT

14 SUN Bastille Day in France

15 MON

16 TUE

17 WED

18 THU

19 FRI

20 SAT Moon Day

21 SUN

22 MON

23 TUE

24 WED

25 THU Festival, Salzburg, Austria. The city that brought you Mozart brings you concerts and operas.

26 FRI

27 SAT

28 SUN

29 MON

30 TUE

31 WED

AUGUST

1 THU Maine Seafoods Festival. Oceanic food orgies up and down the coast.

2 FRI

3 SAT

4 SUN

5 MON

6 TUE Hiroshima Day

7 WED

8 THU

9 FRI

10 SAT

11 SUN

12 MON

13 TUE

14 WED Days in Spain Festival, St. Augustine, Florida

15 THU

16 FRI

17 SAT

18 SUN

19 MON

20 TUE

21 WED

22 THU

23 FRI

24 SAT

25 SUN

26 MON Anniversary of Women's Suffrage, 1920

27 TUE

28 WED

29 THU

30 FRI

31 SAT

SEPTEMBER

1 SUN

2 MON Labor Day

3 TUE

4 WED

5 THU

6 FRI

7 SAT

8 SUN

9 MON Saint Giles Fair, Oxford, England. Street markets sell food, rare books, antique furniture.

10 TUE

11 WED

12 THU

13 FRI

14 SAT

15 SUN

16 MON

17 TUE Rosh Hashana

18 WED

19 THU

20 FRI

21 SAT Oktoberfest, Munich. Frothing oceans of the world's best beers.

22 SUN

23 MON

24 TUE

25 WED

26 THU Yom Kippur

27 FRI

28 SAT

29 SUN

30 MON

OCTOBER

1 TUE Harvest Moon

2 WED

3 THU

4 FRI

5 SAT

6 SUN

7 MON

8 TUE

9 WED

10 THU El Pilar Festival, Zaragoza, Spain. Dance competitions and the season's last important bullfights.

11 FRI

12 SAT

13 SUN

14 MON Quarrel Festival, Himeji, Japan

15 TUE National Poetry Day, United States

16 WED

17 THU

18 FRI

19 SAT

20 SUN

21 MON

22 TUE

23 WED Ueno-Tenjin Festival, Ueno, Japan. A long procession of people disguised as demons.

24 THU

25 FRI

26 SAT

27 SUN

28 MON Veteran's Day

29 TUE

30 WED

31 THU All Hallows Eve

NOVEMBER

1 FRI Dom Folk Festival, Hamburg. The city's most glorious church gets surrounded by an amusement park.

2 SAT

3 SUN Daimyo Festival, Hakone, Japan. Re-creation of journeys made by the daimyo (feudal lords).

4 MON

5 TUE Guy Fawkes Day, England. Also celebrated on eve of the fourth, called "mischief night."

6 WED

7 THU

8 FRI

9 SAT

10 SUN

11 MON

12 TUE

13 WED

14 THU

15 FRI

16 SAT

17 SUN

18 MON

19 TUE

20 WED

21 THU

22 FRI

23 SAT

24 SUN

25 MON

26 TUE

27 WED

28 THU Thanksgiving

29 FRI

30 SAT

DECEMBER

1 SUN

2 MON

3 TUE

4 WED

5 THU Vinitaly; Days of Italian Wines, Verona, Italy. A good place to taste wine.

6 FRI

7 SAT

8 SUN

9 MON

10 TUE

11 WED

12 THU

13 FRI Celebration of Saint Lucy, Sienna, Italy. Artistic pottery and ceramics on display.

14 SAT

15 SUN

16 MON Nine days of Posadas, Mexico. Groups enact the plight of the Holy Family seeking shelter.

17 TUE On Matsuri Festival, Nara, Japan. Gala procession of persons masquerading as historical courtiers, retainers, and wrestlers.

18 WED

19 THU

20 FRI

21 SAT

22 SUN

23 MON

24 TUE

25 WED Christmas

26 THU Day of the Wren, Dingle Peninsula, Ireland. Masked revelers go from door to door asking for money.

27 FRI

28 SAT

29 SUN

30 MON

31 TUE New Year's Eve

1974

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

FEBRUARY

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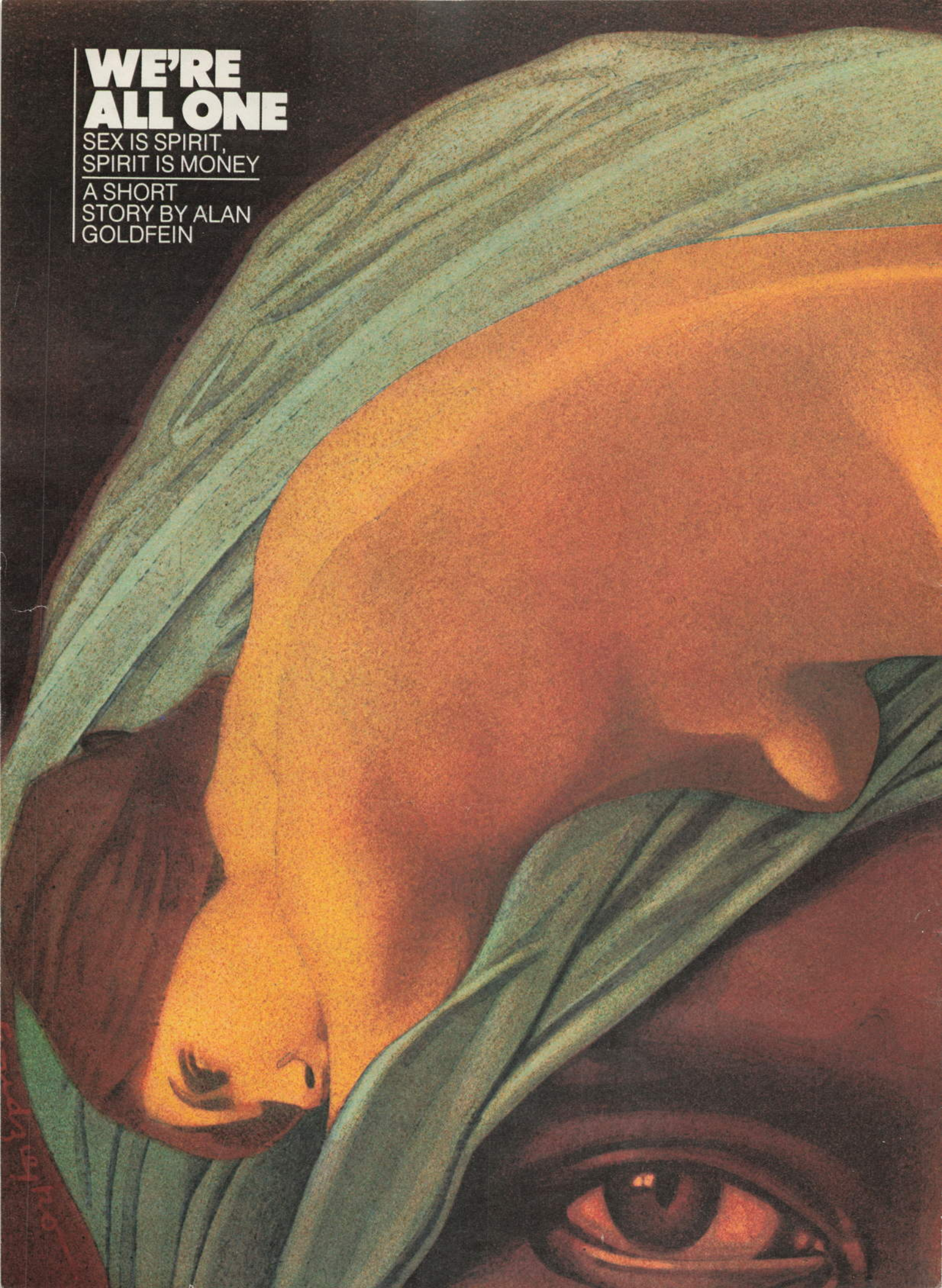
WE'RE ALL ONE

SEX IS SPIRIT,
SPIRIT IS MONEY

A SHORT
STORY BY ALAN
GOLDFEIN



Rao's face dragged gravity down. Eyes, coal chips, deep dark relics of some sub-continental sorrow; a mouth that clung hard and sour between sunken cheeks like a claw; and skin, black. "Black as any brother's Harlem-ass hide!" So said Jack, the black waiter at the Taj Mahal, Rao's Indian restaurant. And it was said with a kind of skin-oriented admiration that was confused and grudging and very out of whack. Rao was black all right, but he was not "a black." Rao was from Delhi. "Not *New*

WE'RE ALL ONE *In Delhi, he had exchanged gold for dollars and dollars for francs and francs for rubles and rubles for francs and francs for dollars and dollars for more gold. . . .*

Delhi, where the wealth is and where the streets have British names and the houses have the marble and masonry one finds in Earls Court and Chelsea. But *old* Delhi—the infinite and external ghetto, where real suffering and starvation go on." (Rao told grave Delhi ghetto tales, and they always outweighed Jack's "we were so poor that blah, blah, blah" Harlem ghetto tales. This added a misplaced jealousy to Jack's misplaced admiration. "Man, that cat's from a superghetto!" Jack sometimes said.) Rao was from a family that, so he swore, once claimed a prince but more recently boasted a very famous guru. "Swami Sri Shikara, my notable uncle, was the most revered teacher ever to inhabit the Haryana District." Rao never tired of saying this to the younger people who frequented his Greenwich Village Indian restaurant. "Ain't *that* some shit?" Jack never tired of grumbling.

But Rao himself had been known to say, "Ah, there are gurus on every street corner in Delhi. They will all gladly dispatch you quickly on the way for less than retail consideration. Delhi has its guru trade like New York has its garment. We can get it for you wholesale!" Rao's normal frown curled up to a cynical smile, and occasionally a tiny rattled laugh trickled out from his lips when he made statements like these. But of course Rao never made them to the public-at-large. Spirituality, especially of the Indian guru variety, was very good for business. Indeed, since the opening day of the Taj Mahal, Rao had mentioned Swami Sri Shikara more and more and the ancient Prince, who represented an undemocratic element in this democratic and free-spirited age, less and less. Why not capitalize on spirit in New York, since there were gurus capitalizing on it at every street corner in Delhi?

Rao was, in fact, a member of that newly emergent class that lately has been peeking out from under the veil that so long hid "primitive societies" from Western eyes and made them seem mysterious. And now, of course, since all these newly emergent heads are peeking out, the societies no longer seem so strange and spiritual and mysterious. Now they are matter-of-fact to us, and we socially and scientifically call them emerging nations or underdeveloped nations, or, if we want to be very encouraging, developing nations. Rao was developing; Rao was a money-maker.

In Delhi, he had exchanged gold for dollars and dollars for francs and francs for rubles and rubles for francs and francs for dollars and dollars for more gold, on the black market. He had hung around the airport, the train station, the hotels, the streets, stalking business. "Excuse me, sir. *Excuse* me! I do not wish to intrude—you have your affairs, and they are pressing, I know. God *knows* I do not wish to intrude! But perhaps I can be of service. You see, I understand perfectly your *needs*. I am a businessman, too!" Always dark, sad eyes, always a silent, pouting moan, but always the feeling, "I am a capitalist! I will go to America! I will get rich!" Rao learned Russian and French. He already knew Hindi and English. Rao said anything and everything. He talked about the tragic Indo-Chinese situation, the European situation, the Latin American situation. Rao said everything and anything. But he knew nothing except that the word *situation* sounded important and made one appear knowledgeable. And appearing knowledgeable is good business. "I pulled myself up by the bootstraps," Rao once told Jack, who hated that white-sounding bootstrap phrase and who thought the commercial world was unnatural, soulless, and a drag, but who thought, still, "When you check it all out, Rao really don't mess around." It should be obvious that in Delhi Rao mentioned his supposed princely connections—ancient as they were—more than he did his swami.

At the Taj Mahal, Rao served an excellent *palao*, which was a sweet combination of rice, vegetables, fruit, nuts, and "certain spices that only a few know how to blend perfectly." There was no meat in this dish, and since so many interesting people these days are practicing philosophers of vegetarianism, the Taj Mahal was frequented by interesting people. One of these interesting people was Delphinia.

"I spent a month in India," said Delphinia when she first met Rao. Delphinia said month in a very long and breathy way, as if it had been a year, and she teased him by saying that Calcutta was a much more spiritual city than Delhi. And that you really feel that "We're All One" when you're there.

"Yes," Rao said. "I saw your spirits. They choke on their own hunger and decay in the streets. Their situation is terrible!" Naturally, Rao was scowling. It was obvious he didn't believe that "We're All One."

"But Calcutta has a *beauty*," said Delphinia, "It is not of this world." Delphinia was not Delphinia's real name. Her real name was Sarah. She had black hair, coiled like a telephone cord; she was from the Bronx. Delphinia often said to Rao that she tried to capture the otherworldly beauty of Calcutta in the coloring of her comic books. Delphinia colored comic books for a living. And as far as she was concerned, the big red S that she colored on Superman's chest stood for Spirit. Whether they appreciated it or not, Delphinia was doing the youth of America a great religious service.

Much laughter in the Taj Mahal.

Rao's dark lips clawed a frown, right over a bowl of *palao*. Rao was making the kind of face that said he knew deep things. "My uncle, the notable guru Sri Shikara, once told me that spirit is not built or made or drawn. It comes, rather, from the radiance that burns within."

Rao had often passed around a photograph of his guru uncle—a man with a lavender turban and yellow pants who sat in the lotus position and smiled. "My uncle has known the highest levels of spiritual bliss," said Rao. "But he said, too, that spiritual bliss is not for everybody. For some the commercial aspects of life are best."

There was great skepticism about the origins of Rao's photograph. Gene said he recognized the background. "That's the columns at The Cloisters!" Gene was an interesting person, like Delphinia. He painted pictures of people's auras. His paintings were yellow glows predominantly, and they actually resembled the picture of Rao's swami uncle, and they sold very well.

"Or maybe it's them ancient Hindu ruins still hangin' in there right on up to this day on Lenox Avenue, in Harlem." Jack made this speculation.

Delphinia and Gene and Jack all felt that the commercial aspects of life were best for none. They had progressed beyond Western Civilization. Gene even felt it significant that Rao's name rhymed with Tao.

Delphinia and Gene and Jack smoked a great deal of marijuana. Delphinia called it grass, and when she rolled it she called it a J. It was cute to hear Delphinia call marijuana a J. "I think I'll have a J," she'd say. Gene and Jack just said, "joint."

Once, when Delphinia was high on a few Js, she told Jack and Gene that she intended to marry Rao. She said, "It would be a groove to marry an Indian." They agreed. Delphinia admitted that Rao was not a spiritual Indian, but, on the other hand, he did have lots of relatives back home in Delhi who would become her relatives and whom she could visit. Some of them probably were very spiritual. As Rao's wife, she could afford to travel to India, because the Taj Mahal obviously made lots of money. All in all, being married to Rao would be a very "high" experience.

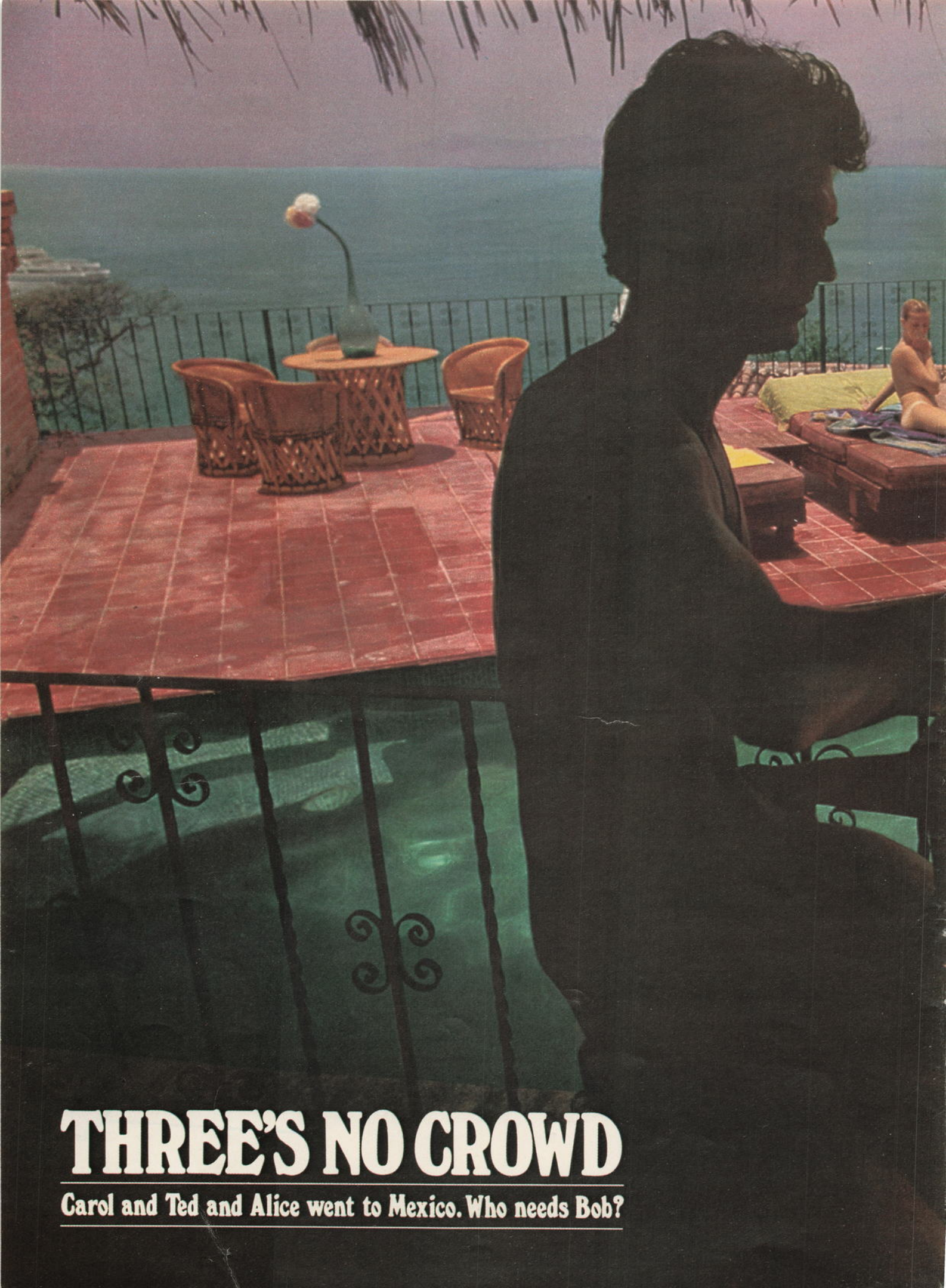
"He's a down. He'll bring you down," said Jack.

"Nobody's perfect," said Delphinia.

And they all laughed.

Gene added that Delphinia was clever for not letting commercial matters stand between her *(Continued on page 102)*

"I want to be tried by 12 good men and true. Their place or mine, I'm not fussy. . . ."

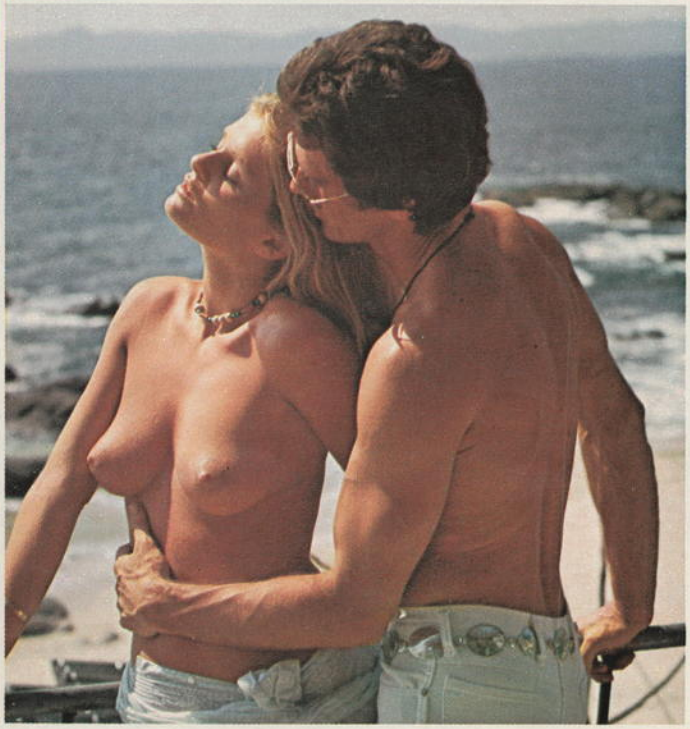


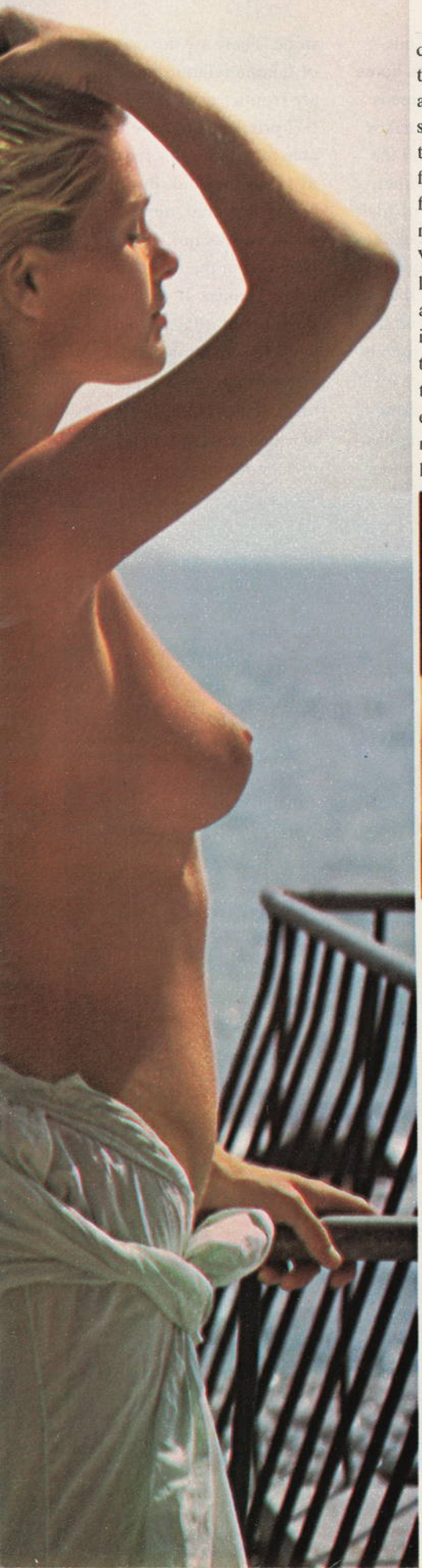
THREE'S NO CROWD

Carol and Ted and Alice went to Mexico. Who needs Bob?

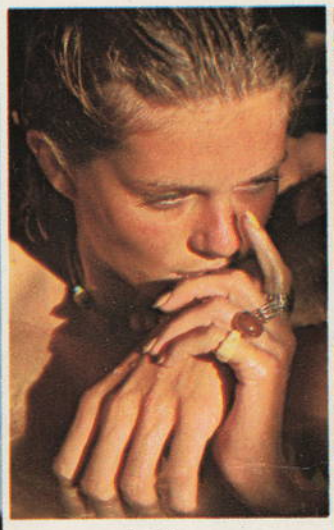
It was done, yet it was not done— in the hot afternoons, they had long wordless discussions about the strange closeness of their friendship

They did not choose Puerto Vallarta because it was a fashionable watering spot, with hotels and shops and night clubs that were virtually indistinguishable from those of Acapulco. Nor did they choose it because *Night of the Iguana* had been filmed there, nor because it was Liz and Dick's favorite hangout in their early days of connubial bliss. They chose it because, in spite of all its recently acquired popularity with tourists, it is still in many ways the same isolated fishing village it has always been. The narrow cobblestone streets, the thatch-and-tin huts of the villagers have not yet been overwhelmed by the casinos, the bars, and the *discothèques*. And, of course, they chose it because of the house. The house belongs to a friend of Ted's, and it suited his purposes exactly. It had clearly been built with the sun in mind. It has high ceilings, long cool corridors, and lots of windows. In the afternoons, when Puerto Vallarta becomes a solar free-fire zone, they sit on the veranda drinking *piña coladas* and watching the heat waves shimmer off the patio. The house is a kind of antidote to the sun, and it is perfect for siestas. Two hours is the length of the usual Mexican siesta, but often they sleep three or four hours and awake to find the shadows a lot longer and the tiles of the patio almost cool enough for bare feet. Things slow





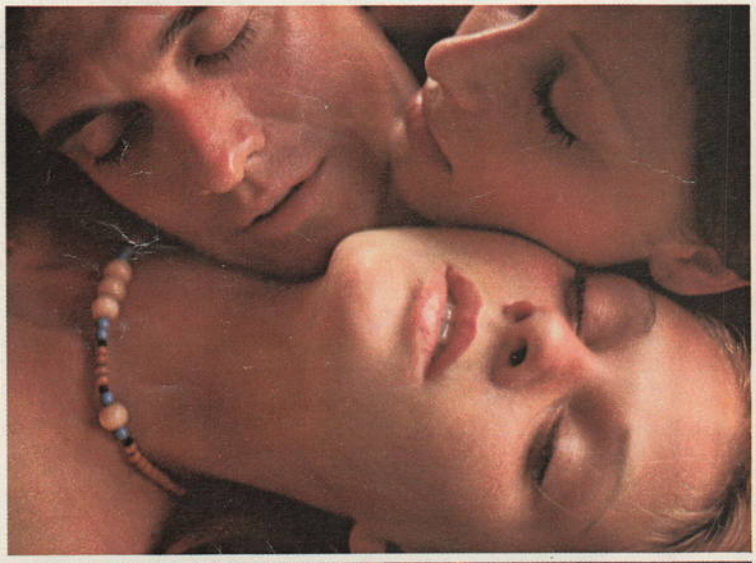
down in this house, and the three friends prefer to sit around in a mood just this side of lethargy, noticing the patterns that the wicker furniture leaves on their flesh after hours of immobility. They love Puerto Vallarta as much for what it lacks as for what it offers, and they are content to stay in the big house away from town, where they can enjoy the sun, the water, and the empty days, which are the main ingredients of their holiday. They are surprised at how easily they had stopped thinking. They discover that making a pitcher of tequila sours or tracing the scars in the old leather tabletop can be project enough for an afternoon. In the mornings, the cries of sea gulls flying out to meet the incoming fishing boats wake them early, and they willingly regulate their day to the solar timetable. Nobody bothers them. Sometimes it is so still that they imagine they can actually hear the plants growing outside their bedroom window, with a sound like that of a thick, damp rubber glove being turned inside out very slowly. They have no problems, and this surprised them at first. They had expected something to go wrong. They know that arrangements like theirs are not supposed to work—according to folklore, somebody always gets hurt. But Puerto Vallarta has no preconceptions, no self-destruct clauses, and they find their personalities

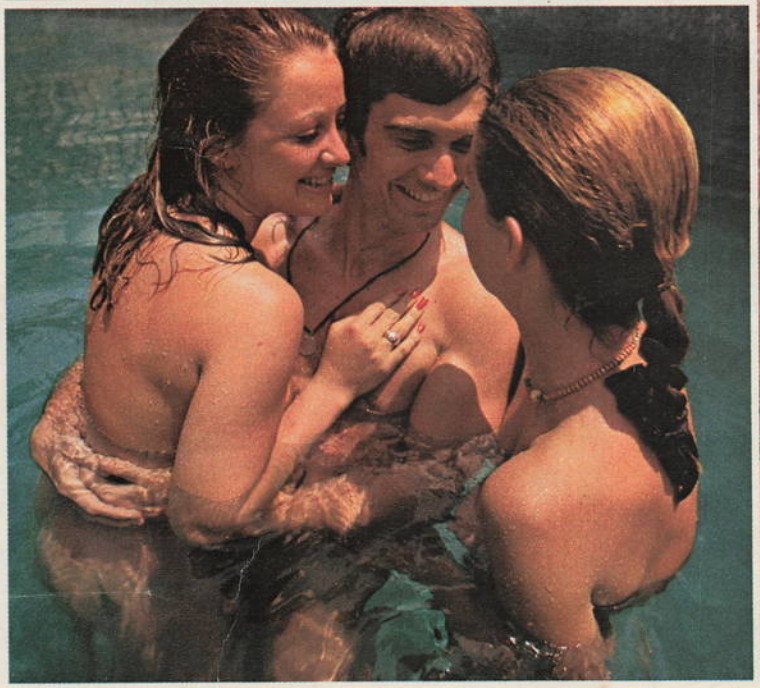


The sun pressed against their three bodies with equal intensity

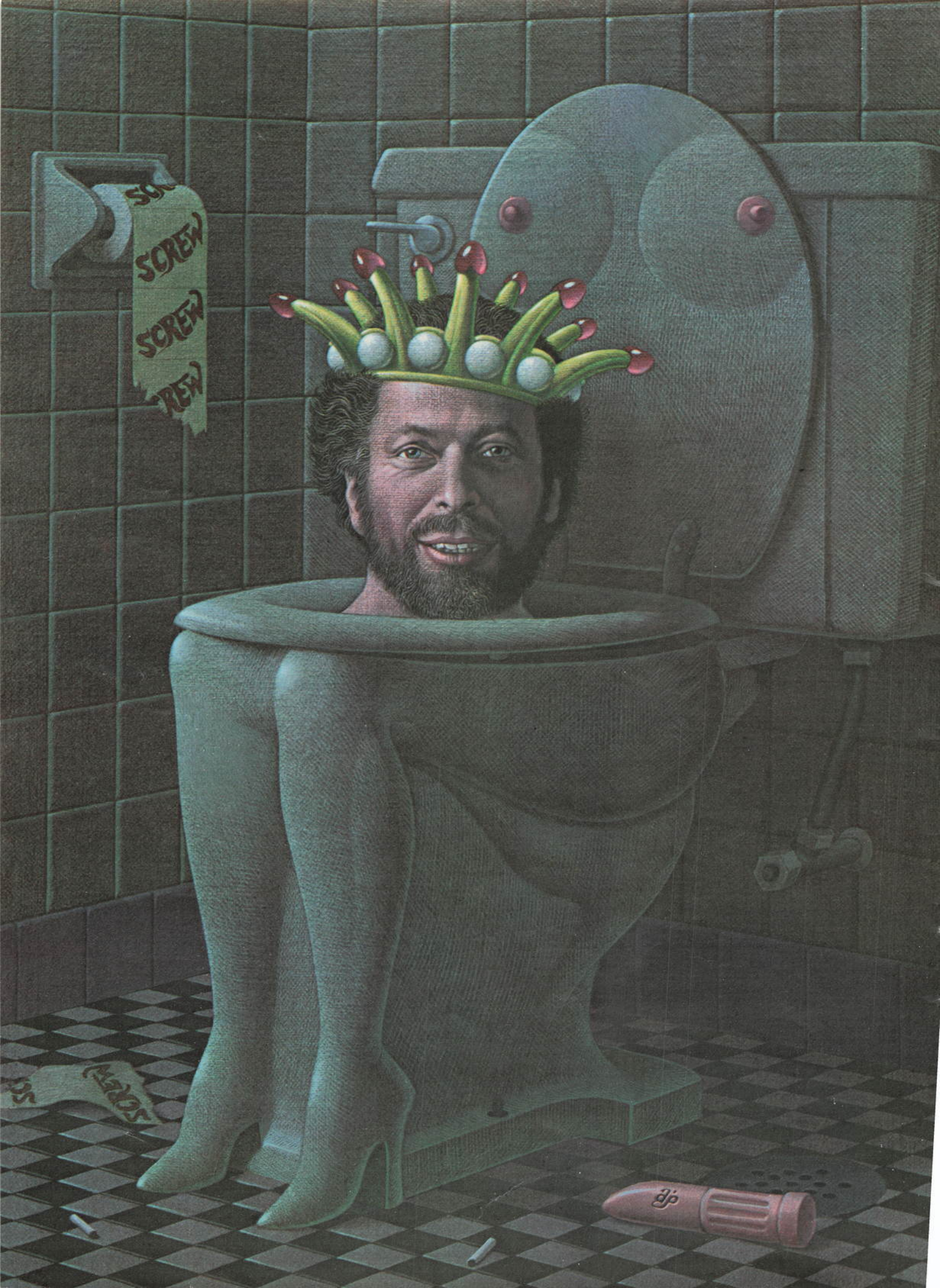
Puerto Vallarta had been the town for their silent understandings, tripled thoughts bouncing off the red tile roofs, the rocks, and the blind white walls

combining in this open atmosphere like the three basic colors on a clean palette. Among them, they describe a whole spectrum of experience. The people they had been before didn't disappear, exactly—they just got softer around the edges, milder, more malleable. An almost experimental air infuses the whole undertaking because they know that their relationship will probably not withstand the pressures of well-meaning but misguided friends back home. They know their time is not long, and this makes them concentrate all the harder upon each other, upon the patterns of their interaction. They begin to evolve rules of etiquette among themselves that could never be found in Emily Post. Their moods mix, change, bounce off each other in unceasing rhythm, and nothing has to be spoken to be understood. There are dimensions of human relationships that are frontier territory. They feel privileged to have been able to explore this frontier as far as they did. But the knowledge that they acquired was not, unfortunately, in the realm of things spoken. If you asked them about it later, you would probably get an answer that you couldn't understand. Nothing worth understanding is understood too quickly.





Photography by Malinowski


SCREW
SCREW
REW

THE KINGDOM & POWER OF SCREW

BY JON CARROLL

Is Al Goldstein the next William Randolph Hearst?

He rises from his desk like a prehistoric mammal, undulating in vast blue waves, snorting and grunting, punctuating his slow progress with obscure Middle European groans. He rotates into the world, emerging in a semblance of his correct posture, one hand clutching a document. His bearded face, fixed in a terrified and terrifying grin, surmounts the ocean of blue, which transforms itself into a T-shirt. The T-shirt slops horizontally outward in all directions under the pressure of mounds of uncollated flesh, bearing the legend: NECROPHILIACS ANONYMOUS.

"Here it is," says Al Goldstein, loudly and rapidly. "Hottest damn book in America. Sucking and fucking. Fearless and proud. *Screw*. None of that pansy-assed Hefner bullshit. Sex the way it's supposed to be: dirty." He pauses. "It is," he says modestly, "my magazine."

Goldstein never allows the facts to get in the way of the truth. Goldstein owns *Screw* equally with his partner Jim Buckley. They started the magazine five years ago on $300 and the courage of their ignorance. At the moment, they sell about 90,000 copies every week, primarily in New York. That doesn't exactly put them in a class with *Reader's Digest*, but it does make *Screw* the most successful sex tabloid in the nation. It is influential out of all proportion. It is read by the right people, seen in the right places. Gore Vidal once cited it as the only publication in America that properly services its readers. It is dangerously close to being legitimate. And Goldstein *is* the sweaty, anxious nexus of *Screw*'s creation. Buckley, who looks like a used altar boy, writes, plans issues, takes care of business, but is forever doomed to play Abbott to Goldstein's Costello. In theory, Goldstein directs seven issues of the magazine and then goes away and lets Buckley edit seven issues, but since Goldstein loves the office and Buckley avoids it, Goldstein works more on a day-to-day basis. It was Goldstein who, flying blind and semiconscious, concocted *Screw*'s tasty blend of overwhelming vulgarity, abusive politics, strange humor, and confessional journalism. Goldstein made the magazine editorially honest, tough, and unpretentious, if naïve. *Screw* fiercely defends its right to be lewd, to be depraved, to be slanderous. It publishes hot pictures. It discovered Linda Lovelace.

When *Screw* started in New York, the right idea in the right place, it was besieged by imitators. On one side were *Kiss* and *Suck*, hotter than *Screw*, more literate, more cynical. On the other side, *New York Review of Sex* and *EVO* (*East Village Other*), which mixed a heavy dose of off-the-pigs political rhetoric with the sex. None of them lasted. Some ran afoul of the law too often, some became too involved in left-wing political factionalism. All collapsed amid widespread public indifference. In a sense, *Screw* is what happened to the underground press, its most successful child, a blooming rose on a decaying bush. Something, indeed, of a publishing miracle.

Screw's success has to do with its city of birth. *Screw* is unashamedly of, from, by, and about New York. The texture of the magazine and the city are virtually identical. *Screw* speaks in the sharp, skeptical, sentimental tone that is common to both 14th and 125th Streets and that finds sympathetic echoes in Far Rockaway and the deepest Bronx. The accents are primarily Yiddish, and Goldstein, a ghetto kid from Brooklyn, moves with every inflection already inside him. His way of approaching sex—as something dirty, funny, and mysterious—is dead on the cultural time line. *Screw* has never had much success outside New York. It doesn't really feel at home in Boston

THE KINGDOM AND POWER OF SCREW *Goldstein's first wife left him in 1964, taking the furniture. "It was a dumb marriage. I only married her because her family said I wasn't good enough."*

or Omaha or Los Angeles. But New Yorkers, who traditionally like any magazine that assumes that their city is the center of the world, have taken *Screw* to their heaving bosoms.

It is also important to remember that *Screw* is a consumer publication. Goldstein himself does movie reviews for the ultimate urban consumer of dirty films—the man who jacks off in the theater. What that gentleman wants to know is: *will it get me off?* Al tells him, using his own much-abused cock as a benchmark. *Screw*'s staffers do the same. Anthony Gambino (real name Peter Brennan) does thorough, complete listings of the delights available in "The Naked City" (the name of his column). His only frustration is that, because of the complicated legal situation, he is unable to indicate which massage parlors merely give handjobs, which give blowjobs, which go all the way. John Milton (real name Michael Perkins) runs a consumer column for those who order their sexual aids from mail-order companies, and has thus provided the only honest watchdog of the one multimillion industry that Ralph Nader hasn't bothered to consider.

In a way, it's a revolution. No longer need the closet lecher, the meek voyeur, the minority fetishist endure shoddy merchandise and fly-by-night companies. No longer need the dirty-movie connoisseur attend films blindly, uncertain whether he has plunked down his five bucks for 45 minutes of nudists playing volleyball or two hours of hardcore fucking. *Screw* is the sleaze junkie's champion, his protector and friend. Al Goldstein *knows*. *Screw* is trustworthy.

Al Goldstein likes to talk about *Screw*, but he'd much rather talk about Al Goldstein. *Screw* is, after all, 50 percent Buckley, not the clear-cut power and ego trip Goldstein would like it to be. *Screw* is just another way station in the continuing journey of Al Goldstein, and it is to that formless quest that he most often addresses himself.

Goldstein likes to say that he's just a nice, middle-class bourgeois man, but, of course, he also likes to call himself a Commie Jew pinko. He puts on a dozen roles in the course of a day. He shifts around inside them, surreptitiously checks himself in the mirror, tries a few sentences. If something doesn't work, he discards it with alarming suddenness, so that Al Goldstein the goodhearted child of nature becomes Al Goldstein the ruthless publisher in midsentence, and what begins in sweet sincerity ends in sly connivance. It's like a parlor trick.

Goldstein is 37, old enough to have his rap down. He talks almost continually, the pungent rhythms of street music twisting ordinary statements into wry jokes. His monologues are whirlpools of context and meaning, like the Times Square subway station at five in the afternoon. He is convivial, amusing, courteous. That he is the exact opposite, too, upon occasion sullen, crass, and rude, does not matter, since he takes a boyish pride in perversity. Sitting in his room in the *Screw* offices at 116 West 14th Street, surrounded by books, magazines, electronic gear, sports equipment, photographs, clothes, guns, and a plethora of devices of vaguely lascivious function, Goldstein lets you in on himself by telling how he met Mary, his second wife, Lonny, his first wife, and Gena, his extant wife:

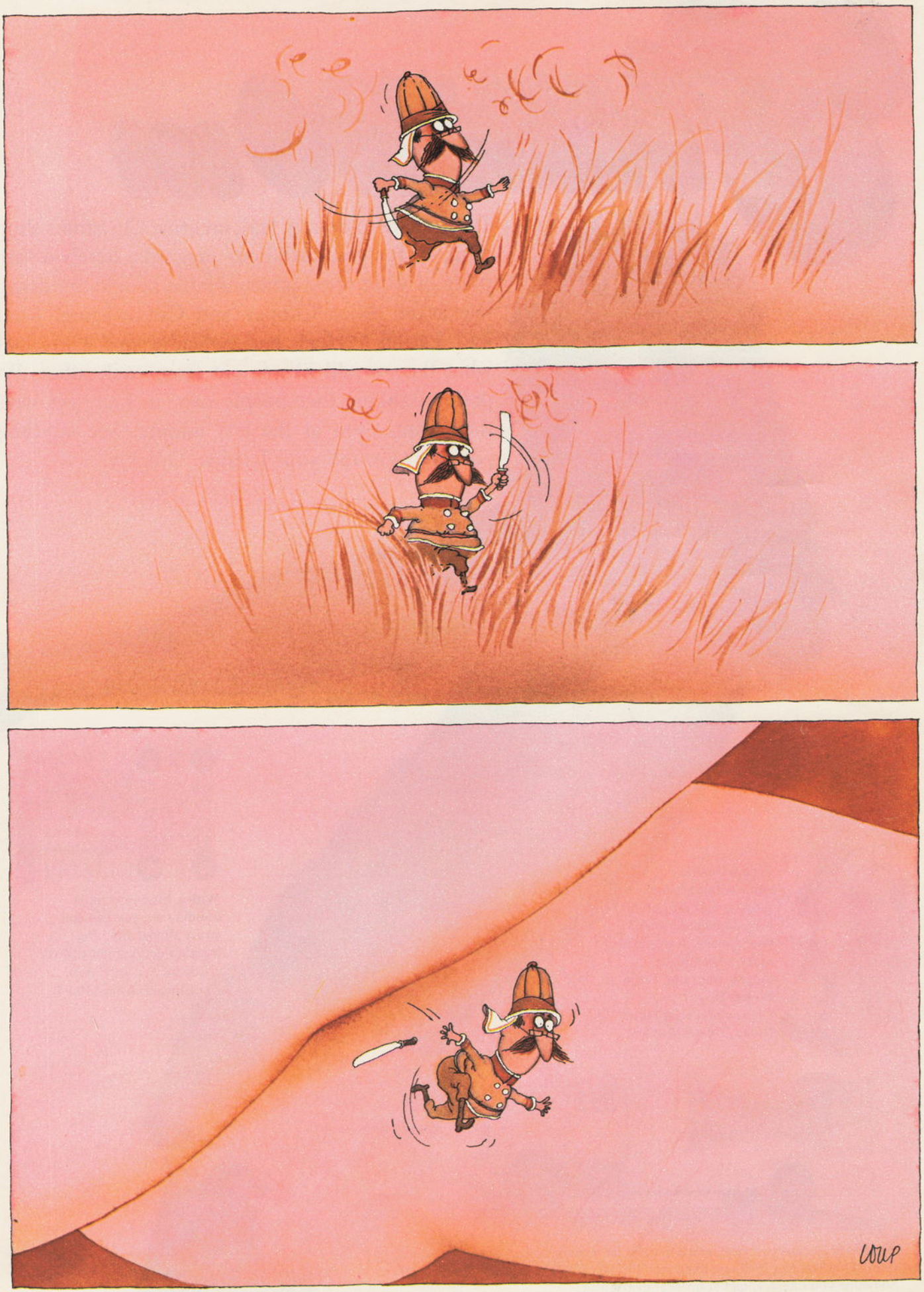
"When I was selling life insurance I met a guy named Bruce. Very mediocre guy, a nice human being, one of those guys you grew up with that you figured owning a candy store would be their high mark, and Bruce picked up an airline stewardess somewhere and it turned out that her roommate was an airline stewardess, too. I'd always wanted to go out with a stewardess because my father worked for an airline. The roommate turned out to be Mary Phillips. She wouldn't go out with me because she figured I was like Bruce: dull. So finally—well, Mary's story is that I called her every three days, but the truth is I called her five times in five months. That was very persistent for me. Anyhow, by the time she finally warmed up, I was on welfare and I told her. She liked men who were helpless and we got along fine. I was dating a nurse at the time, but Mary and I had a relationship, and I really dug her, and a year later we started living together. Then we got married.

"We got married—it sounds facetious—we got married because I wanted to fly discount. And I was still married to my first wife, so it was a bigamous marriage, and I didn't know anyone who'd ever committed bigamy before. My first wife left me in 1964, taking the furniture. It was really a dumb marriage. I only married her because her family said I wasn't good enough. We had the cops after us, we eloped, it was really bad theater. Lonny, that's my first wife, was fat. I hate fat women, pudgy, hostile, and heavy. I still love Mary, and she still loves me, but what changed things was my success. As I got more successful, I got more arrogant. If I were still on welfare we'd still be together. I felt money could replace a fair relationship. I don't want a fair relationship. I can't deal with it. I have trouble dealing with it when Buckley and I fight. Mary's a lovely girl. She's a WASP. I like that. I like having been married to a WASP. I was like her rebellion. Rather than marry a black guy she married a Jew. *Screw* was in her name. When Buckley and I started *Screw*, I couldn't have it in my own name, because I had that first wife that I was still married to, and I was afraid she'd seize it. And when Mary and I split she gave it all back to me. A Jewish wife would have cut my balls off and deposited them in a high-interest bank. Mary started a women's lib magazine called *Broadside* on $3000 I loaned her. My wedding present to her when she got married again was to write off the debt. Mary once wrote an article for us about women's lib and I put a real hostile headline on it, A SEX OBJECT OBJECTS: A CUNT'S-EYE VIEW OF WOMEN'S LIB. That got her fired from Pan Am."

Steady readers of *Screw* will already have noted that Goldstein talks much as he writes. That's because most of his writing *is* talking. He dictates it into a machine, has it typed by his secretary, and minimally edits it later. It flows like honey.

Goldstein's early life was outwardly uneventful. He was short, chubby, neurotic. He first separated himself from the rabble when he attacked a teacher at Boy's High in Brooklyn. He was kicked out. "The teacher was old and cowardly," says Goldstein. "I knew he wouldn't hit back." He joined the Army and wound up at Fort Huachuca in Arizona, where he belatedly graduated from Tombstone High School. After the Army, he parlayed his Tombstone diploma into an admission to Pace College in New York. He studied days at Pace and worked nights in the photo car for the old *New York Mirror*. Walter Winchell sometimes joined him on his rounds. He photographed murders and night clubs. After three years at Pace, he threw in the towel and became a full-time photographer.

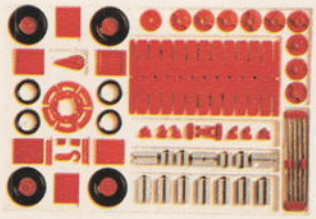
It was during those years as a photographer that Goldstein was arrested in Cuba by Raul Castro. Castro claimed that Goldstein was a spy; Goldstein explained that it was all some kind of misunderstanding. After five days, he was set free. FLUSHING PHOTOGRAPHER FREED FROM CUBAN JAIL, trumpeted the *Long Island Press*. Sometime later, intrepid photographer Goldstein accompanied Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy on a trip to Pakistan. Perhaps as an oversight, he was not *(Continued on page 174)*


LOUP

Gimme...

It's too late to do any real, creative Christmas shopping, so for you 11th-hour laggards, here's a sampling of what some other notable people are doing. We asked Alice Cooper and Cindy Lang, Ryan and Tatum O'Neal, and Salvador and Gala Dali what they would like to get from each other. We prefer thinking that people can, in fact, get what they want, even at the last minute. See anything you like? Go tell your friends. Quickly.

A cupid statue in stone will grace any spot—a bathtub, a hallway, a quiet section of your garden. It would also make a keen place to hang your hat. From Boston Road Ornamental Cast Stone, Bronx, New York; $65.



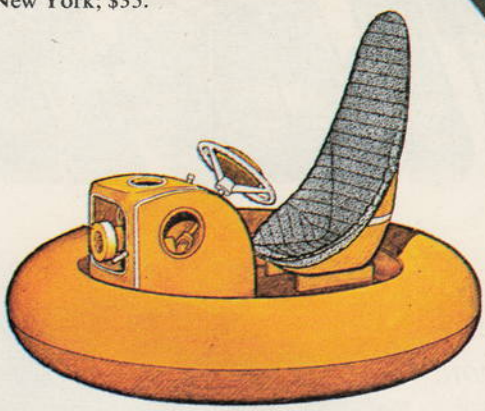
With a Fischertechnik building set, you can construct almost anything imaginable. A sophisticated Erector Set. At F.A.O. Schwarz; from $10.95.

There are 24 cans to a case, and 840 cases fill a truck. For $4700 you can send one to deliver 20,160 cans of beer to someone you like. Contact your local distributor.

Illustrations by Joseph Saffold

A black director's chair with fake leopard fabric is perfect for watching *Animal Kingdom*. The Telescope Furniture Company, Granville, New York; $35.

This hand-held calculator does everything a slide rule can do—quicker and more accurately. Great for currency and metric conversions. From Hewlett-Packard, Paramus, New Jersey; $395.



RAM A KAR gives you a whole new way to knock around the house. From Johnson Kart Manufacturing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; $1000.

Imagine the scamper of scaly feet around your home. Iguanas make dandy herbivorous pets. They're docile and learn to respond to human touch. Available in a number of lengths at most pet shops; $5–$25.

Hang this Thai Dragon Kite on your wall until spring, then wow them in the park. Available from Go Fly A Kite, New York City; $6.

The Standard Questar (with camera) is a highly versatile small telescope. Gaze at Venus or Miss Carmichael in the next apartment building. From Questar Corporation, New Hope, Pennsylvania; $1240–$1515.

An inflatable girl! A terrific prop for practicing your judo. Excellent for indicating pressure points and erogenous zones with a Magic Marker. And she's quieter than most groupies. At novelty shops; $16.

Cruise around the neighborhood in this remake of the famous Nazi *Geländewagen* (Jeep). You can probably find room in the back for a 45-caliber tripod-mounted machine gun. The Jeep comes from SS Automobiles, Incorporated, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for around $4000. No surprise that it looks like the VW Thing; $2926.

Photography by Richard Alcorn

...Gimme...

What does a father give his precocious daughter? In *Paper Moon*, Ryan O'Neal was too busy hustling to ask. Well, how about it, Tatum, what would you like? "My $200."

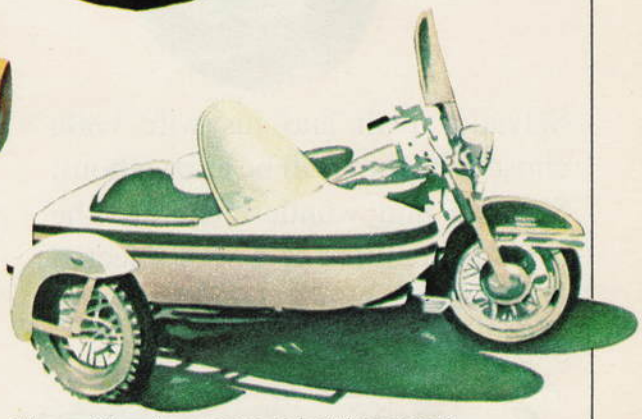
The Video Beam projects a sharp, accurate TV picture onto a large screen. From Advent Corporation, Cambridge, Massachusetts; $2495.

If you're shy about others knowing what you carry around, a see-through plastic attaché case is not a good place to stuff laundry, lunch, or dirty books. From Design Research, New York City; $90.

Why mess around with toy gliders when you can fly the real thing? Châlet Club in New York City has lessons; $35. The glider is $5000.

This sofa apparently fits you like a glove. Great for fielding large ground balls, but comfortable enough for watching football. Its name is Joe, and your decorator can get you one; $1800.

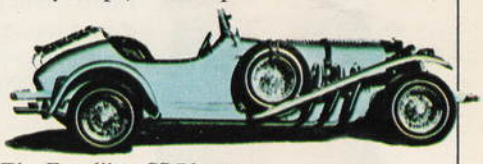
This artsy silver bracelet with large turquoise stones is available from Navaho Tribal Headquarters, Window Rock, Arizona; $200.



It's a problem for a young girl getting around without a driver's license. But with Ryan driving this Harley-Davidson motorcycle and Tatum in the sidecar, the problem stylishly disappears; $3695.

Yes, this fake mustache goes on your upper lip. Available at novelty shops; $1 and up.

Now you can have your Oscar and eat it, too. This 29-pound chocolate cast of the Academy Awards symbol was crafted by Chicago pastry chef Lutz Olkiewicz; $100.



The Excalibur SS Phaeton houses a Corvette engine under its classic hood. Indispensable for first dates. From SS Automobiles; $16,000.

An Erotic Coloring Book you can really stiffen your wax crayons on. From LVL Associates, New York City; $1.25.

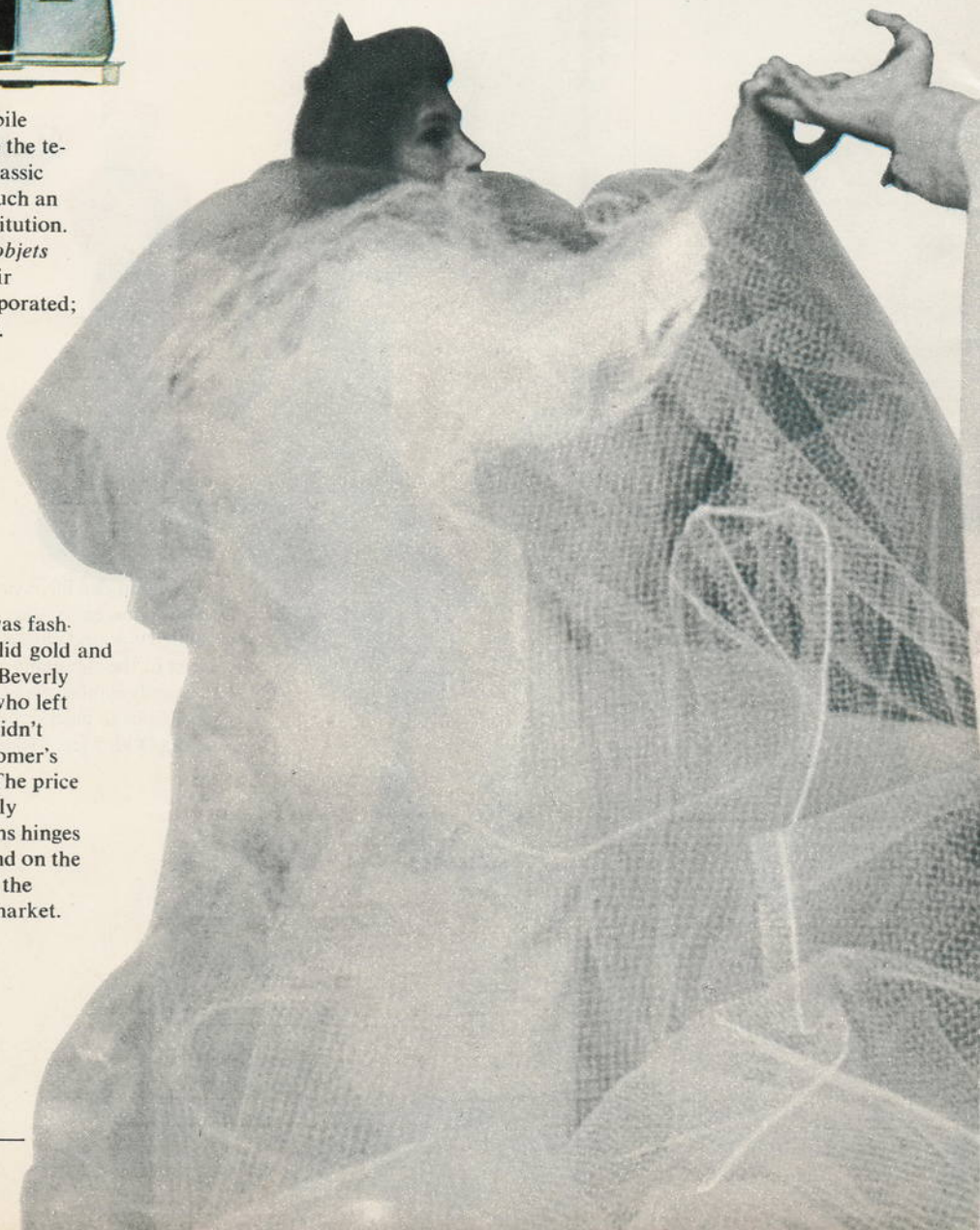
...Gimme

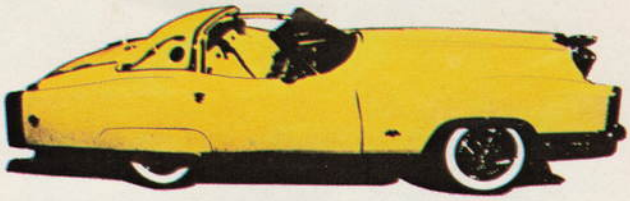
Salvador Dali and his wife Gala chose gifts they will be crazy about. Surprise and wonderment are the primary features of a well-selected present. It should jump out and grab you by the cloak.

The Capitello chair is contoured to fit an at-ease position. Carved from foam and covered in fabric, it can be obtained through your decorator; about $900.

The most mobile domicile since the tepee. And its classic design is as much an American institution. Holds lots of *objets d'art*. From Air Stream, Incorporated; around $9000.

This phallus was fashioned from solid gold and designed by a Beverly Hills jeweler who left town when it didn't rise to his customer's expectations. The price of such uniquely decorative items hinges on their size and on the fluctuations of the London gold market.



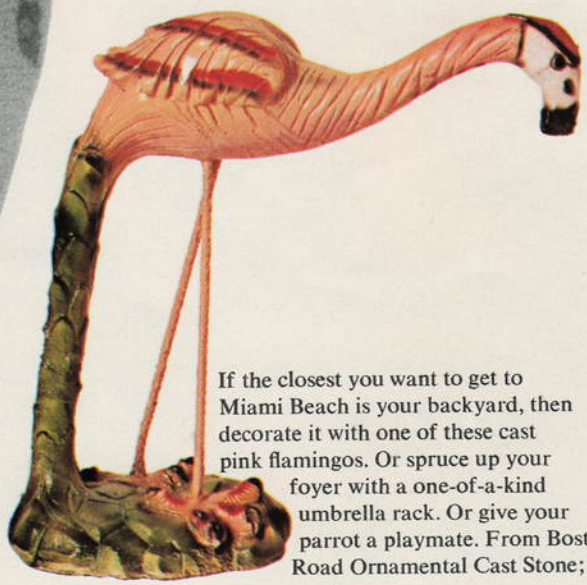


Another Corvette engine! This time it's surrounded by a modified Eldorado body. The result is called a Corvorado, from Dunham Coach, Boonton, New Jersey; around $16,000.

Just the thing for an unhurried Sunday picnic. Pack up your best girl, a bottle of Pommard, a wheel of Brie and, once airborne, throw your fancy to the winds. High on hot air, practice your singing wafting around the countryside; $5000. (Or join the Châlet Club and get a balloon ride free.)

Except for the wood base, this 16-pound kiss is entirely edible and will keep its pucker when properly stored. Made from marzipan and powdered sugar, the lips are reddened with food coloring and flavored with kirsch. Confected by Lutz Olkiewicz; $100.

Dali's signature in neon is a gift that doesn't need a card. Whether the name is the giver's or the receiver's, such flashing egotism will repeatedly punctuate your thoughtfulness. From Let There Be Neon, New York City; $175.



If the closest you want to get to Miami Beach is your backyard, then decorate it with one of these cast pink flamingos. Or spruce up your foyer with a one-of-a-kind umbrella rack. Or give your parrot a playmate. From Boston Road Ornamental Cast Stone; $14.

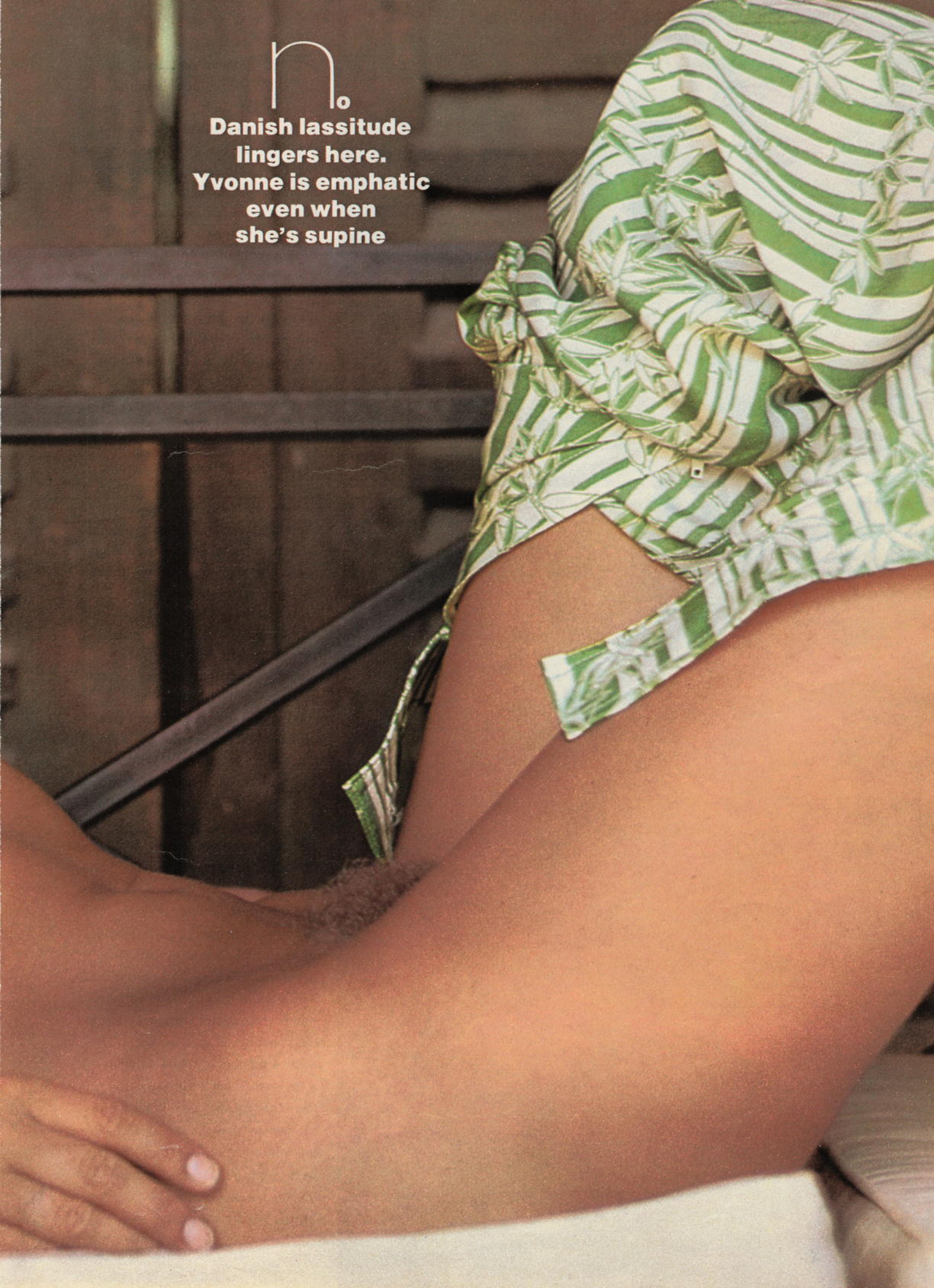
Photograph by Dick Zimmerman

yvonne grader

Keeping Busy is Not the Same as Being Occupied

She was born in Bangsbostrand, just south of Frederikshavn on the Kattegat. It was a very long way from Copenhagen, down on Sjaelland, near 55 north latitude. Bangsbostrand was north of the 57 line, protected from the howls and squeaks of the North Sea storms, but isolated, unapproachable. There was one doctor in Bangsbostrand, an ancient, garrulous old man who pedaled from patient to patient on a crooked bicycle. If a specialist was needed, he would come from Frederikshavn in a gray Volvo. The specialist carried four ballpoint pens in his coat. He always looked very grave and muttered of poultices and antibiotics. He had been to see Yvonne Grader once, when she was very young, and had not spoken a word to her. Yvonne thought this was very sloppy, professionally speaking, and had told her mother as much. Once in a great while, a surgeon would come by boat from Göteborg. He spoke Danish with a heavy Swedish accent, had a great black beard that smelled of herring and cigars, and was said to drink himself comatose every evening. But Yvonne had seen his hands, observed the tightly clipped nails, the small graceful gestures. Yvonne knew what it took to make a good doctor, and she knew the Swede had it. Yvonne was going to be as good as the Swede, someday. Yvonne grew up in Bangsbostrand dreaming of pharmacology and microscopes. She left, traveling by train and boat to Copenhagen. She enrolled in school, dissected her first frog, and held hands with her first man.

Produced by Jean Demachy/Photographed by Francis Giacobetti



No Danish lassitude lingers here. Yvonne is emphatic even when she's supine

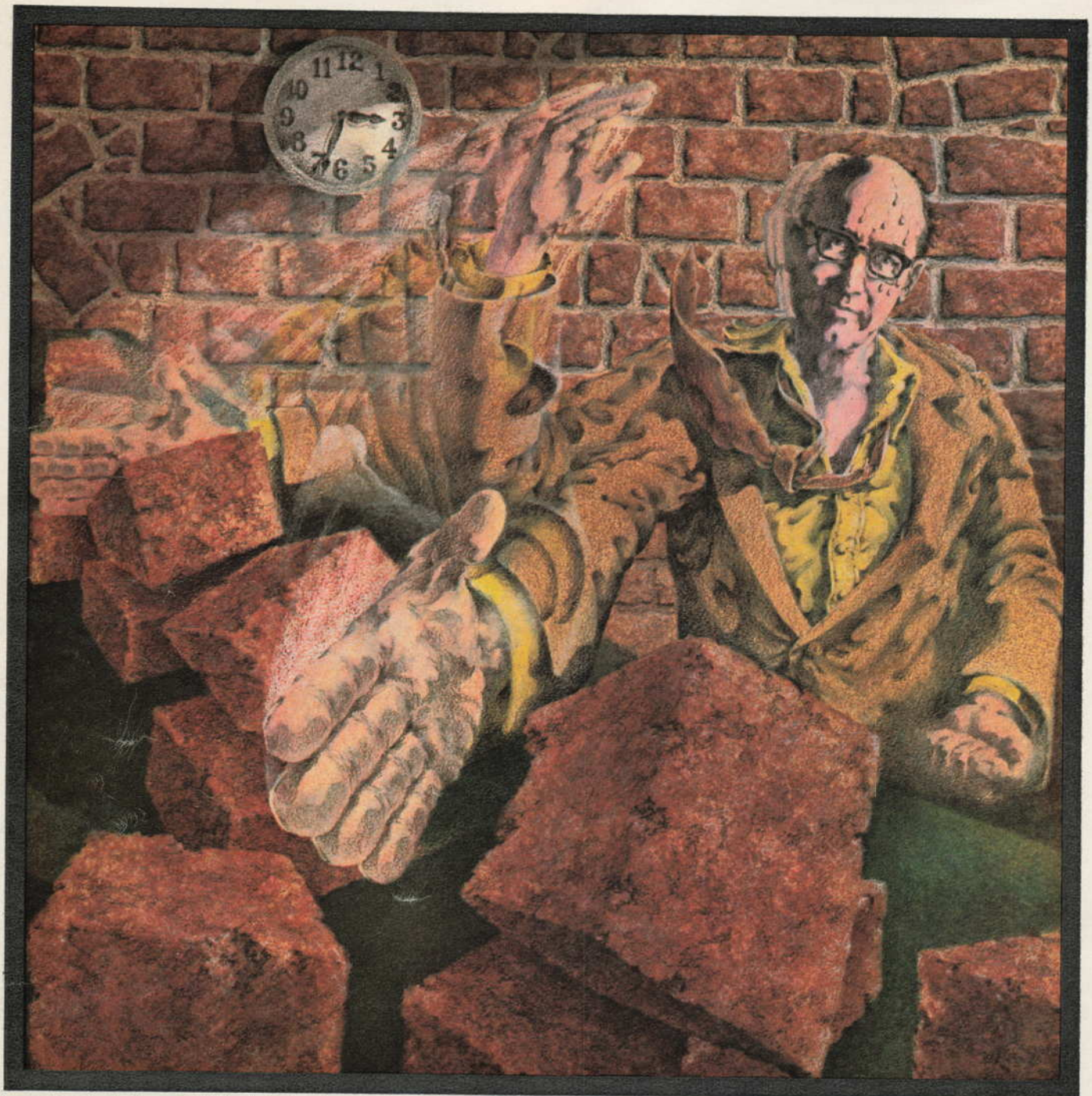
On the whole, she thought, she preferred the frog, as it had been generally more thoughtful and sensitive than the man. She met other men later, but they were never allowed to interfere with medicine. Her favorite dance was the jerk. Remember *Cool Jerk* by the Capitols? 1966? It's still on some of the juke boxes in Denmark. And Yvonne often would go into a bar, push *Cool Jerk* 36 times, but find that she could stick around for only four of them.

She was just too busy. As she grew more involved with the biological mysteries, she became increasingly fascinated with her own body.

She considered the difference between its outside appearance, its smooth, nonrational curves, and the intricacies of the machine beneath. When she was 21, she decided to have some nude pictures taken of herself. It was not so much the money, although students are always poor, as the hope that the unblinking objectivity of the camera would help her reason her dilemma through. She was no longer looking at herself, she thought, as she glanced at the negatives; she was looking at a photograph, a piece of paper that neither bled nor wept.

She learned two things: (1) the camera is not at all objective, and (2) she was in all visible respects medically normal. She also looked at X-rays of herself, examined her fibula and tibia, peered into her own brain. Perhaps, she thought, medicine was the entire answer. Perhaps she could cure her difficulty merely by finding where it was located in her cranium. There are no paradoxes within the human body; only in the mind. The muscles are never confused; the bones never anxious. She asked a number of fellow students if they would help. Most of them thought she was talking about sex. A few thought she was talking about politics. None were helpful. Later, she became involved in dermatology.

Moral: beauty is only skin deep.



TEACH YOUR HANDS TO KILL

And your vineyards shall be a chaos of half bricks

BY GEOFFREY NUNBERG

Before World War II, when somebody kicked sand in your face, you went out and took boxing lessons. Thirty years later, you do him in with karate or kung fu; boxing is becoming an exotic skill. This change is only part of a more pervasive Orientalism; if the names of the martial arts were unknown to most Americans in 1940, well who, after all, had ever heard of Tet or Toyota?

Nowhere are the martial arts more evident than in Hollywood, where they have virtually driven from the screen the classic roundhouse brawl we know from *Shane* and *The Quiet Man*. Now the fight's over in the time it takes to say "ki-aii"—and kick through the window a baddie who, presumably, has been unhip enough to have been hanging around Stillman's gym. The result is a somewhat distorted image of the martial arts: a great many of the people who sign up for lessons in karate or aikido are under the impression that they will be able to turn their bodies into lethal weapons in the course of 30 days, and they drop out, disgusted, when they learn that they might not be able to turn their bodies into lethal weapons in 30 years. Besides, Hollywood emphasizes only fighting techniques, and the more contemplative, ritual aspects of the arts get overlooked.

Virtually all of the nations of East Asia have highly sophisticated martial-arts traditions, from Burmese bando to

Philippine arnis. Mostly, though, it is the weaponless arts of China, Korea, and Japan (including Okinawa) that are taught in the United States. These may be roughly divided into two groups. The first emphasizes striking and kicking techniques and includes kung fu, t'ai-chi, karate, and tae kwon do, all of which had their origin in ancient styles of Chinese boxing. The other group emphasizes throws and holds and includes judo, jujitsu, and aikido, all of which are indigenous to Japan.

The arts differ from one another not only in technique but also in application. A martial art can be practiced for a number of purposes—for self-defense, for sport, or for the development of grace and strength. Some arts teach you to jab your forked fingers into the eyes of a mugger. If you tried this in an AAU-sponsored karate tournament, however, it would probably be considered a little bit much. And many of the aesthetically pleasing gestures of t'ai-chi solo exercises have evolved so far from their origins in Chinese boxing that it is almost impossible to envision any way they could be used for self-defense.

KARATE

Karate is the best known of the boxing-type arts and has by far the greatest number of practitioners in the West. Modern karate evolved on Okinawa out of Chinese boxing; it was not imported to Japan until the 1920s, when the name of it was changed from the Japanese equivalent of "Chinese hand" to that of "open hand."

Karate is primarily an offensive art that uses the hands and feet in a number of striking and kicking techniques. The so-called karate chop, executed with the side of the hand, is only one of these, though it has become symbolic of the art for most Westerners. More important is the punch, which differs from the punch of the Western boxer in that it is delivered straight on, with the shoulder relaxed, so that the power comes from the hips. This sacrifices reach for force. But the karate artist can afford that, since he gets considerable additional reach out of his legs and feet. Karate kicks can be quite spectacular—in particular, the roundhouse kick, which can come whipping out of nowhere, head high.

The power of karate kicks and punches is best demonstrated by their celebrated use in breaking boards and bricks. These breaking techniques were originally designed to allow the unarmed man to pierce bamboo armor; they are most effective when the hand has been conditioned by repeated striking against a padded board or into a bucket of sand until the knuckles are grossly enlarged and the finger tips covered with calluses. Most teachers now decry this process, pointing out that conditioned hands offer no particular advantage against an unarmored opponent. Board breaking is now regarded as a kind of ancillary showboating. There is no truth, incidentally, in the widespread belief that karate black belts must register their hands with the police; this myth may have been encouraged by some practitioners eager to add to their mana.

Karate is practiced both as sport and exercise. Tournaments are held in which matches are scored as in boxing, except that kicks and punches must be pulled so that they do not connect full strength. Points are lost if a blow is not pulled, and it is thus theoretically possible to win a karate match by being knocked out, though there are better ways. Karate techniques can also be combined in the complicated formal exercises called *kata*. These can be extremely graceful, and may even be set to music. During the occupation of Japan, when practice of most martial arts was strictly forbidden by the American authorities, karate was allowed to continue under the misapprehension that it was a ritual dance.

Like practitioners of other Japanese arts, karate artists are ranked on a belt system—green, brown, and, finally, black—of which there are ten *dans*, or degrees. But there is no single organization that awards the ranks, and each style and school has its own system. According to Chuck Merriman, the highest-ranked American in the Goju ("hard-soft") style, "In a well-run school you'll get one black belt for every 700 students who start out. The black belt doesn't mean you're an expert, but rather that you have been accepted as a real student of karate. But hell, you could go out tomorrow and put up a sign, GICHIN GREENBERG, TENTH DAN BLACK BELT OF THE SUKIYAKI STYLE, and start awarding black belts to your pupils. So it's just as important who awarded the belt." Similar ranking problems exist in the other arts, and there is always a temptation for the instructor to award a belt prematurely; a belt gives the student incentive to continue studying, and hence paying fees.

KUNG FU

This art originated some 2000 years ago in China, and it is the ancestor of all Eastern boxing arts, including karate. Strictly speaking, kung fu means only exercise, though the art is known in the East as ch'uan-fa, which means something close to what boxing means to us. Once it was practiced by Buddhist monks, who attached to it a mystical significance. Kung-fu secret societies formed the nucleus of the famous Boxer Rebellion of 1900, a popular uprising against the "foreign devils," and they succeeded in convincing many of the peasants that an adept was immune to Western bullets. The results were predictably sanguinary.

Kung fu recently received an enormous publicity boost in the form of a new television series that features an Anglo-Saxon actor portraying a fugitive kung-fu expert in the old West. Like the Boxers, he seems convinced that bullets cannot harm him. Unlike the Boxers, he is apparently right.

The techniques of kung fu are not very different from those of karate, though in kung fu, high kicks are not used, and the emphasis is more on self-defense than on sport—there is more gouging and such. Kung fu also has stances with animal names like deer, bird, and monkey. This may make the art seem more picturesque than it is; but don't laugh at these names in the presence of anyone skilled in the art.

T'AI-CHI

This art is an 18-Century outgrowth of the "internal" style of Chinese boxing, in which subtle, yielding, defensive techniques were stressed at the expense of brute force. As practiced in China, t'ai-chi was: a fighting system used for self-defense; a sport, called t'ui-shou, which resembled Indian wrestling; and a formal exercise, like the *kata* of karate, but even more highly developed. This solo exercise is extraordinarily graceful, and it is often practiced as an end in itself; it proceeds through a series of gestures with names like "grasp the sparrow's tail," "embrace tiger and return to mountain," "fair lady works at shuttles," and, curiously, "step forward and punch."

T'ai-chi has recently had a great vogue in this country, though not as a martial art—here only the exercise is taught, and many practitioners are not even aware of its roughhouse origins. In America, in fact, t'ai-chi comes with a hefty helping of mysticism. And there is much talk of the *ch'i*, or "intrinsic energy"; according to Cheng Man-ch'ing, a great t'ai-chi master, "the *ch'i* can be felt accumulating for mass integration in the navel, from where it will begin to circulate throughout the body" as the exercise continues. This sort of reasoning may be incomprehensible, but, as with acupuncture, the Chinese may turn out to have been doing the right thing all along; t'ai-chi appears to work marvels as an exercise.

JUDO

Judo is an indigenous art of Japan, where it was created in the 19th Century as a refinement of jujitsu; whereas jujitsu was simply a collection of weaponless combat arts, judo was conceived as a combination of sport and spiritual exercise. The literal meaning of judo is, in fact, "the gentle way"—the *-do* suffix signifying a martial art, which is practiced as an end in itself, as opposed to *jitsu*, which *(Continued on page 165)*

DAVID CARRAWAY IS KING FOO

He could julienne a potato with his bare hands

BY STUART ROSENBERG

One of the most popular and unusual shows on TV these days is *King Foo*, which is widely heralded as the greatest blessing to flow from President Nixon's trip to China—if you don't count our still having Dick Nixon to kick around. The trip also created a bull market in *chinoiserie*, so that Congress soon had to put a depletion allowance on monosodium glutamate. And the television industry was understandably eager to cash in on the fad.

Unfortunately, Chairman Mao had sent us pandas who couldn't act, sing, or dance. That being the case, ABC decided its best bet would be to add a Chinese motif to a conventional Western format—sort of a *Showdown at the Corral of Colloquial Acquiescence*, if you will. The show would tell the story of Moo Goo Gai Cohn, one of our few cowboy heroes who actually grew up in a Chinese monastery. No one had ever done a series about a frontier guru before. The idea—or concept, as they like to say at board meetings—was to combine the thrills and excitement of an action series with the spiritual uplift of *Sermonette*. The drama could arise naturally through depicting the conflicts between two different cultures: one, sophisticated and traditional; the other, rough and primitive. This intriguing theme had already proved successful in the pairing of Howard Cosell and Don Meredith.

Inevitably, some network executives feared that the viewing public might not take kindly to a horse opera of a different color. But if they wanted a Chinese program, they had little choice. It was either *King Foo* or Henny Youngman laying thousand-year-old eggs. *King Foo* was obviously the right decision. In fact, *King Foo* has been so well received that established shows have sought to emulate its special formula. In a recent *Gunsmoke*, for instance, Marshal Dillon took a brief leave of absence to brush up on his Schopenhauer and was temporarily replaced by a *sumo* wrestler with a master's degree in criminology.

The opening of *King Foo* is very impressive. Long shots of a solitary figure striding purposefully across an arid landscape alternate with brief but unmistakably arty flashbacks. We come to understand Cohn's past as well as his present and how he made the transition from neophyte mystic to itinerant misfit.

The flashbacks show us the monastery in China where Cohn was educated. It is sort of a rococo Boys Town, populated entirely by pious old monks and bald youngsters. There Cohn learns to express himself in cryptic profundities, which he utters in a halting manner. This makes him sound like a retarded fortune cookie—no drawback in China, where it seems that everyone talks that way; but it will cause him no end of difficulty in the Wild West. After all, no one ever caught John Wayne wondering whether the leaf envies the nest of the bird.

Cohn is also taught by the monks to develop his happy knack for meditation. This will come in handy whenever he is overwhelmed by mere worldly problems, like being trapped in a cave or chronic unemployment. Thus, through a simple act of will, he is able to see his troubles in the perspective of the cosmic scheme and to subside majestically into an apoplectic funk. It saves a lot of aggravation.

But the most important facet of his education is his training in king foo, the ancient Chinese martial art of beating up on people in slow motion. The secret of it lies in turning your adversary's own moves against him, much like in karate, judo, and the Watergate case. We see Cohn constantly practicing incredible feats of dexterity. Soon he can dodge lances thrown at close range and julienne a potato with his bare hands. But he is told that he must leave the monastery when he is able to snatch a pebble out of his master's grasp. His master does not like having his pebbles snatched.

The time comes for him to go off on his own. He has already earned himself a black belt in king foo and is just a few points short of matching accessories. He determines to go to America, his father's homeland, to search the Southwest for roots. That is what he is doing on the sand dunes. His father is from Cleveland.

As we watch Cohn trudge endlessly across the desert, we can begin to appreciate what sort of man he is. We can tell by his appearance that he is brave, resourceful, and cuts his own hair. We can also tell that he is now being played by a different actor. The kid in China read his lines like he was afraid he might have adenoids. David Carraway, who has the part now, is too smart for that. He just squints a lot.

As luck would have it, Cohn presently comes across an elderly man lying motionless in a gully. He approaches the poor fellow slowly, wearing an expression that indicates he is waiting for a flashback or an ambulance, whichever comes first. He smiles. Rescuing strangers in the badlands is about the extent of his social life. Finally, he announces in his most solemn and mysterious manner, "I am Cohn." What makes it so mysterious is that the man he is addressing is either unconscious or dead. But at least we know the kind of snappy dialogue we can look forward to.

At a loss as to how to proceed, Cohn summons up a quickie flashback. In it, a monk gives a prostrate old man a drink of water. The monk is played by veteran Chinese character actor Keye Largo, whom we all remember as one of Charlie Chan's numerical offspring. When the flashback is over, Cohn gives the old man in the gully a drink, too. Cohn, it seems, wouldn't take a leak unless he first saw it done in a flashback. He's funny that way.

The old man revives and, in a trembling voice, asks Cohn to help him. He explains that he is a courageous newspaper editor whose forthright stand on fluoridating the old water hole has provoked the wrath of a powerful and unscrupulous sheepherder.

Cohn responds by introducing himself again. Needless to say, his tone is solemn and mysterious. It's the only tone he has. The two men eye each other until Cohn is once more ready to speak.

"Is not . . . the injured eagle . . .uplifted . . . by the flock?" he asks rhetorically.

The old man figures as how he can probably take care of himself just fine now, but thanks all the same.

The next scene takes place in the city room of the *Dry Gulch Daily Times*. Cohn is busily getting out the paper singlehanded, taking time out only to doctor the old man with cold compresses, acupuncture, and chicken soup. Evidently, there is no end to what you can learn at those monasteries.

The first edition is soon off the press, and Cohn shows it to the boss. It carries a scathing editorial under the banner headline, IS NOT FLUORIDE . . . BENEFICIAL . . . FOR THE TEETH? The old man seems pleased, all things considered.

Now it's time for Cohn to go out and face a little danger. Obligingly, he seeks out the villainous sheepherder who has demonstrated such a callous disregard for the First Amendment and the Principles of Oral Hygiene. He finds him in the company of 12 tough cronies who look like they didn't use their deodorant today and may not use it tomorrow. This is a piece of luck, because Cohn is a pacifist and rarely condescends to lay out people in groups smaller than eight.

Cohn insists that they honor the old editor's right to publish his paper in peace. In support, he cites an obscure

Illustrations by Kunio Hagio

Chinese proverb that may or may not make this point, along with two recent Supreme Court decisions.

One of the men spits emphatically on the floor and makes a disparaging remark about alien weirdos. The others seem to share his provincial attitude. They begin to finger the various weapons they carry in their belts.

Cohn hesitates. Is this the time to deliver more abstruse wisdom, or a kick in the privates? While he deliberates, a mélange of indecipherable close-ups signals that another flashback is on the way.

It's the monk giving the old man a drink of water again.

Scratch the flashback.

Cohn, somewhat discomposed, picks up his speech where he left off. "Is not freedom the birthright of all men? Is not liberty a sacred torch?" he cries, warming anew to his subject. "Are not both of the above? Is none of the above?"

All hell breaks loose. The whole gang falls on Cohn as if he were Bobby Riggs at the YWCA. Instantaneously, Cohn assumes the classic posture of the king foo warrior, which the Chinese call Insect in Heat. He is now, to all intents and purposes, a perfect fighting machine, not to mention a chiropractic wonder.

They attack him with fists and clubs and knives and bullets, and he even takes a nasty whack from the microphone boom. The action is so furious the eye can hardly follow it as blows are delivered and received in stunning succession. This fight is the high point of the show, and ABC spared no expense in producing it. First a kick to the stomach in slow motion! Then a chop to the head in instant replay! An eye gouged on the isolated camera! A few seconds of Roller Derby highlights to vary the pace! A body hurtling in stop action! And, finally, a voice-over of Chris Schenkel alibiing for the losers! It's all over.

When the dust finally settles, Cohn stands alone amid 13 fallen bodies—14, counting the boom operator.

Despite the fearsome beating he has taken, Cohn smiles and walks away. Such fortitude has not been seen on television since the days when John Ehrlichman testified and Tonto sailed through adversity with a cheery, "Me all right, Kemo Sabe."

And so the story ends. Another wrong has been righted, and the weak have been delivered from their oppressors. It is a splendid triumph for truth, justice, and the Sino-American way. You can't ask for more than that, now, can you? ▣

Wall Street Cheapies

Who says a dollar can't buy happiness?

By David Maxwell

We don't recommend these stocks exactly. In the last few years, Wall Street has been hit by a lot of mean forces—one result being that a lot of formerly sound securities are now going for nickels, dimes, and pennies. Some have degenerated into garbage stocks. But in a market increasingly dominated by large institutional investors, stocks like the ones on these two pages might well be the last toe hold of the small investor. Besides, stock ownership can make you happy, even if it doesn't make you rich. A few pennies can give you a stake in the nation's future; a few dollars can buy you a portfolio. At these prices, you can even give stock portfolios as party favors. Check for the latest prices with your favorite stockbroker.

Stocks for Fashion Fanciers and Decorators

Julyn Sportswear, 75¢ a share, sold over-the-counter. A small company that makes women's apparel.

Kenton Corp., $1.25. Traded on the American Stock Exchange. This company, whose stock sold at nearly $50 in 1968, runs department stores and also owns Cartier (jewelry), Mark Cross (leather goods), and Georg Jensen (silverware).

Chadbourn Inc., $1.25. Traded on the New York Stock Exchange. Manufactures hosiery and men's and boys' wear. The stock sold for over $15 four years ago.

Lamp Fashion Inc., 50¢, OTC. Makes arty lamps and lighting fixtures.

Strong Wear Hosiery Co., 50¢, OTC. You might call this a stocking stock.

Stocks for Would-Be Financiers and Tycoons

Security Mortgage Investors warrants, 50¢, Amex. These warrants will let you buy the common stock at $16 until 1979. The stock reached $15 this year, so the warrants might not be a bad speculation. Like mortgage-finance companies, this one has had some tough problems in the past few years—which explains why the warrants are so cheap.

Larwin Realty & Mortgage warrants, 75¢, Amex. The warrants entitle you to buy the common stock at $20 from now until 1976. The stock reached $16 this year. This company, in the mortgage-loan business, could prosper if economists are right in predicting a mid-1970s home-building boom.

Rockwood Computer, $1, Amex. This company has a somewhat misleading name. It was formerly called Levin-Townsend Computer, and it was a Wall Street darling in the late 1960s. Its stock soared over $60 a share in 1968. Then its computer-leasing business turned sour, and the company is now diversifying into various kinds of land speculation. It plans to build retirement communities, shopping malls, and the like.

Affiliated Capital warrants, $1.13, Amex. These warrants entitle the holder to buy the company's stock at $8.67 a share. The stock reached a high of $8.38 this year and then slumped—but who knows what next year will bring? Affiliated Capital is a dealer in money. It owns a number of savings-and-loan outfits; it also speculates in real estate.

Stocks for Gadget Lovers

Riker-Maxson, 69¢, Amex. Manufactures electronic gadgetry such as missile-guidance components and computer terminals. Back in

1969, this stock sold for more than $20.
Microwave Corp. of America, 10¢, OTC. Makes various kinds of radio equipment.

Stocks for Nature Lovers

Ecological Recycling Co., 25¢; *Ecological Development Corp.*, 75¢; and *Ecological Science Corp.*, $1, are three small, young companies traded OTC. All hope to make it big by selling environment-protection services and equipment to governmental or industrial buyers.
All American Industries, $1.13, Amex. Main business in the past has been manufacture of transmission towers and military equipment, but a subsidiary is now moving into the perhaps profitable business of solid-waste disposal. In the late 1960s, the stock sold for over $20.

Stocks for Sports and Leisure Lovers

Goldie Aquasports, 7¢, OTC. A small Florida outfit that makes water skis, canoes, and surfboards. The stock was originally issued at $2 but, uh, sank.
Plaza Group, $1, Amex. A diversified promotional company, formed in the late 1960s. Among other things, it runs promotional games such as the gas-station bingo that was popular a few years back. Investors seem rather unexcited by the stock at the moment, but the company may promote itself back to prominence some day.
Cott Corp. warrants, 50¢, Amex. The company makes carbonated soft drinks.
Mallory Randall, 75¢, Amex. Makes toys, Christmas and Halloween decorations, buttons, and novelties.
Movielab Inc., $1.13, Amex. Processes television and theatrical films, including TV commercials.
Great American Industries, 88¢, Amex. Makes rubber products such as shoe soles; also makes recreational diving equipment and air mattresses.

Stocks for Travelers

Macrodyne-Chatillon, 88¢, Amex. This company, whose stock sold for more than $30 four years ago, makes various kinds of aircraft components, including airline seats. A subsidiary makes voting machines.
International Industries, $1.50, NYSE. A company with a lot of diversified franchising interests, including motels. Back in 1969, this stock would have cost you almost $60.
Inflight Services, $1, Amex. Provides movies and stereo music for airline passengers. The idea seemed exciting in the late 1960s, and the stock sold near $35. Special cost problems and general hard times in the airline business have driven the stock price way down.
North Central Airlines warrants, $1.50, NYSE. A warrant is a gorgeously engraved piece of paper that guarantees you the right to buy a company's stock at a stated price. These warrants entitle you to buy North Central's common stock at $5.50 a share. The stock is now selling under that price. But if the stock rises above $5.50, the warrants could rise rapidly. Warrants are bought and sold on the exchanges exactly the way stocks are.

Stocks for Prospectors

Keystone Silver Mines, 16¢ OTC. A small Colorado outfit that might make it big if the price of silver rises.
Atlas Corp., $1.75, NYSE. Mines and processes uranium. The company is diversifying into various manufacturing enterprises, but uranium still seems to be its main interest. There is talk of some possibly fabulous new uranium discoveries in Utah.
Aberdeen Petroleum, $1.50, Amex. Operates wells in Texas, Oklahoma, and Illinois. The stock once sold at over $15.
Crestmont Oil & Gas, $1.50, Amex. Pumps wells in the Southwest; also has a coal operation in West Virginia. Four years ago the stock would have cost you $20.
New Idria Mining, 88¢, Amex. Once was the nation's biggest mercury producer. Its mercury mines are temporarily closed because of a bad price slump in the metal, but they may be reopened. Meanwhile, the company is moving into the lumber business and into manufacture of metal bins, racks, and shelves.
Wright-Hargreaves Mines, 81¢, Amex. Once mined gold but quit the business two years ago. Now it is principally a holding company of other mining outfits' stocks. Any big find by one of those other companies could push up Wright-Hargreaves' price.

Stocks for Health Faddists

Smoke Watchers International, 32¢, OTC. Five-year-old company hopes to make its living by organizing workshop groups to help people stop smoking. The stock was originally issued at $4 a share and rose as high as $6, but then things went wrong. The company obviously hasn't hit its stride yet.
Beverly Enterprises, $1.75, Amex. Runs convalescent homes, rehabilitation centers, and other health-care institutions. The health-care business was hot in 1970, and Beverly's stock back then sold at over $40 a share. If certain tough cost problems can be solved, the company could do well in the future.
GSC Enterprises, $1, Amex. Operates a chain of drugstores in Illinois. Some of the stores have been unprofitable, and the company is busily getting rid of them. When GSC becomes lean and fit again, the stock price could jump.

Stocks for Scholars

Education Systems & Publishing Corp., 3¢, OTC. A small New Jersey company whose stock doesn't seem very popular at the moment.
Canoga Industries, $1.25, Amex. A diversified company that manufactures, among other things, audio-visual teaching aids. The stock cost $25 in 1968.
Teaching Technology Corp., 50¢, OTC. Another maker of teaching aids.

WE'RE ALL ONE *Rao had never been with a woman. In India, social relations are very strict. There is a great deal of smiling, staring, and saying* Shanti, *but touching is not honorable.*

(Continued from page 70) and spirituality. Then Gene went back to painting auras. He had a large backlog of orders.

Rao was a lonely Indian. He had come to New York with his black-market money and had bought a dying Middle Eastern restaurant on Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village. Arab food, such as *felafel* and *baba ghanoush*, had been popular in the Village for quite some time, especially during the years when there were flare-ups of the Middle East situation and young Palestinians and Jordanians and Lebanese were coming to America to make money. But now Arab restaurants were not so popular, because people were bored with *felafel* and *baba ghanoush* and Middle Eastern situations. India's food was more spiritual, anyway.

Rao's life was not filled with the ecstasy and bliss of his menu, though. Rao—it may be difficult for Western readers to believe, since he was now a man of 35—Rao had never been with a woman. In India, social relations are very strict, especially those having to do with meetings between people of the opposite sex. There is a great deal of smiling, staring, and saying *Shanti*, but touching—even touching of a casual nature—is not honorable. India is, after all, still a traditional society, even if it is emerging.

Every day and evening at the Taj Mahal, Rao would meet and talk to young New York women—some with the striking features of models and actresses. Rao would talk of India, of poverty, of spirit, of "the eternal ghetto of the East." He would look deeply and forlornly at them with his charcoal eyes, eyes like tombs. He would clasp his hands and bow gracefully from the waist. Many women wanted him. But these beautiful and sophisticated New York women did not know how to approach a spiritual man from a spiritual world about matters that were of the body. Rao, a lustful bourgeois capitalist, who cared with the profoundest soulful frustration about his body, did not know how to approach beautiful and sophisticated creatures. For they seemed attracted to him because he seemed to be spiritual. A terrible standoff that one day Rao, embarrassed and hot and unable to withstand temptation much longer, brought up with his black waiter Jack, a man from a ghetto that was poor and outside this world, too—but a man who had only to say "ghetto," and beautiful milk-skinned women blushed and giggled and gave, ah, *gave* to him, as if the word were magic.

"I can dig it!" Jack responded. But he couldn't. The advice he gave was, "Be cool, man. That's all you got to do: be cool!"

To himself Jack said, "Ain't *that* some shit?" And his jealousy of the Delhi ghetto, which was displaced and out of whack in the first place, displaced itself again.

One night, tangled in Delphinia's legs and stoned on her Js, Jack confided in her about Rao.

"Really?!" said Delphinia. Her eyes lit up and she added, "Far out!"

"I always thought he was a hornball," Jack commented.

Delphinia was sitting alone at a table at the Taj Mahal. She had long ago finished her bowl of *palao* and her *keema* curry. Jack was taking off his waiter's coat and putting on his Afro batik outfit. Delphinia sat silent and still. A candle flickered on her table.

"Are you not prepared to depart?" Rao asked her nervously. "It is closing time, you know."

Jack yelled, "Later, folks."

Rao's heart rumbled.

"You are a beautiful person," Delphinia said to Rao.

Delphinia held Rao's hand.

Rao saw her milky white skin on his dark, coarse palm. Long thin fingernails flashed burgundy, like lips. They touched Rao's wrist, they brushed feathers up and down his arm. Rao would not have been surprised if his blood had sprung out from inside him.

They walked to Delphinia's apartment. Delphinia talked of the stars twinkling in their blackness, of all the spirits of all the lives that ever lived, of the past that is the present, of the universe as a warm quilt, a bed for all gods to love upon, and *all of us are gods*!

Delphinia told Rao she did not think he was happy, though she thought he was spiritual and profound.

"I am not happy, it is true," Rao said. Tears highlighted the darkness of his eyes.

Delphinia removed her clothes. Rao's eyes were bowls, and he stood before Delphinia like a servant. Delphinia touched Rao. She drew him in to her.

Rao felt breasts for the first time. He kissed them, and they were like the Earth turned to milk, swelling and washing over him. Rao buried his head between Delphinia's breasts.

Delphinia thought: Rao drives himself, just like he does in the commercial world!

Delphinia was soon Delphinia Rao. What a wonderful name! "It has a poetic flow," said Gene. It was not a fabricated name of the kind so many people in Greenwich Village nowadays have—like Sappho or Terra or Acqua or Aroma—names to make people seem exotic or sensitive or spiritual or profound. Delphinia was Delphinia Rao for real! Or at least Sarah Rao; but who would know that? And when Delphinia said spiritual words like *Om* and *Hare* and *Shanti* people listened, whether she said them in the Indian setting of the Taj, where she was now maîtresse d' and the highest female spirit, or whether she said them outside in Washington Square. "That chick's married to a Hindu cat!" was the hip deference she got from some people, and it was the kind Delphinia liked best. Delphinia Rao! Delphinia decided it sounded like Dalai Lama. All in all, Delphinia's name made her very high.

It must be said here that Rao did not get high. Neither the prospect of visiting his native India nor the smoking of Js helped Rao achieve spiritual *chakras*. Smoking made him cough, and he frowned when he sat around the clouded room of his and Delphinia's apartment. It had formerly been Delphinia's apartment and it was decorated with paintings and photographs of Hindu swamis, with Hindu carpets and Hindu statues, and it was done in a color that was Hindu, too. When Rao sat around in the midst of the vapors, he coughed. Rao told his friends that smoking marijuana and hashish was "a foul habit of the lower classes, of castoffs, of lepers, and worse. A habit that has contributed to the economic backwardness of India, and so made my native Delhi a rancid hole. It did the same to your spiritual Calcutta.

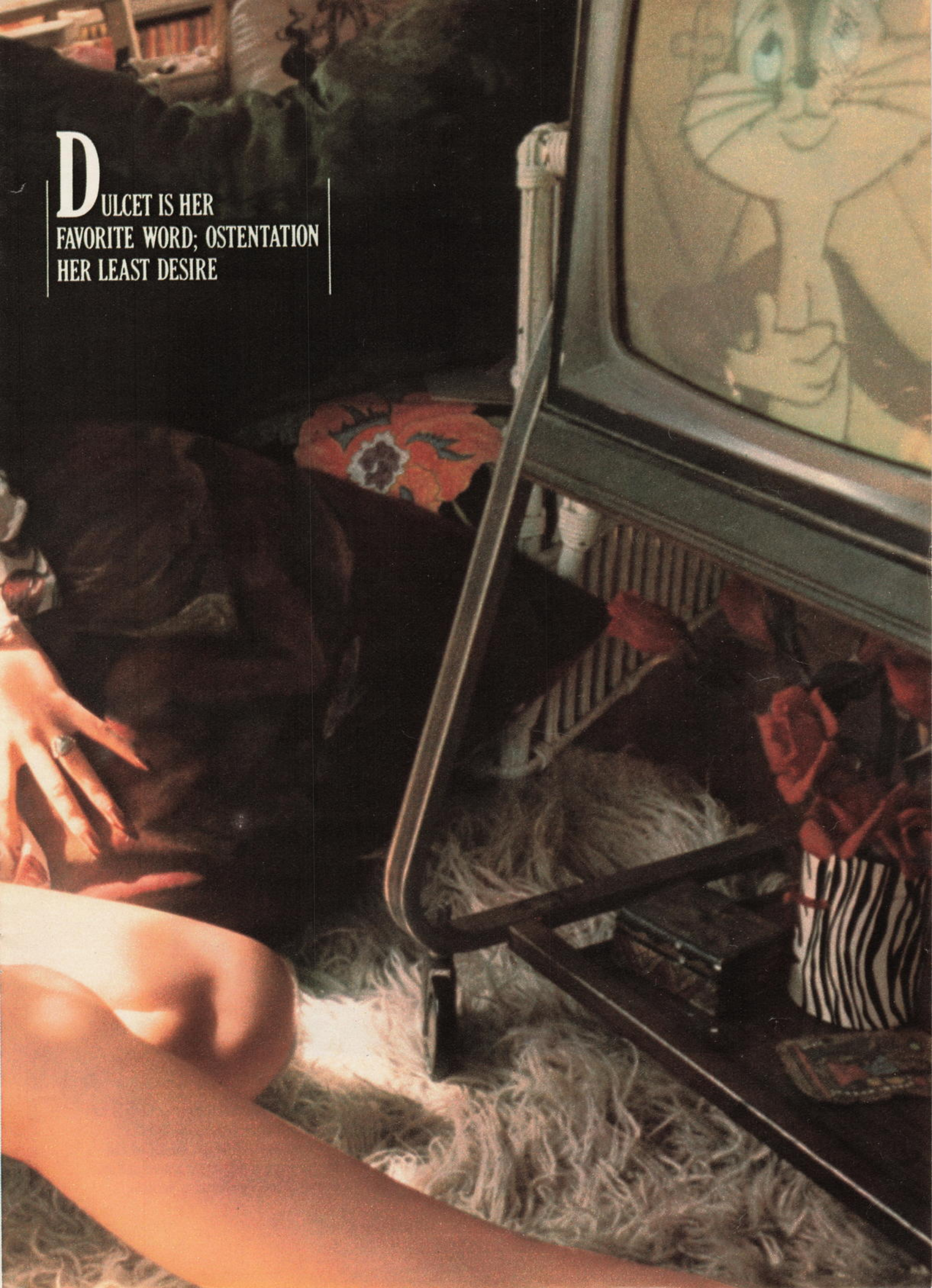
"A good capitalist does not smoke pot. It deprives one of his initiative and judgment. My uncle, Swami Sri Shikara, often said that the commercial aspects of life are best for some. The spirit is *inside* people, not in the smoke they breathe into their lungs." It was ironic how darkly spiritual Rao looked when he said these things. Rao evidently looked spiritual even when he mentioned "the commercial aspects." This made Delphinia smile. And Delphinia's smile made Rao mad. And when Rao was mad he looked dark and somber and even more spiritual than before. And Jack would think, "I'm glad Harlem ain't Delhi," or, "Bein' Hindu, man, really screwed this cat up!"

Often Delphinia would quote from the Upanishads or the Bhagavad Gita or some other Bhagavad, or she would tell deeply spiritual Hindu stories: "An old man on his deathbed recounted the events of his life to Sri Hanuman, and then he asked the notable Swami if he had lived *(Continued on page 186)*

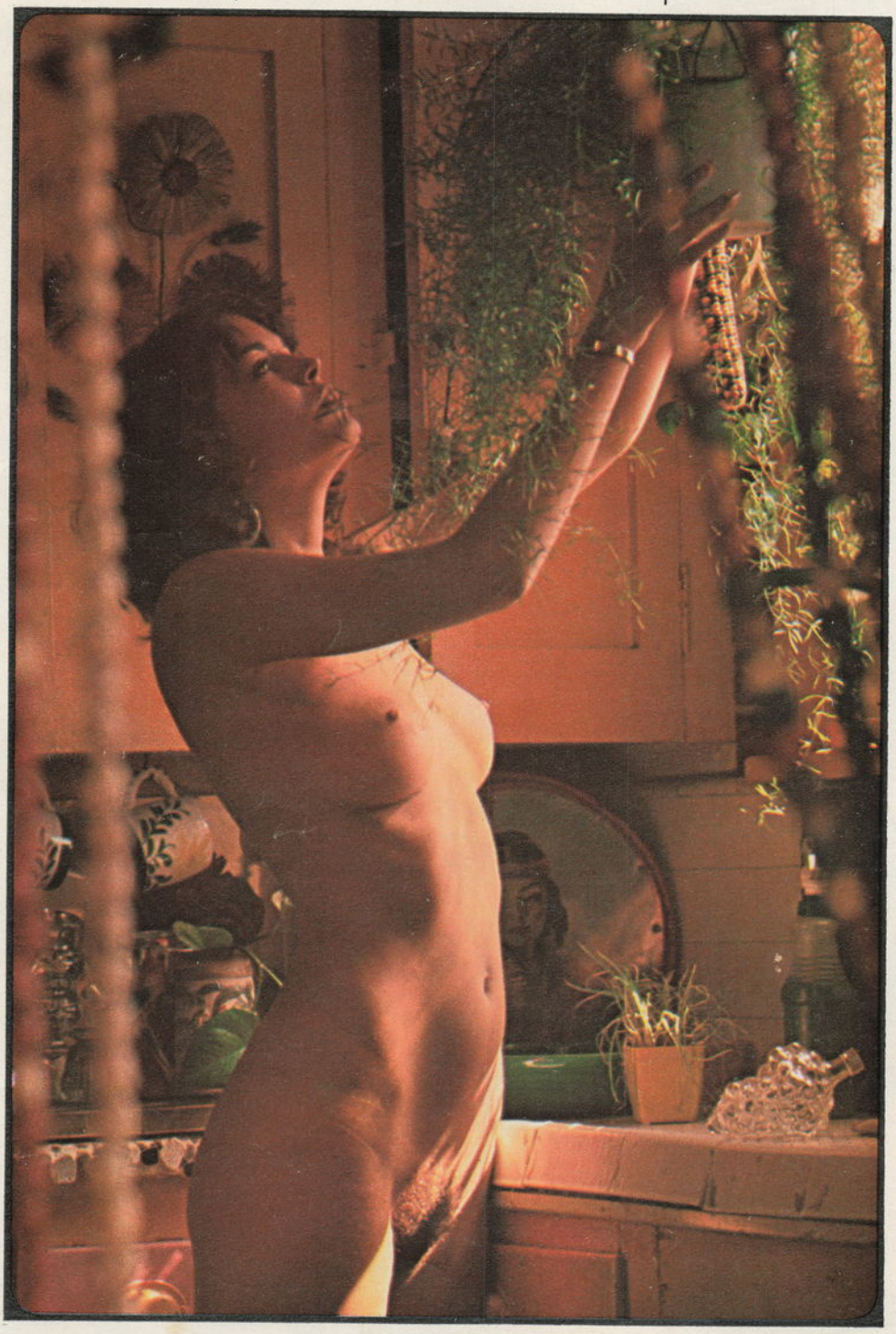
COMFY

OR, CAN CLARA FAULK FIND FULFILLMENT IN A LEISURE SOCIETY?

Clara has a theory about the leisure society: it's good for her complexion. Oh, she can be more serious than that, but she enjoys funning a bit. She was born 19 years ago in Phoenix, Arizona, and if you know anything about this man-made oasis in the desert, you know they've perfected leisure out there. Outside, it might be 120 in the shade with all those rattlers snoozing in the alkali. Inside, though, it's cool as ferns in a mist. You have to be cool to play pool, sinking those balls into the dark corner pockets with neat clicks of the cue and angled bank shots that made geometry worth learning in high school.


DULCET IS HER
FAVORITE WORD; OSTENTATION
HER LEAST DESIRE

CULTIVATION IS HER FAVORITE PURSUIT; PLASTIC IS UGLY



She knows Thorstein Veblen's theories of 1899. He had said that a woman "is petted, and is permitted, or even required, to consume largely and conspicuously—vicariously for her husband or other natural guardian." Not Clara. She putters with her plants, recalling the words of her favorite book, Kahlil Gibran's The Prophet: "Pleasure is a freedom-song, but it is not freedom." Integration is of the essence. "It is the pleasure of the flower to yield its honey to the bee," spake the Prophet. "To both, bee and flower, the giving and the receiving of pleasure is a need and an ecstasy." See. Fulfillment is possible.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MINDAS

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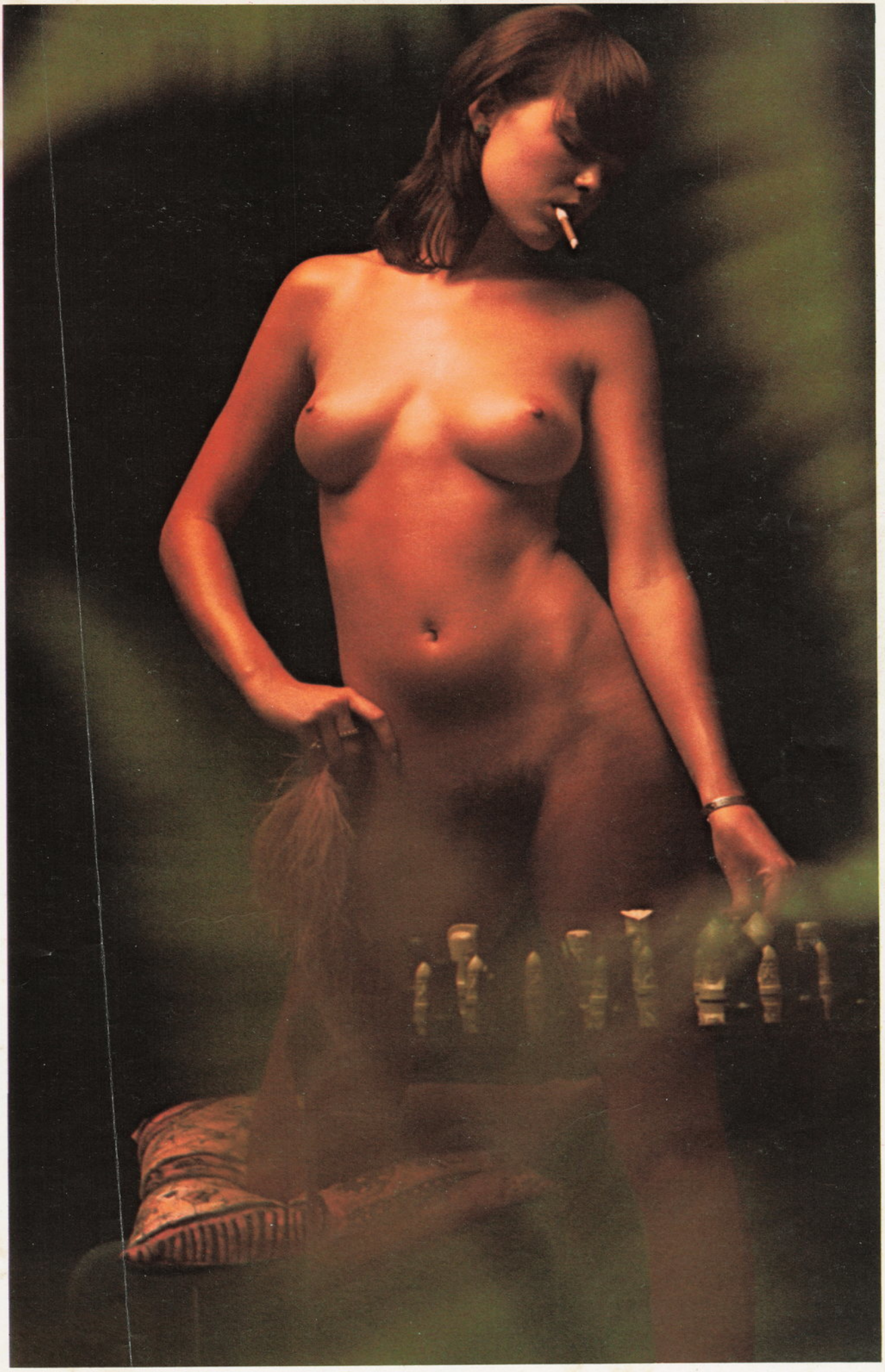

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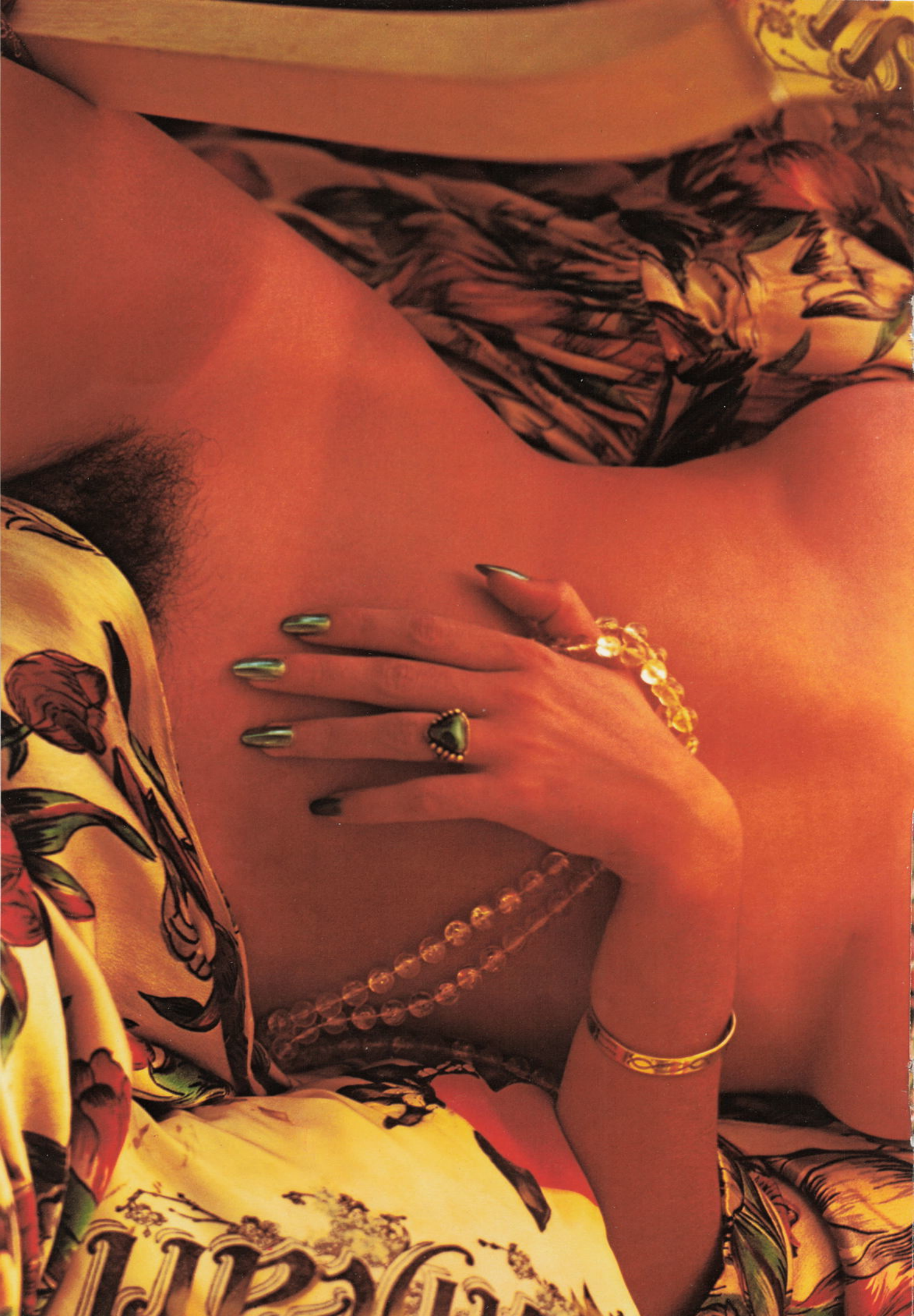


oh-oh,
Dry Scalp!
Willardson

CONVERSATIONS WITH

BILLIE JEAN KING & BOBBY RIGGS

She arrived on a litter, borne by four gleaming giants; he showed up in a ricksha drawn by five girls. "If this was tennis, I wouldn't have anything to do with it," said Jerry Perenchio, who promoted the match.

Billie Jean King had a great deal to do with tennis prior to her circus match with Bobby Riggs. Usually sharing top rank with Margaret Court in women's tennis, she'd won Wimbledon five times and the U.S. Open three. She is all power, determination, and sizzling kill shots. She plays a man's game of tennis, using a big hopping serve and a rifle-shot volley.

Her personal life is marked by the same type of combativeness and determination she shows on the court, and because of her outspoken criticism of the tennis establishment, she's made a number of enemies, including Jack Kramer, whom she vetoed as a broadcaster for the match.

Raised by middle-class parents in Long Beach, California, she learned tennis on the rough-and-tumble public courts. At 11, she had her first run-in with higher authority when she was banned from a tournament photo because she refused to wear the proper attire.

Her unwillingness to accept the status quo when she feels it is unjust has been an influence toward better officiating, elimination of dress and behavior restrictions, improved playing conditions, and increased prize money for women tennis pros. It has also made her the most controversial woman athlete in the world.

It was Billie Jean's attitude toward the money offered in women's tournaments that put her on a collision course with Robert Larimore Riggs, 55. When Riggs heard of King's demands for increased pay for women, he answered with a challenge. "You insist," said Riggs, "that women provide a brand of tennis comparable to men's. I challenge you to prove it. I contend that you not only cannot beat a top male pro, but that you can't beat a tired old man like me."

King, who has never said that women can outplay men, only that they can draw crowds as well, rejected Riggs' first offer, but Margaret Court did not. In the Mother's Day match that followed, Riggs reduced Court's normally powerful game to dust with his dazzling combination of gamesmanship and steady pressure. Suddenly, Bobby Riggs was in the spotlight.

Riggs is not only audaciously charming but is deceptively skillful as an athlete. In 1939, he swept three titles at Wimbledon, winning $108,000 by betting on himself. He has been married twice, the second marriage lasting 20 years and ending with a million-dollar settlement. During that time he also earned a reputation as a hustler capable of playing under all kinds of conditions and handicaps. It was the constant betting that broke up his second marriage and ended, ultimately, in Riggs' return to the spotlight as a result of the Court match. Hoping to rattle King as he did Court, he launched a massive prematch promotion and publicity campaign. However, he neglected training and practice and arrived in Houston in less than peak shape. By contrast, Billie Jean King emerged from self-imposed seclusion in top condition. With 50 million people watching, Billie Jean dispatched Riggs in straight sets, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3, winning $100,000 with untold hundreds of thousands to follow in endorsement payments. For his hour under the lights, Riggs split a little over $200,000 in ancillary rights with King plus, of course, endorsements.

The King-Riggs match was a definite step in the transfiguration of tennis from a gentleman's sport to one that belongs to everyone. Certainly the match was not tennis in the sense that a final at Wimbledon is, but it reached more people in one evening than Wimbledon has in 50 years, and the crowd was much more vocal in its appreciation.

The question still remains: will Billie Jean King be able to come down from the manic heights she reached in Houston? Arthur Moody asked this and other questions in a wide-ranging interview that began in San Francisco before the match and ended in Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, after the smoke had cleared.

And what of Bobby Riggs, now that his streak of one has been broken? Nora Ephron pursued the female-baiting tennis star to the country outside of San Diego and to the Astrodome in Houston in order to learn if there was indeed a real Bobby Riggs underneath the promotional one.

OUI: What happened?

BOBBY RIGGS: I woke up feeling great, really felt just tremendous, but—and this is no alibi—it was really hot out there on the court, and there were so many people in the Astrodome. It was muggy, and that bothered me because my glasses fogged. But, of course, Billie Jean also wears glasses, and she played under the same conditions.

OUI: Many people think you were overconfident. Were you?

RIGGS: Yes, I was overconfident, and I paid a price for that. However, I didn't lose that badly. If I had lost 6-1, 6-2, *(Continued on page 168)*

OUI: Did you think a lot about the Bobby Riggs match or practice a lot for it?

BILLIE JEAN KING: The usual amount. I mean, it wasn't that important. It's important for the publicity, for the attention, and it's important for the money. It proves that tennis really is and really can be a big-money game. But for me, personally. . . . In ten years, they won't be saying, "There goes Billie Jean King. She beat Bobby Riggs," or whatever. They're going to say, "There goes Billie Jean King. She won five or six or seven Wimbledons, and she won both

Illustration by David Willardson

BILLIE JEAN KING *"Riggs is a very nice human being, but he asked for what he got. Sure, he was hustling, but those remarks didn't do me or the other women on the tour any good."*

Wimbledon and Forest Hills in the same year twice"—or more, because I'm not over the hill yet. The Bobby Riggs match didn't *prove* anything, the way people think it did. I wanted to win because a lot of people were rooting for me, but winning Wimbledon this year was a far bigger deal.

OUI: Were you surprised by how easily you won?

KING: Yes, a little—I had never played him before, so I really had no idea what to expect. I was surprised when I realized how much slower he was. I thought that he would be able to read me better, but he never did figure me out. I made 70 placements out of 109 shots, and that's like pitching a no-hit game.

OUI: He seemed to keep playing to your backhand.

KING: That's the way he's used to playing, lots of spins and lobs. I handled his lobs and his spins, and I didn't give him time to adjust on the court. He kept playing the same game.

OUI: Do you feel a little sorry for him now? Poor 55-year-old Bobby Riggs?

KING: No, I don't feel sorry for him. I like him personally. He's a very nice human being, but he asked for what he got. He said a lot of pretty outrageous things, remember. Sure, he was just hustling, but those remarks didn't do me or the other women on the tour any good.

OUI: Did he try to hustle you at all?

KING: During the warm-ups, he called for me to come to the net and talk. I just said, "No way." I wasn't about to get started on that. He also left his warm-up jacket on for the start of the match, which was probably supposed to bother me. I guess he got more money for that.

OUI: He got a lot of money for giving you that Sugar Daddy at the beginning of the match.

KING: Actually, we split that money 50-50. I got $10,000 and he got $10,000.

OUI: Why did you have Jack Kramer [a top men's tennis promoter and former Wimbledon champion] taken off the television announcing squad for the match?

KING: Larry misrepresented me on that. He said that I was afraid Kramer's being there would hurt my performance, but that's not true. I could care less. My thought was, "Why should I give Jack Kramer a forum? He's always been against me, always been against women's tennis. Why should I let him say that for two and half hours on world-wide television? It doesn't make any sense."

OUI: Are you ever going to play another man in singles for money?

KING: Absolutely not. Why should I? Whatever I was supposed to prove, I did. The exposure and the audience was very good for tennis. That's all that matters.

OUI: Getting back to Wimbledon: it was very hectic this year, wasn't it?

KING: It was mostly the men's boycott. There were rumors that I had held a meeting to support the boycott. In fact, I just read in *World Tennis* that that's what I did.

OUI: Is that true?

KING: It is the most untrue thing I've ever read. The media like to make me out to be the bad guy, the villain, and I don't appreciate it. I think I've tried to be very constructive, to create a better situation for everyone, players in particular. OK, so one day the British press is saying that I had a meeting to support the boycott. The next day they've got a beautiful picture of Chris Evert and Evonne Goolagong and Margaret Court saying, CHRIS, EVONNE AND MARGARET WILL FIGHT ON IN SPITE OF BILLIE JEAN'S REQUEST FOR A BOYCOTT. Well, you know, goody-goody Margaret, Chris, and Evonne. They say the same things I do, in the dressing room, but they don't have the guts to say it in a press conference. Listen: my first and primary goal when I went to Europe was to have a Women's Tennis Association before I left. I was working my you-know-what off to get it going, and there was no way, *no way*, that I wanted the women to join the boycott. I said that I supported it personally, I thought what they were doing was right, but I was always going to play. The press was just very unfair.

OUI: Did you go to them and say, "What's the idea?"

KING: Sure. I said, "Listen, you guys: thanks a lot." They're always doing that to me. But it's my fault, really, that I've spoiled the press. Before Wimbledon, I talked to this guy, and the article comes out the next day. EXCLUSIVE: WHY THE FANS HATE ME. I never said the fans hated me. Why do I go through all this? Why do I give some guy an hour of my life when I could be dead tomorrow? And then he has the nerve to write untruths, lies. Another thing happened at Wimbledon that really ticked me off: Roger Taylor—the British player who broke the boycott and played Wimbledon anyway, because it was *Wimbledon*—you know, he was hitting on me, saying, "You're gutless. How could you attack Wimbledon when it's done so much for you?" I said, "Listen, Roger, just because you criticize something doesn't mean you don't belong there."

OUI: Yet you played good tennis. In fact, didn't you get a little lazy after you destroyed Chris Evert, 6-0, in the first set of the final?

KING: You don't get lazy. The other player gets so far down that she just starts hitting with abandon. But you're right: I did lose my concentration a little after winning eight straight games, and Chris started raising her game a little. There was one crucial moment in the second set when I was down an ad at 5-5. So I said, *Cool it, Billie Jean, this is the most important moment in the match. You must win this point or you're not going to win the match.* I won the point, and that got me back to deuce, and I won game, set, and the match. A lot of players don't recognize those moments on the court. They do later, in the dressing room, throwing their rackets and yelling and everything; but the mark of the champion is being able to adjust instantly, right there, in the confusion.

OUI: Don't you talk to yourself a lot on court when you're having a bad day?

KING: I've always talked to myself. I'm trying to keep it down this year, as a matter of fact, because every time I've talked I've lost the next point, and this is the first year I've encountered that. I always try to give myself a little pep talk . . . you know: *Come on, gut it out.* If you have a low boiling point, it's better to let it out that way, better to keep it cool, than let it out in other ways, like throwing rackets into the crowd. I saw Pancho Gonzalez almost behead someone one night. I just about died. I could do that, you know. I have a tendency, but I know I'd feel sorry afterward.

OUI: Have you watched Ilie Nastase, the hot-tempered Rumanian, play?

KING: Yeah, a lot.

OUI: What do you think of him?

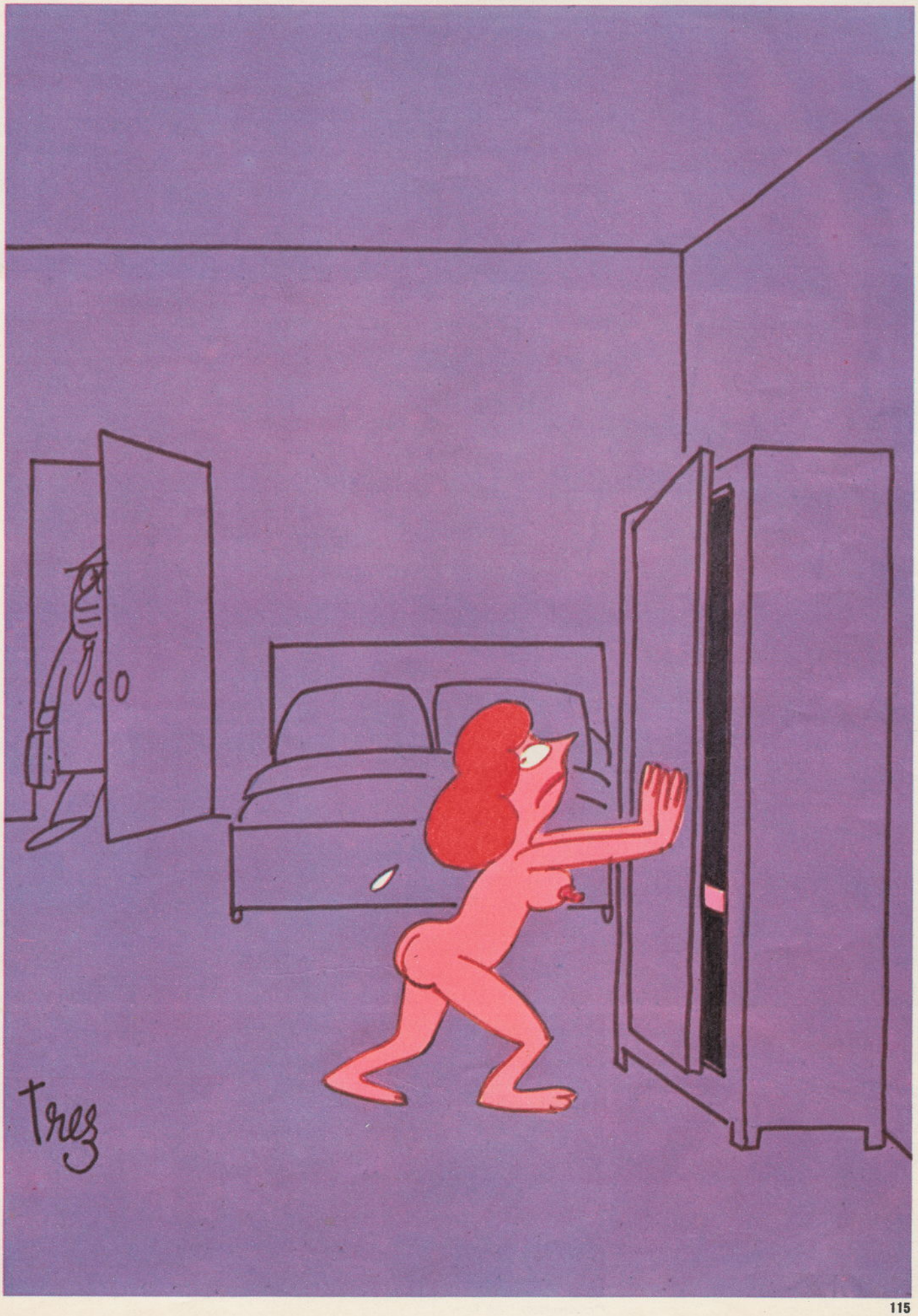
KING: Very talented. *So* talented.

OUI: But his behavior on the court. . . .

KING: Outrageous. If you keep it to a happy medium, that's fine; but when it interferes with the continuation of the match, that's wrong. I think showmanship is good. It's what the game needs. But the thing I don't like about him is that he's unreliable as far as his responsibilities go. He walked out on Rosie Casals in the mixed doubles at Wimbledon this year and didn't even tell her. Unforgivable. They were top-seeded; they won it last year, and it could have been a great final. And just before the semifinals, Rosie walked into the dressing room and said, "You're not going to believe this"—he walked out. He got an exhibition going Sunday in Europe some place where he could make more dollars.

OUI: But isn't money what it's all about? Aren't you a professional athlete?

KING: Sure, money is important. When you're off the court, you think about it; after the match, you think about it. But when you're *(Continued on page 166)*


Trez

Photography by Frank Gitty

FRONT SEAT LOVE

When a leading French manufacturer of guided missiles (Matra) joined a well-known auto maker (Simca) to produce racing cars, the results were exciting. When the team announced it was designing a sports-passenger car, predictions were that it would be unusual. The Matra Simca Bagheera, shown here, does not disappoint. The car is named after the sleek mean cat in Kipling's *Jungle Book*; an appropriate choice. It has the conformation of a projectile aiming for orbit, the stance of a ballsy road-ripper It even has its engine amidships, just like the racers. This placement, above and slightly ahead of the rear axle, uses the engine's weight to best advantage for traction and lets it transmit maximum torque. So much for Matra Simca convention. The Bagheera's interior demonstrates what the makers call a new law of design logic. It places three contoured bucket seats side by side. *Et l'automobile se transforme. L'espace est redistribué*, crows the Bagheera sales brochure. And what more could a young man ask? Given the chance to give his girl's girlfriend a lift, he can do so with consummate style. He can even sit in the middle and be attentive to both ladies. No reason for anyone to feel jealous or slighted then. And lucky Pierre need not worry about distracting the driver. The instrument panel and steering wheel are designed to require minimum attention, but let's hope she keeps her eyes on the road, anyway. The Bagheera is now available only in France (for around $6000). It may soon appear elsewhere.

TECHNICAL SPECIFICATIONS

MOTOR
Simca four-cylinder, mounted transversely at a 15-degree angle. Piston stroke, 76.7 x 70mm; overhead valves; aluminum-alloy cylinder heads; two double-barreled Weber carburetors; water-cooled (radiator is mounted in front, as in a standard car)

GEAR BOX
Floor-mounted stick shift, four speeds forward plus reverse; synchromesh in all gears, of course.

BRAKES
Hydraulic disk, front and rear; two separate systems, front and rear, master cylinder tandem.

STRUCTURE AND SUSPENSION
Unit-body construction with pressed-steel skeleton. body shell is fiberglass; front suspension is longitudinal torsion bars with wishbones, rear is transfer torsion bars and suspension bar; hydraulic double-duty shocks; rack and pinion steering.

THE NEW AFRICAN GENESIS

IN TEN YEARS, NIGERIA MAY HAVE A BOARDWALK

by Alberto Moravia

BEADS AND TOURISM—Abidjan, April 1970

The hotel at Abidjan, capital of the Ivory Coast Republic, is an unwitting museum of Africa's new violence. Built on a small hill facing the harbor, it is simply a transferred New York skyscraper. There is a violence in its proportions. The hotel's gigantic size is not in harmony with the town or the country; rather, it relates to the gigantic scale of the Western tourist industry, for which the Ivory Coast is merely one of many sunshine-and-exoticism markets. We find ourselves still in a colonial settlement; but, instead of being a fortress armed with bronze culverins as it was four centuries ago, it is a hotel with hundreds of air-conditioned rooms.

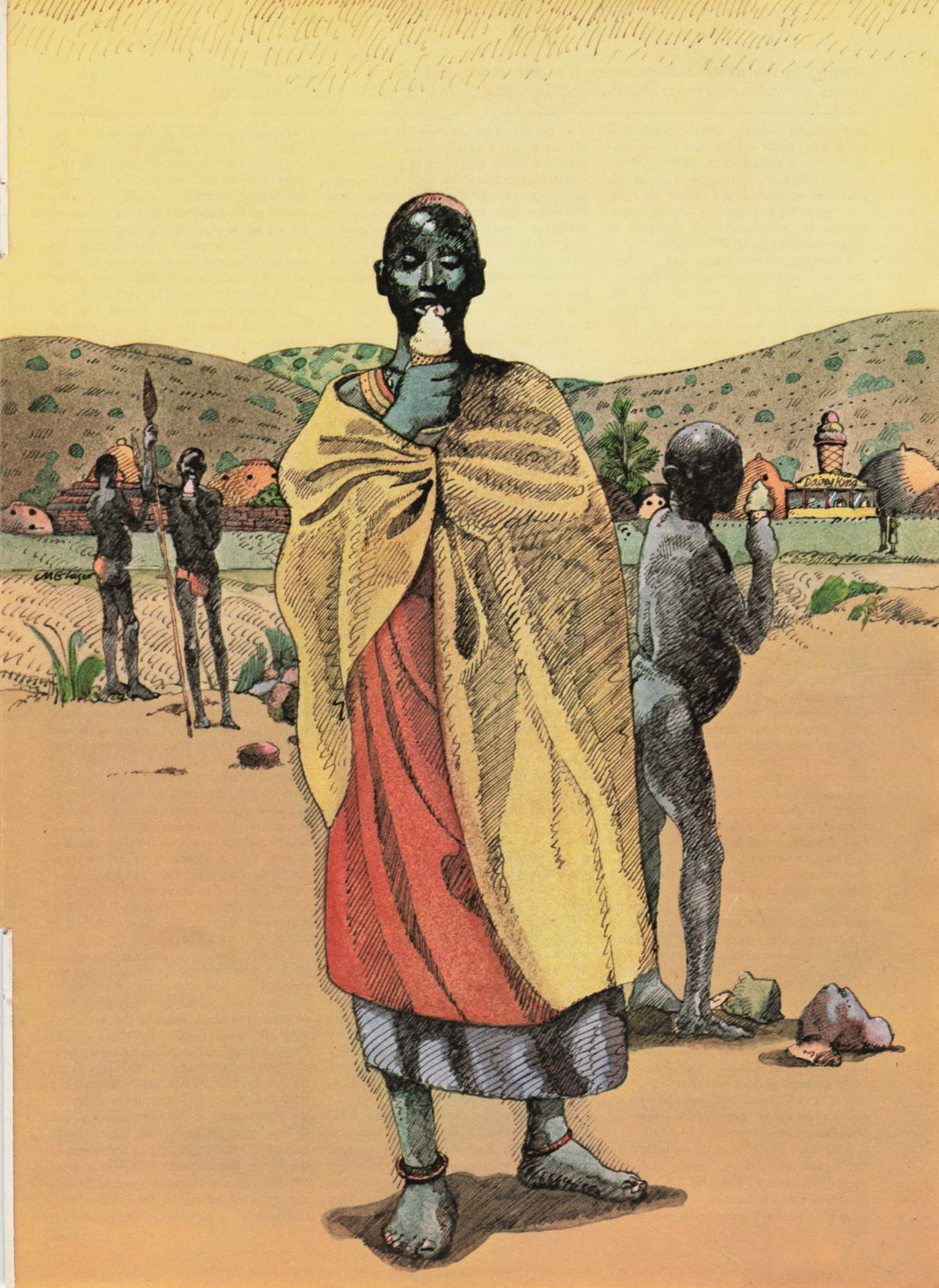
Another sense of violence can be found in the transformation of African culture into the African boutique. All through the vast rooms and winding passages and huge halls of the hotel, Negro art—which caused one of the greatest revolutions in Western culture a half century ago—now appears transformed into affected decoration, simultaneously false and proud of its falseness. Rather than grasp the secret of the ritual masks, the hotel keepers have thought it better to buy colossal enlargements of them and hang them on the walls to give "color"; rather than revive the magic of the totems, they have thought it better to use them as supporting pillars in bars and exotic restaurants; rather than penetrate the mystery of the lightninglike syntheses of the statuettes with religious or erotic themes, they have thought it better to make gigantic reproductions of them and place them in the middle of entrance halls—the main collecting point for the luggage of travelers recently arrived. Here, one admits that this neo-African decoration is often entertaining and elegant. So much the worse.

The third aspect of the new violence is the isolation of the village of the African hinterland in contrast to the accessibility of the deluxe hotel. The isolation is due to the lack of roads and of means of communication. The hotel has no relationship with Africa; it has a relationship only with the West. It takes five hours to fly from Paris to the hotel, but it is often impossible to reach villages not more than 100 kilometers from Abidjan. The narrow network of connections between the hotel and Rome, Paris, London, and New York is, in a sense, the cause of the lack of connection between the hotel and the village.

I recall an expedition to one of these villages. We went by car, along a rough, red track through the equatorial forest toward the Ghana frontier. Then we transferred to a motorboat. In the Ivory Coast there are a number of lagoons, so straight and motionless and regular that they look like big canals stretching for hundreds of kilometers, parallel with the sea, through the sand dunes and the bush. The motorboat traveled for hours and hours without the slightest change in the landscape; monotony is a typically African characteristic. At last, at the far end of the lagoon, beyond a narrow passage between two high dunes, we saw the glistening, boisterous foam of breakers in the open sea. Here, on one bank of the lagoon, a hut awaited us, a hut *de luxe* on fake piles, where later, to the sound of the radio, we ate food cooked according to the best Parisian recipes; on the other bank was an authentic village. We went to look at it. Shaded by a grove of tall, slender palm trees, the huts, of dark, seasoned wood, were reminiscent of huts in the Alps. All were surrounded by fences; inside, hens scratched, pigs wallowed, and naked children with prominent navels staggered as they walked. Each hut had a pile of coconuts in front of its door. The village was deserted because the fishing boats were just coming in from the ocean, and this was a great social event. On the beach, women, old men, and children were lined up along the backwash. As the long prows of the canoes came into view above the waves, a hilarious, excited animation spread from one face to another. Then the boats slid onto the beach and were hauled up on dry land.

While the little crowd rushed, laughing and shouting, toward the fishermen, I noticed a singular fact: we were three Europeans. The village was isolated among its sand dunes with scarcely any possibility of communicating with the rest of the world; nevertheless, these men and women, who would have been justified in considering us complete strangers, wanted to share their festivity. They smiled, pointed out the boats, took the fish, and showed them to us. I could not help comparing this welcoming attitude with the attitude that would have been taken in a similar situation by the Indians of Bolivia, among whom I had found myself three weeks earlier. And I understood the reason for this difference. The Indians had something resembling a history, which the Spaniards interrupted and destroyed. The Indians have never forgotten this; today they consider the Spaniards usurpers and maintain a kind of unconscious social rejection toward them. The Africans have

Illustration by Milton Glaser


Dairy Queen

MORAVIA ON AFRICA *Bagamoyo, it seems, means Lift the Weight off Your Heart. At first sight, it seems something like See Naples and Die. But Africa is not a gentle continent.*

known only nature, which dominated them, kept them outside any sort of history. They have suffered, perhaps more than the Indians, having been exploited, enslaved, oppressed; but unlike the Indians, they have forgotten or, at most, remember the tragedies of the past as they remember natural calamities.

I thought of these things as I watched the lively, joyous crowd around the fishing boats. The fish were now on the ground, and some women were already scraping off the scales with knives. Then I felt a small hand thrust firmly into mine. It was the hand of a little boy, perhaps four years old, completely naked except for a string of blue beads around his waist and passing between his legs to serve as a loincloth. Smiling, he said to me: "*Moi et toi, camarade.*"

DESERT, PRAIRIE, FOREST—Bamako, April 1970

One evening at Bamako we attended an exhibition of national dances organized by the authorities in a local night club. A large part of the *corps diplomatique* was there. On the cement floor, lit by floodlights, there was a succession of *corps de ballet* in African costumes, pairs of flute players and trios of drummers. In a similar dance hall in Europe, these dances and this music would have seemed authentic not only because of the violence, the strangeness, and the queer harmony of gestures and voices and sounds but also because of the not very professional enthusiasm of the dancers and players. In Africa, beneath the fiercely sparkling starlight, in the coolness of a slight wind laden with savage odors that seemed to come straight from the prairie, one felt that the authenticity of the dances and the music had already, from the point of view of folklore, undergone changes. They were dances and music that had originally been performed in the villages on ritual occasions. Here the occasion was social and arranged as a tourist attraction. In the villages, the voices would have been harsher and more discordant, the convulsions of the dance more strongly rhythmical and more violent, the music more monotonous, more hallucinatory.

And then there would have been something that I remember noticing in dances of the same kind, some years ago, in a village in Ghana: the feeling of being present at an event that "ignored" me, that "excluded" me and derived its own *raison d'être* from motives that did not concern me.

The day following the display of dance and music in the night club, we toured the town of Bamako. We saw the bungalows and suburban villas once inhabited by the French administrators, now inhabited by the new African middle class. It is a middle class that speaks perfect French, that lives in houses with Swedish-style furniture, with all the necessary household electrical appliances. But this middle class has its roots not in Bamako, once a French settlement and now the bureaucratic capital, but in the villages where people continue to live in the traditional manner, in an atmosphere not exactly nationalist but "sub-African," according to the laws and the culture of the desert, the prairie, and the forest.

After our walk, we went by car up a small hill, the only one in the limitless plain that surrounds Bamako on every side. We stopped the car at a bare patch of rust-red ground and looked down at the panorama of Bamako. The town looked like an attenuated whitish design in an immense, uniformly green carpet. Here, on the two shores of the very wide, lazy, transparent Niger, Europeans had embroidered the geometrical pattern of the town, with its straight streets crossing at right angles, on the limitless green fabric of the plain. But the plain all around the town stretches away, unrelieved, in all directions, far beyond the political and "national" frontiers of Mali, unreal because of its vastness and its monotony, but perhaps, just because it is so unreal, the only real thing in this part of the world. Above this plain is the sky of Africa, pale blue; it, too, of an unreal vastness, with its horizons dimmed by the sultry heat and its wandering white clouds.

The immensity of the sky, the immensity of the plain seem to form an alliance to make the small, regular white patch of Bamako's built-up area insignificant and almost invisible. The future of Africa probably lies in the conflict between the size and uniformity of its nature and the arbitrary artificiality of the nations that have been cut out of it.

LIFT THE WEIGHT OFF YOUR HEART—Pur-as-Salaam, April 1971

Why is there so much grandeur, so much luxury? In contrast to the missionary who shares the African's life and suffers with him, in contrast to the surviving rich man on safari who wants to kill wild beasts and nothing more, the mass tourist is psychologically fragile: he has neither the charity of the former nor the cynicism of the latter to protect himself from a sense of guilt. Furthermore, why the sense of guilt?

Most people become sensitive in relation to the power to which they aspire or already hold. They do not like to find amusement in the midst of sufferings and privations for which—precisely because they have power—they might feel themselves responsible.

Anyhow, even if it was without the slightest sense of guilt, we, too, were mass tourists. So we did something that mass tourists do. We decided to spend the day on an Indian Ocean beach. We would go to Zanzibar, with its perfumed air, its white coralline beaches, its green sea, and its forests of palms. But the departure times of the planes did not suit us. So we made do with Bagamoyo, about 100 kilometers from Dar-es-Salaam.

Bagamoyo, it seems, means Lift the Weight off Your Heart. At first sight, it seems something like See Naples and Die. But Africa is not a gentle continent. The name Bagamoyo acquires a sinister, sardonic meaning as soon as one remembers that a century ago, it was here that the slave caravans were conducted. At Bagamoyo, the slaves were put on board small, swift Arab ships to be taken to Zanzibar and there sold at auction. But this "weight" that was lifted from the heart when you arrived at Bagamoyo—was it an irony? To a great extent, yes, but one cannot exclude the possibility that, to the unfortunate blacks, after the immensely long, murderous march across the continent, even slavery, now certain and inevitable, might have been seen as a kind of horrible relief.

We left in the morning. The map promised an asphalt road as far as Bagamoyo; we were sure of arriving there in little more than an hour. But at about 20 kilometers from Dar-es-Salaam, the asphalt came to an end and the track began. Let us be clear, however, about this track. The tracks of the high plateau, smooth and hard, of very fine crushed stone, are almost better than the motorways; the track to Bagamoyo was sand—a dry, very fine sand like that of the seashore—in which the mail vans had dug two deep furrows with their massive wheels. It was necessary to stay in these furrows, otherwise there would be trouble. So we had to drive at 20 kilometers an hour. The sea, rough and troubled, was close by, on the other side of a green strip of plantations.

Luckily, we were passing through a thickly inhabited area. Often, among the trees, there was a glimpse of a conical thatched roof or the flat corrugated iron of some hut sunk deep in the luxuriant tropical undergrowth. Or there would be a clearing surrounded by huts, with children and domestic animals frolicking on the floor of beaten earth, among the fetid puddles. As always in the country, the people stay at the sides of the track to see what is going on. There were groups of men crouching in the shade of the mango trees behind little piles of fruit for sale and groups of women standing up with babies in their arms. Unfortunately, *(Continued on page 154)*

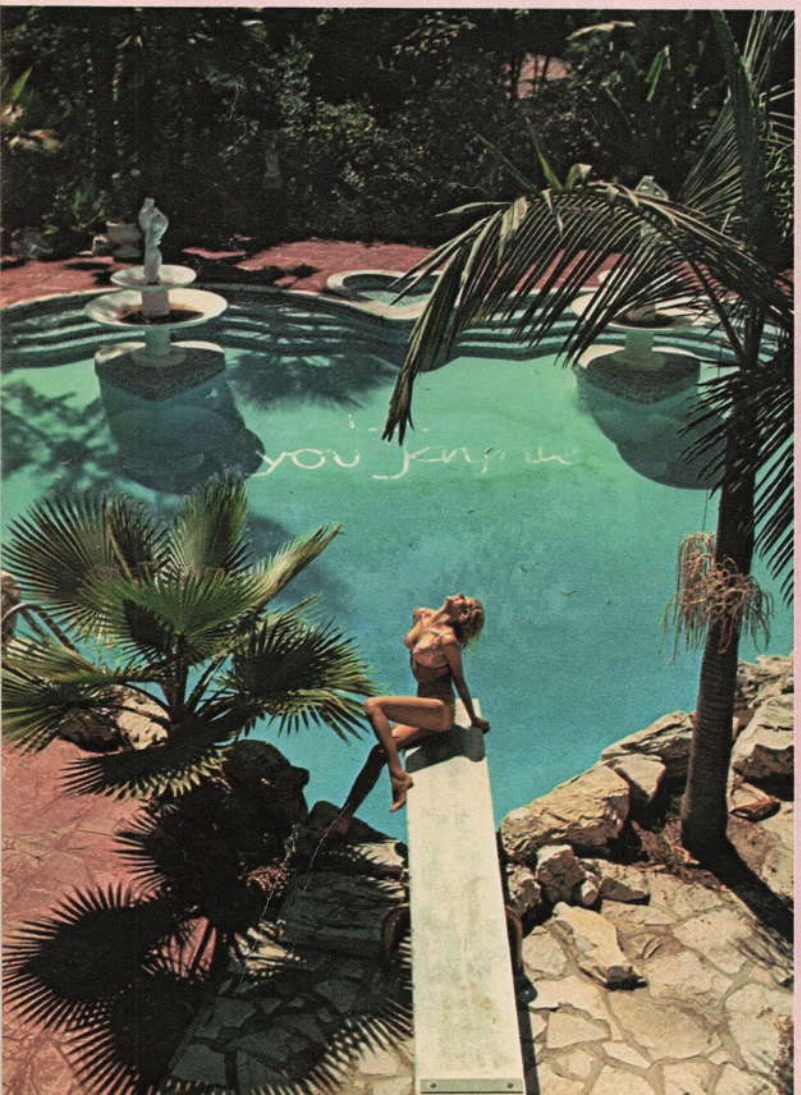
But who hath fancies pleased
With fruits of happy sight,
Let here his eyes be raised
On nature's sweetest light!
Sir Philip Sidney

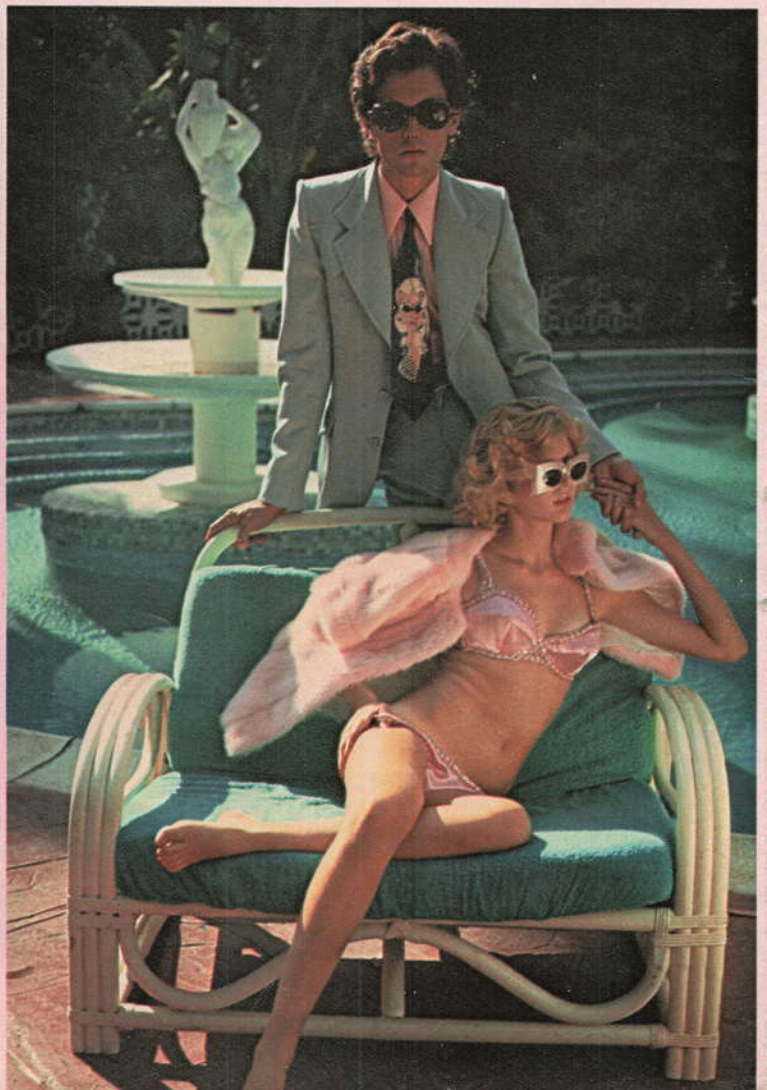
PINK PASSIONS

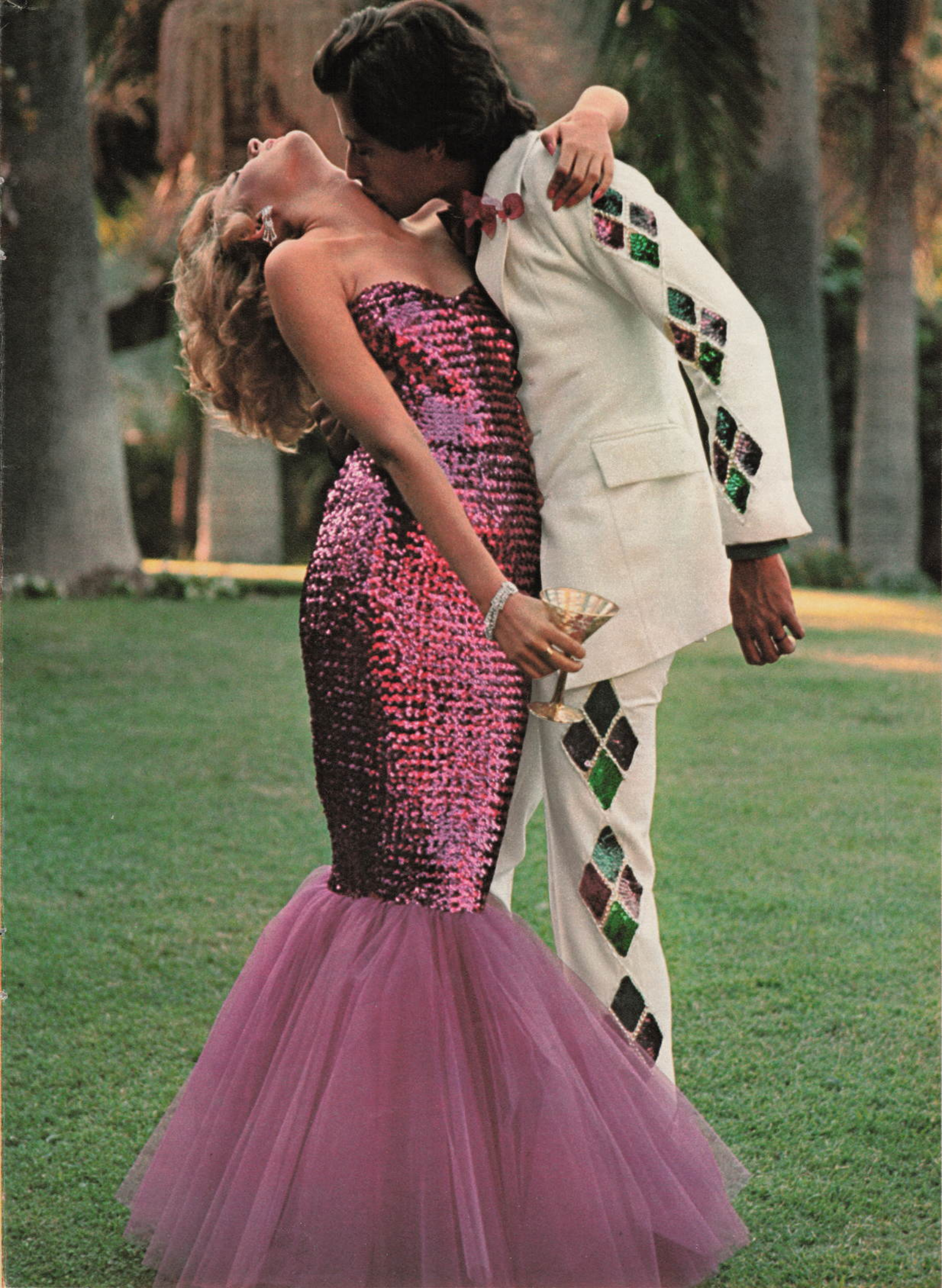
THE DAYS ARE LONG AND THE NIGHTS ARE COOL

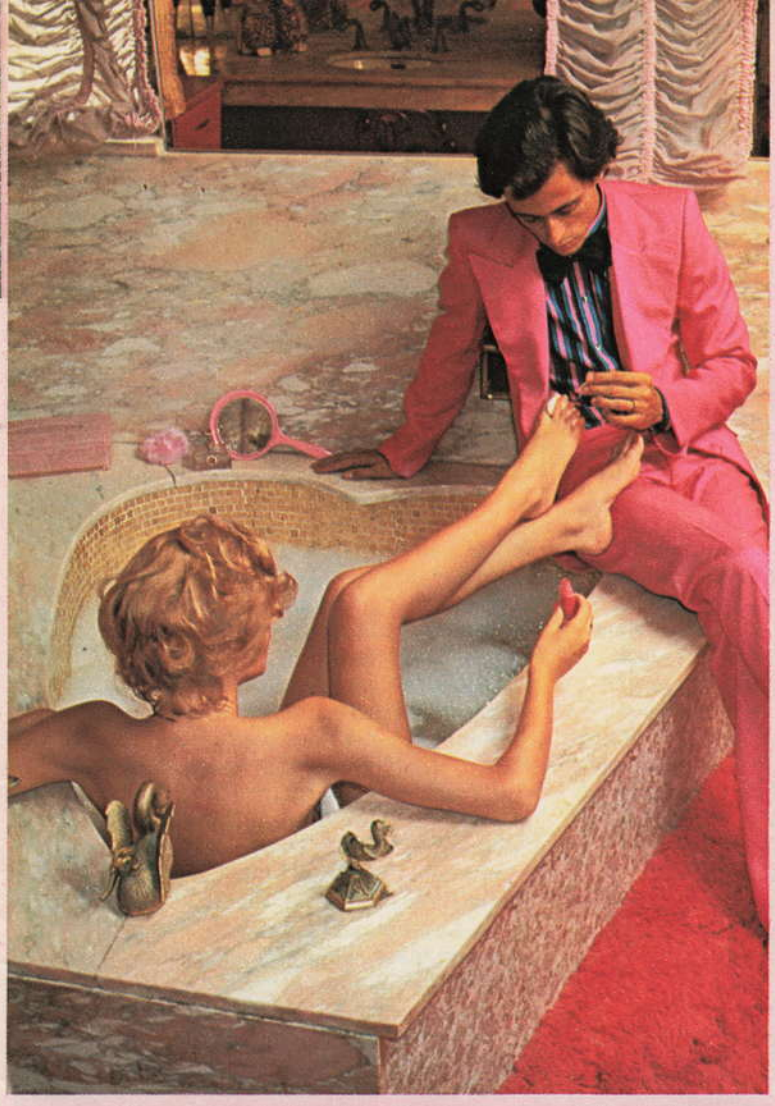
Where the elite meet: around the pool at Jayne Mansfield's Hollywood hideaway. Hard, brittle Seventies elegance struts across the heart-splattered grounds of Jayne's old mansion, Hollywood evening glitter in the shimmering heat of the day. The muffled sounds of limousines whooshing to secret destinations carry on the wind off the twisting canyon road, and dogs bark at mysterious shadows. The turquoise pool speaks of Jayne, and the palmettos rustle plaintively in afternoon haze.

Wade's lips brush Tina's neck in a divine shimmer of sequined evening clothes (right). Wade's rockabilly white gabardine suit with sequined diamonds ($300) comes from Granny Takes a Trip, his silk aqua shirt (a mere $75) from St. Laurent, and silky pink tie ($12) from Barney's. Tina's fuchsia sequin and tulle gown ($250) floated out of Bubbly Dream Clothes, and her glittering rhinestone bracelet ($12) and earrings ($6) are both from Albert Weiss. Taking the sun in at Jayne's heart-shaped pool (below left), Tina wears a pink satin swimsuit ($25) from Kate Shea as she flexes her muscles on the diving board. (Below right) Wade's blue silk hand-tailored resort suit ($225) comes from Moon, is seen often at Las Vegas. The pink voile shirt ($32) is from Pierre Balmain, and the tie is one-of-a-kind hand-painted Fifties flash from Moon. Tina has added a pink mink jacket ($1500) from Ben Kahn to protect her from a late afternoon chill coming up the canyon.









Photography by Chris Von Wangenheim

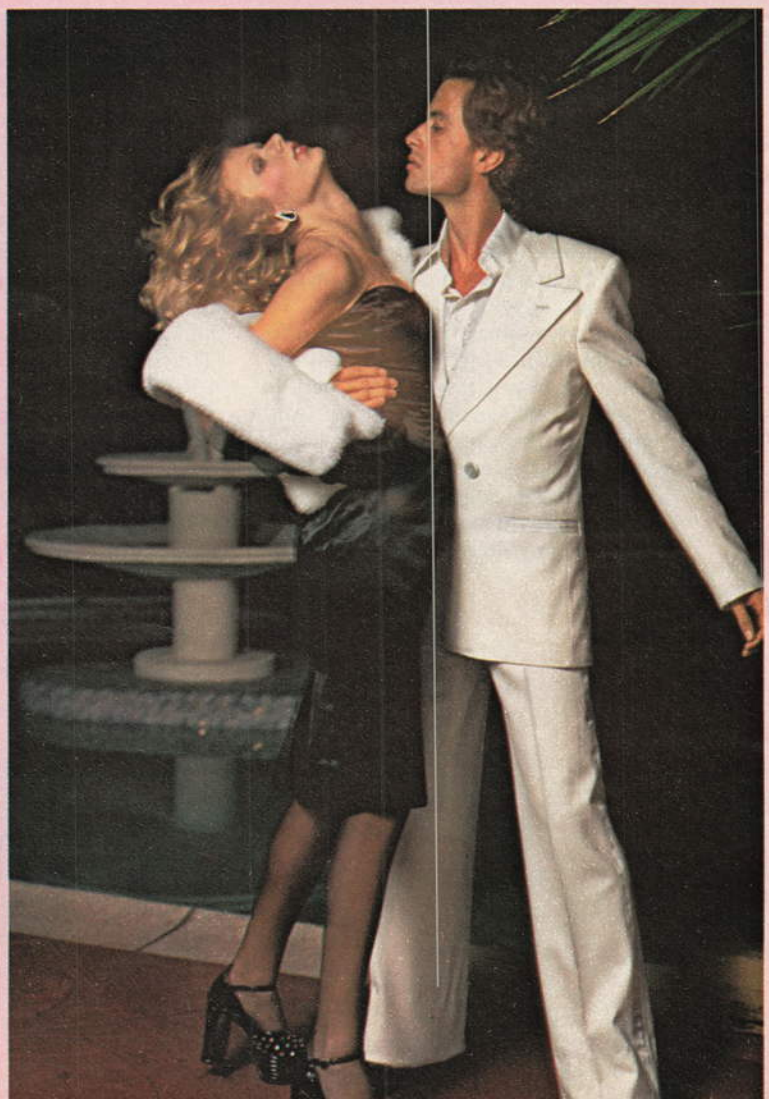
Tina and Wade, breathless in the innards of Jayne Mansfield's pink house, discover the joys of heartfelt evenings at home. Just Tina, Wade, and the dog, evening clothes set against evening clothes, bow tie against spaghetti strap, dog against chocolate. Tina thinks the ghost of Jayne still haunts the house at night. Her image sometimes appears in the antiqued mirrors over the giant bed. Sometimes a shadow of her face drifts across the small pink plastic hand mirror next to the gold-lined heart-shaped bath. And some evenings, when the nights are very, very quiet, and Wade is playing a bittersweet, low song for Tina, the shadow of Jayne appears fleetingly across the mirrored grand piano, whisks lightly across the keys, and tentatively presses the pedals. What would be more divine on pink satin sheets (left) than St. Laurent's maroon velvet suit ($330), silk tie ($22.50), and crème silk shirt ($75). Tina finds the suit—and the dog—adds a certain *je ne sais quoi* to their lovemaking. Her breathless maroon chiffon gown ($250) was designed by Scott Barrie and sparkles plenty with sequins. Tina's gold ankle-strap shoes (around $50) are also from Scott. The rhinestones at her wrist ($20) and ears ($15) are from Donald Stannard Inc. Wade's bathtub manner (above left) is enhanced by that hot pink linen suit ($125) from Granny Takes a Trip, the striped silk shirt ($95) and silk tie ($22.50) from St. Laurent, and a pair of basic-black wing tips ($50) from Pierre Cardin. Tina is wearing bubbles and cheap nail polish on her toes. As Wade plays a tune about cool nights and soft flesh (above right), Tina goes after Hollywood elegance in a halter and skirt of black voile ($65) by Granny Takes a Trip, with gold rhinestone ring ($15) and earrings ($20) from Donald Stannard Inc., and gold shoes ($50) from Scott Barrie. George Gershwin wrote *Rhapsody in Blue* on this piano, but Wade sees himself as more of a symphony in green in this satin lounge jacket ($250) and pants ($25) from Granny Takes a Trip. Wade runs his finger down her arm, and Tina shivers with the moon.

THE NIGHTS ARE COOL AND THE FLESH IS SOFT

THE FLESH IS SOFT AND THE STARS ARE FOREVER BRILLIANT

Tina and Wade seldom venture out; the sun is too bright for their eyes, the nights too wild. It is cozier at home, just Tina, Wade, their evening clothes, and glossies of their favorite stars. Wade's lips are hot against Tina's chill hand, her rhinestones flash a cold sparkle, and in the glow of the fire behind them, the spirit of Jayne Mansfield in all her glamor appears for a brief second—and then vanishes.

Wheeling down Sunset Boulevard in a gold Cadillac (below left), Wade is unflappable in a black polyester tux with a white pin-dotted jacket ($155) and cummerbund ($5) from After Six. His white-on-white shirt with pleating ($30) is by Pierre Cardin, and his silk tie ($22.50) is from St. Laurent. Tina's jacket and skirt of hot-pink and black velvet stripes on satin ($75) comes from Granny Takes a Trip, her shoes ($45) from Mario Valentino, black glitter earrings ($6) from Moon, and heart-shaped pink-lensed sunglasses ($30) from Ultimate Spectacle. Has he caught her cheating (below right), or is it just another act? He's dressed by Pretty Boy Floyd in a white flannel moiré-trimmed tux ($150), a white-on-white silk shirt ($60) by Halston for Scorpion, and those Pierre Cardin wing tips. Tina's black satin strapless ($100) came from Bubbly Dream Clothes, her white mink cape ($1000) from Ben Kahn, and her patent polka-dot shoes ($45) from Mario Valentino. Tina's rhinestone ring ($15) and earrings ($6) are available at Moon. For an evening with the stars in front of the heart-shaped fireplace (right), Tina affects a black chiffon cocktail dress with sequined embroidery ($220) and gold shoes (around $50), both designed by Scott Barrie. Her glittering rhinestone and gold bracelet ($20), earrings ($15), and ring ($15) are all from Donald Stannard Inc. Wade's white embroidered dress shirt ($45) is by Pierre Balmain, the silk tie ($22.50) by St. Laurent, and his superb black-on-black silk jacket and black silk pants ($320) are by Pierre Balmain, just right for a soft ending to a star-studded night.



LLOYD

LIKE AN ANGEL

She was one of a kind but the others worried him

By Mary Suderman

Larry had a lot of great ideas—he even had some good ones—and before the weird things started happening there seemed nothing wrong with writing a big fat commercial book to finance the baby. It was going to be another *Rosemary's Baby* or *Chariots of the Gods?*, he told Kathy; or, at least, it would let her quit work for two or three months. (They had been living on what she earned as a nurse while Larry wrote poetry.)

But Kathy laughed when he told her the idea. Maybe, he thought later as the fear of the shadow movements and the rustling wings grew in him, maybe he should have taken that as a sign. She had a lot of sense, after all, even though she was blonde and beautiful. If she thought an idea was silly to begin with, maybe he should have listened.

He went ahead, though, lining up a publisher, doing some research, jotting down dialogue, avoiding a regular office job. His main idea was simple: take a myth and update it, throw in hippies, drugs, sex, violence, and a couple of flying saucers. The Icarus and Daedalus story—about the man who made wings for his son—was the one he settled on, mainly because James Joyce had played around with it. His last girlfriend, before Kathy, had left behind some archaeology books about the Incas in Peru, so he picked the high Andes as the setting. There would be the discovery of ancient drawings of winged creatures, the digging up of a winged mummy, and, finally, everyone would be lifted off into Oneness with the Universe in a pyramid-shaped spacecraft piloted by winged men. The more he fiddled around with the idea, the better it seemed; there was a mass of stuff he could throw in—the fact that the Parsees put their dead on platforms to be eaten by vultures, medieval winged monsters, Mercury, angels. Only he hadn't even gotten the plot outlined when the visitations began. First a stack of drawings he'd lifted from some art and architecture books disappeared. No, that's not right; not all the pictures. The ones of the Inca temples were still there. But every single one of winged statues was gone.

He accused Kathy first, of course; once before, to tease him, she'd hidden things from him. But she laughed the way she laughed at the idea of the book itself. "And what precisely would I want with a bunch of pictures of angels? I don't care if I ever see one again," she said, even though she helped him look for them. But he remembered her scorn when, a month or so later, a big illustrated book of mythology disappeared; in order to avoid her laughter, he didn't mention it.

All right, he thought, *I'm a disorganized slob and this is getting ridiculous.* So he kept a closer watch on all his materials, and nothing happened for three or four weeks.

Then, when he was shaving in the bathroom one morning, he was sure he saw the reflection of something outside. He turned around quickly, but he could see nothing at the window. He blinked and shook his head. *Getting punchy*, he thought.

However, one afternoon a week or so later when he was reading at the kitchen table, he heard a loud rustle. He looked up but not fast enough to see anything but a blur outside the fifth-floor living-room window.

Couldn't be his eyes—he'd just had them checked—and besides, that wouldn't explain the noise. "Imagination," he told himself, and tried to force the memory out of his head.

Two weeks passed and nothing more happened. He was just about to mention the incidents to Kathy, to make a joke of them, when he happened to glance outside while he was sitting in his car in the apartment-house garage while the engine warmed up. Past the open door he could see the sun shimmering off the asphalt of the street and driveway. Then, while he watched, a shadow floated up the length of the driveway, paused, and then swept back down. It nearly covered the drive from side to side—the wingspan looked to be about 12 feet—and was so close he could see the outline of the individual feathers. "My God," he said out loud and involuntarily crossed himself. He could feel the sweat pour off his back, and then he shivered violently as if a cold wind had blown across him.

But a great flood of relief followed as the thought *Condors!* burst upon him. Of course, that's what it must have been, a California condor. After all, there was that game preserve up by Santa Barbara. Must have wandered south. Perfectly natural; maybe ought to call the zoo or the Audubon Society.

But he knew at a level too deep to deny that the shadow wasn't that of a bird; no bird has the legs of a man, the shadow did.

In the next couple of weeks there were more things—an iridescent feather two feet long found on the balcony, more loud rustlings and quick movements at the window, the feeling of being watched. He fought the desire to worry about what they meant; nevertheless, fear began to haunt him even when he and Kathy were making love.

Kathy was working nights then, and she was tired most of the time because she spent the days reading about babies and getting things ready. Very young girls did not help with babies in the isolated community where she had grown up and from which she had run away when she was 13. She

Illustration by Peter Lloyd

had a lot to learn, she said. Besides, her back was bothering her—nothing to worry about, very common in pregnant women. Still, more than once looking at her curled up asleep in bed Larry wanted to scoop her up and run away so things would be clear again, without shadows all around them. But to try to escape, to dash to the desert or the mountains, would mean explaining his fears to her, and the last thing he wanted to do was upset her now that the birth was only six weeks away.

The shadows persisted. They'd quit drinking anything but wine and cut out marijuana altogether as soon as Kathy got pregnant. Stress, well, aside from the anxiety connected with the winged things themselves, he wasn't under any strain. The book was coming along, the editor liked what he'd done. And, God knows, he slept enough; it was the best escape from the noises and the shadows.

But if the things were real, why were they bugging him? he asked himself. He was sitting in the kitchen with all the blinds drawn to keep out the things' prying eyes. In front of him on the table were three books from the library, his card file of facts, and the first draft of the manuscript stacked in neat piles. The typewriter was on the floor. Taped to the wall was the plot outline with all the action numbered and each character designated in a different color of crayon. He was doodling on a sheet of paper, absently noting down words and drawing V-shaped sea gulls and taloned claws.

Suddenly he heard the rustling and a gust of wind howling at the window. The noise grew until there was a crash of glass as the window was blown in. The curtains whipped up so that they were blowing nearly horizontal. The blast caught the stacks of papers and sent them flying all over the room. Then just as suddenly—before Larry could rouse himself to look out the window—the wind was gone.

A moment later he heard a loud crash and the sound of breaking glass from the other end of the apartment. He ran across the living room as the papers slowly settled around him and flung open the door to the room they had fixed up for the baby. Instead of paper, the air was full of flying feathers and down. The window above the crib had been smashed, and the baby's bed was covered with small leaves and twigs. Outside, hovering just high enough to look in the window, was the blank, calm face of the flying thing. The eyes caught Larry's for an instant. They burned so brightly that he had to close his own.

When he reopened them, the apartment was ghostly quiet. It was still night, but even the city noises seemed to have ceased. "Jesus Christ, so they're after the baby now?" The possibility pressed down on him so he could not have moved if he tried. Staring up at the ceiling, he turned the idea over in his mind painfully and sadly. There had to be a reason; somehow he must be to blame.

And then it seemed suddenly clear. The visitations had begun just as he got deeply into the book. He must have stumbled across something they wanted to keep secret or an idea they abhorred. The whirlwind in the baby's room was the warning. The gale scattering the manuscript was the indicator of what they wanted. He laughed; the weight had lifted, flown away.

Whistling, he gathered up the scattered papers, cut them into strips and, even before he'd swept up the broken glass and feathers, started a fire in the little hibachi on the balcony. Very carefully, so that nothing was blown away, he burned all the notes, all the photocopies, the pages of manuscript, the plot outlines, and the three-by-five cards. Then he emptied the ashes into plastic bags that he then put into his typewriter case in their locker in the basement. He called Kathy at the hospital, told her to put in for two days of vacation beginning the next day, gathered up their night clothes, bathing suits, and tooth brushes, and met her as the sun was coming up and her shift was over.

It was great to be out of town, to be free, no longer afraid. Kathy even accepted Larry's story that the book deal had suddenly collapsed. She merely smiled at his promise that he'd get a job, any job, as soon as they got back.

"Tell you what," she said. "As soon as the baby can travel, why don't we take off for the high country—Colorado or Wyoming? It would be good for all of us, and you could write poetry and I could get a job as a nurse at a mining-company clinic or something."

Larry grinned at her. "Amazing, utterly amazing," he said. "What did I do to deserve you? You're one of a kind."

"No," she said, "not quite. Just wait until next month and there'll be two of us, me and my daughter."

She was wrong about the time; on the way back home she went into labor, and Larry was so upset he didn't really notice the two winged shadows that followed them down the coast. But she was right about the sex, though: the baby was a girl; she died after about six hours, struggling to work her lungs as if she were drowning in the too-thick sea-level atmosphere. They told Kathy that it was something quite common in premature babies: an incomplete development of the lungs and the formation of mucous made absorption of oxygen difficult.

And that wasn't all. The infant had delicate bony structures, extending from her shoulder blades, that were covered with a skinlike membrane and folded flat during the birth itself, the doctor told Larry. A freakish thing, but vestigial appendages are not all that uncommon. . . .

"She had wings?" Larry interrupted.

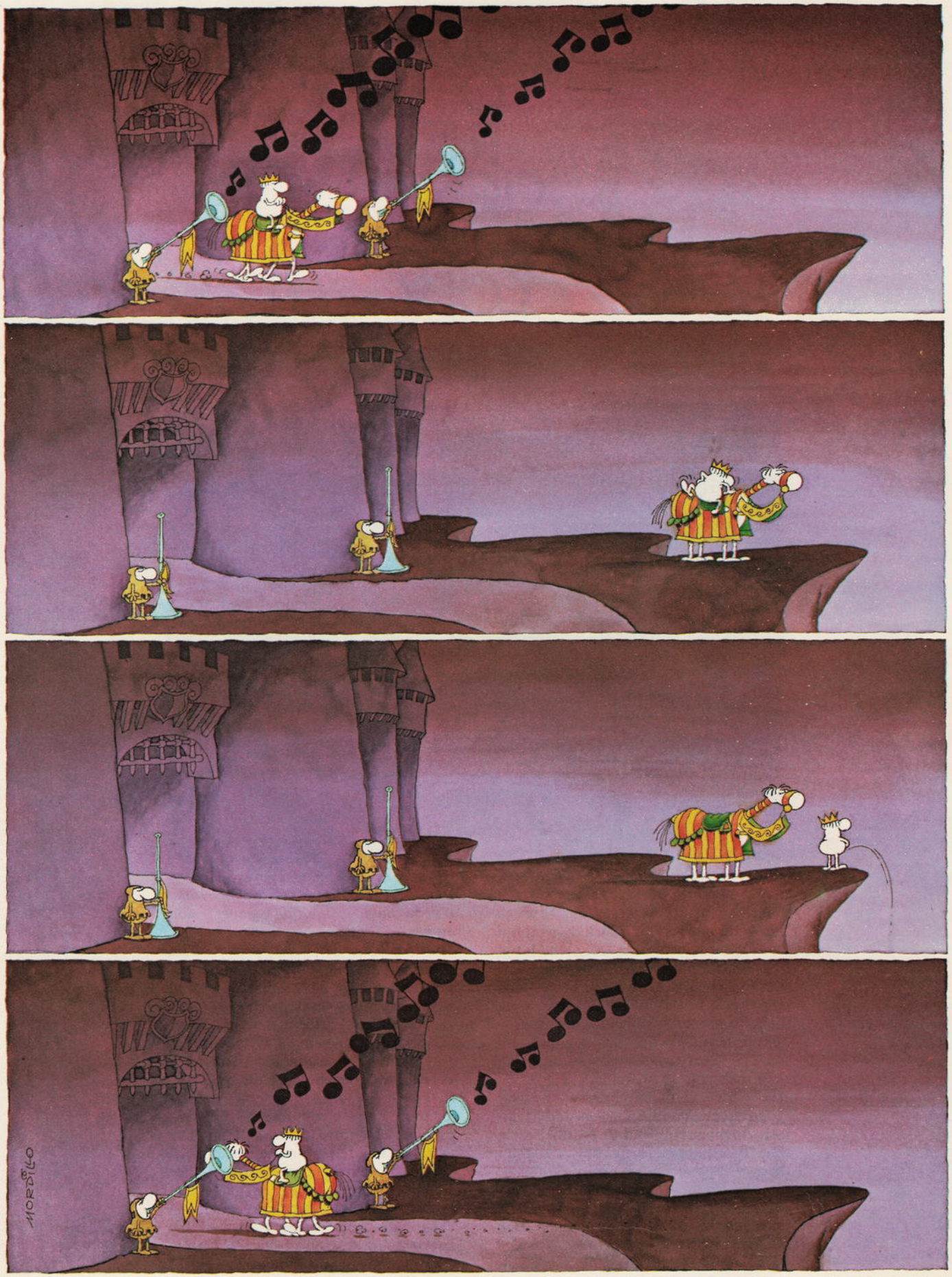
The doctor stared at him. "Yes, you might say that," he answered. He would have said more, but by then Larry was running down the corridor.

Two officers from the L.A. County Sheriff's Department found his car parked in the hills just before dawn. They probably wouldn't even have gotten out of their car if there hadn't been a little fire burning at the edge of the road. One started to stamp it out when he saw the slaughtered dove, the crucifix, and the little pyramid of stones. There was a typewriter case, too, and a lot of ashes sprinkled on the ground to form a circle about five feet in diameter. The deputy looked around, trying to figure out what was going on, and then he saw what looked like a body down in the bottom of the canyon. It was Larry, his back broken and his eyes and mouth wide open in terror. He must have fallen from a height: the edge of the cliff, the officers surmised. They also found scratches going around his torso; the coroner said they were probably caused by the underbrush in the canyon.

The note to Kathy was in his jacket in the car: *This is to apologize for bringing you into this mess. You deserve much better. I can only hope you can forgive me for what happened to the baby. I'm sure they did it because I angered them. What I'm going to do is to try to make a sacrifice to see if that satisfies them. If it doesn't, remember I love you.*

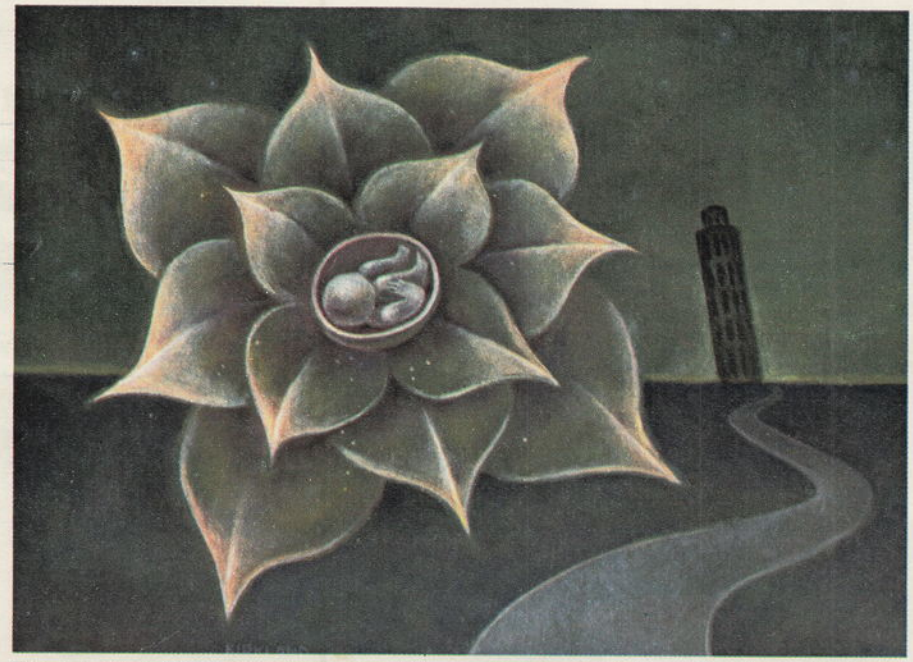
Kathy sat staring at the note for several seconds after she had read it. Then she lay back on the bed in the noisy hospital room and squeezed her eyes shut. "Father of fathers, why did you do this to me?" she said, as if the sheriff's deputy who had brought her the note was not there. Her fists were clenched on the blanket, and she was still so long that he was about ready to call for a nurse. Then she said to herself: "Children should not run away, they should stick to their own kind; you've made your point. But—" she started to sob "—I only wanted to be human."

The deputy, turning toward something moving at the window, squinted from the brightness. ▣


MORDILLO

OUT OF THE CLOSET COMES CODY

A SHORT STORY BY HERBERT GOLD



For I, I am too young to be the grandfather of an illegitimate Italian kid was the thought that kept running through his head; an orphan melody without either words or music, like some limping Afro-Mediterranean rhythm. The din in his ears drove sleep away, nagging at his healthy 40-year-old soul, making it melancholic but not deep—sort of itchy. He felt like an adolescent on a Saturday morning, with prancing and prowling on his mind.

He was a painter connected with pretty good galleries on La Cienega and Madison Avenue. He lived in North Beach, San Francisco, and his only daughter had written defiantly from Florence: *So this jewelry maker and I are very much in love. He's into a children trip. Too late to do anything about it Dad which is why I cop out to you. Not that he's Catholic or anything, but that's how he was raised. He's a super artisan type of Italian, you'd really love him Dad. If you want to make plans, I suggest you start buying presents for June. Warm nighties, thermal sleepers, and money are always practical.*

The idea that flew into Cody's mind was that he was now free to find a boy stud and finally have his homosexual experience. It seemed especially relevant at the end of the age of relevance. He had always been a little curious, ever since he first admired those marvelous, virile wash paintings by Larry Rivers: hip George Washingtons crossing the Delaware with Frank O'Hara—patriotic old-timy all-male stuff like that—and he felt left out of the normal abnormal San Francisco scene. He couldn't even recall the usual adolescent experiments. But somehow, to be an illegitimate grandfather sealed off the last dripping vestiges of duty. He could try and, knowing his famous good luck, succeed. A pouting young chap on Turk Street, say, *(Continued on page 159)*

Illustrations by Philip Kirkland

PHILIP KIRKLAND

HOWARD
JOHNSON'S
ICE CREAM
28 FLAVORS
GRILLE
All This...and Heaven Too
DO NOT ENTER
LOVE

TACK

What John Wayne, Corfam shoes, McDonald's hamburgers, and Tricia Nixon's wedding have in common

by Ben Pesta

Tack is the aesthetic that tells you you probably can't. Take a schmuck with earlaps. Put him in the trendiest Bill Blass suit. PRESTO!—a schmuck with earlaps and a Bill Blass suit. Tackiness is the failed attempt to transcend yourself, the lame show of more flash than you can back up. Tackiness is the 50-year-old promo man showing up for a press party at Max's Kansas City in silver Mylar Elton John sneakers. It's the San Francisco space salesman getting up on Saturday morning, putting on jeans and a work shirt, tucking his unopened copy of Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth* under his arm, and driving across the bay to sit in Bernini's in Berkeley, hoping to pick up on some barefoot coed. Tackiness is as old as the idea of the cheap-jack imitation that doesn't quite make it, and that is a very old idea, indeed. At least a few people must have walked into Johannes Gutenberg's print shop in Mainz, picked up a copy of his Bible, noted with distaste the lack of gold leaf, vellum, and illuminated initials, and groaned some 15th-Century equivalent of, "Gawd, how *tacky*!"

Origins of Tack. The word itself seems to be of postwar origin, and originally it was more or less restricted to homosexual usage; for what it implies is a fairly refined sensibility on the part of the user—specifically, the ability to distinguish between sleaziness, cheapness, scuzziness, grunginess, or flimsiness and the special, overreaching occasions of the above that may correctly be described as tacky. Until fairly recently, only the gay world was allowed to display any sort of refined sensibility.

That the concept of tackiness has slipped into the straight lexicon has much to do with the aesthetics of New York Flash. What happened was that about four years ago California Funk, until then the prevalent life style for young people all over the country, began to give way to something quite different on the East Coast. Blue jeans were replaced by crushed-velvet Oxford bags, hiking boots by platforms and wedgies, work shirts by Bimini-print luau shirts. The natural, no-make-up look faded. In its place came the defiant, assertive, Color-by-Panavision look: green cheekbones, red lips, blue nailpolish, glitter on the eyelids of both sexes. Very Hollywood, very Forties. And very tacky.

Because none of this stuff was happening in Hollywood. Not even Hollywood is very flash anymore. Nobody in Hollywood can afford white Rolls-Royces and matching dyed poodles and rambling villas in Bel-Air. Those who can aren't even *in* Hollywood; they're in Europe, making spaghetti Westerns. It was all happening on New York's East Side, not in the East 60s, but on the *Lower* East Side. And it wasn't happening among the rock-and-roll crowd, though they picked up on it quickly enough. It was happening with the Puerto Rican kids. A whole generation of $80-a-week Valentinos was putting on high-heel shoes, velvet blazers, rhinestone question marks, and pomade. The city's lowest socioeconomic stratum came home on Friday afternoon wolfed down its *cuchifritos*, dressed up like neon signs, and occupied the juice bars until Monday morning, when everyone went back to stacking boxes at Gimbel's.

All of the finery was inexpensively made, of course. It had to be. Very trashy flash. If a Puerto Rican kid can do a reasonably convincing imitation of a star, what's the point in being a star? And so the word tacky came into vogue to describe what quickly became a revolution in fashion and life style. And it stayed in vogue when the rock and rollers and the crowd from Andy Warhol's Factory (themselves not very convincing imitations of stars) picked up on New York Flash and sent it on its way across the country.

Paradoxically, New York Flash now costs real money to attain. Bette Midler, herself a major star, has her imitation-Hollywood clothes custom-made. Flimsy Rita Hayworth negligée-dresses sell for inflated prices at Bullock's, Bonwit's,

Illustration by John Craig

TACK *There is nothing wrong with being black or Jewish or Italian; but to be black or Jewish or Italian and to try too hard to be a WASP is tacky. Besides, no one will be fooled.*

and Marshall Field's. Half the secretaries in major cities across the country pinch pennies to buy skimpy, 40-dollar tops and tangerine-glo lipstick. It takes a lot of money to dress like a Puerto Rican kid these days.

Tackiness As Funk Fallout. Funk is responsible for a lot of tackiness. Now that the words natural and organic have replaced sex appeal as advertising comeons, everything, as Doug Sahm said, "is got-ta be fonky." But most manufactured goods aren't, and everything that doesn't make it to funk falls into tack.

For example, consider the word organic. It used to refer to fruits and vegetables grown without pesticides or chemical (largely potassium-based) fertilizers. In other words, organic foods came laced with worms and manure.

Use of the word has spread to unrelated areas. Shampoo is now advertised as organic. Presumably, even in the bad old days before "natural" hair care, no one put DDT or potassium-based fertilizer on his head, just as, it is hoped, no one now washes his hair with bullshit. Organic no longer means anything, except in a strictly chemical sense: anything with a carbon-based chemical structure. Given that definition, almost anything that we eat, burn for fuel, rub into a lather, or spray on ourselves is organic. Organic products are nothing special and never have been, but advertisers hope to convince us that their particular brand of antiseptic glop is somehow healthier than anyone else's.

Pop wines are another bad example of fake funk turning into tackiness. Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill and Annie Green Springs have rustic little pictures of pastoral scenes on their labels, and their television commercials show families of Flem Snopes types enjoying themselves at quilting bees. But they're quick-fermented in the same sort of chemical vats that produce Ripple, Thunderbird, and other non-"natural" Bowery favorites.

Tack and Camp. Tackiness is different from camp. Like camp, tack is a substandard phenomenon. But the modern fascination with camp is the deliberate embrace of a bad set of aesthetic principles, made in full knowledge that they are bad.

When we buy some overpriced Lalique crystal horror to light a dressing table, we don't buy it as a serious representation of our artistic tastes. It is a living reproach to the spare, modern forms represented by, say, the best contemporary lamps from Design Research. We are very conscious of participating in camp. The purchase is made in a defiant, aren't-we-groovy-to-spend-a-wad-on-this-splendid-monstrosity spirit. Likewise, our friends react to the lamp in a similar way. They know it's an antiquated artistic outrage and are delighted by our outrageousness in buying it.

Tackiness, unlike camp, is always exhibited by other people. The second-generation hyphenated-American couple who trudge to the local E-Z Credit furniture emporium and come back with a genuine hand-carved Spanish-style dark-walnut-and-red-plush matching living-room set think that they have bought something *nice*. They would be embarrassed and horrified to learn (a) that other people consider such objects to be in poor taste and (b) that they probably paid more for their living-room set than they would have for a more conventionally acceptable sort.

The living-room set is not tacky within the buyer's frame of reference. It is only tacky to those on the outside, those of us with Bauhaus-honed sensibilities who consider an Eames lounger and ottoman to be at once more tasteful and more indicative of status than an elaborate wood-and-soft-plush easy chair (with or without Magic Fingers).

The upshot of all this is that tacky is still a term of opprobrium, unlike camp, which is (or was at the height of its popularity, during the mid-Sixties) a compliment. One woman, admiring the proximity of another's black orchid-print sheath to the Forties Hollywood (*i.e.*, Puerto Rican kid) ideal, will not say, "Wow, how *tacky*!"

If these distinctions begin to sound like a rehash of the realists-versus-nominalists controversy that kept medieval theologians aflame (both figuratively and literally), it would be well to consider some examples of tack:

Intellectual Tack (A). *Intellectual Digest* used to be *the* tacky magazine. It was the size and shape of *Reader's Digest*. The idea was that those who wanted to wow their friends at cocktail parties would pick it up, take it home, read it, and quote from it.

The only trouble with the idea was that intellectuals, even those only intellectual enough to have pretensions, would never have anything to do with a magazine whose appearance and concept were so much like that of *Reader's Digest*. *Intellectual Digest* realized this and recently changed its format to the standard *Harper's–Atlantic* size. The trouble is, they hung on to the old name.

More's the pity. It's really a very good magazine, especially if you don't have time to read all the university reviews. I buy it frequently. To be sure that no one will see me carrying something called *Intellectual Digest*, I have the newsdealer wrap it in a copy of *Screw*.

Tack-Americans. Ethnicity provides a virtual game preserve of tackiness, because American ethnics are so often ashamed of being ethnic. There is nothing wrong with being black or Jewish or Italian; but to be black or Jewish or Italian and to try too hard to be a WASP is tacky, since American ethnic culture is more exotic, thus less boring, than WASP culture—and since, in all probability, no one will be fooled. Few people would mistake Irv Rosenthal or Rufus Jackson for Endicott Peabody.

Of course, ethnicity itself can be carried too far. Ethnic ties grow weaker, not stronger with time, and an abrupt increase is always suspect. The rule of thumb is that any greater identification with the country of ethnic origin than your parents had is artificial and tacky. No one is going to mistake Rufus Jackson for Joseph Kasavubu, either.

Intellectual Tack (B). The Great Books purport to be a more-or-less adequate substitute for a lifetime of humanistic education (stern classics masters who hit you with their rulers, fagging, sodomy before morning toast and tea, etc.). Advertisements usually show the set occupying a clean yet unpretentious bookshelf, along with various reproductions of classic sculpture. The message is clear: this is the sort of thing a man of culture has on his bookshelves.

What the ads don't tell prospective purchasers is that people who are really interested in Tolstoy and Aquinas are less impressed by uniform bindings than by definitive editions and standard translations. They are also not likely to be impressed by the patented *Syntopicon*, the world's Great Ideas. The last person with the gall to compile anything of the sort was Albertus Magnus, and in his day there weren't quite as many Great Ideas to be handled.

New Wave Tack. Jean-Luc Godard, as anyone who can remember *Breathless* knows, was once a fine film director. That was in the days when he thought of films as *films*. Now he thinks of films as political statements. The problem is that films are rarely effective political statements (remember how embarrassing Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point* was?) and that Godard's political intelligence, to quote Wilfred Sheed, "is of a type to make Abbie Hoffman seem like Bernard Baruch." And so now we get films like *Weekend* and *La* *(Continued on page 184)*

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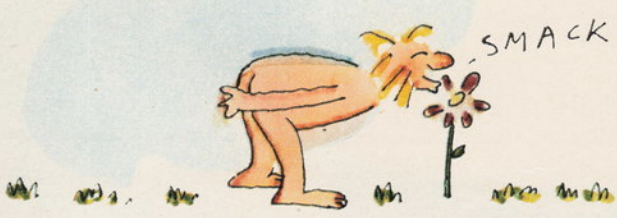
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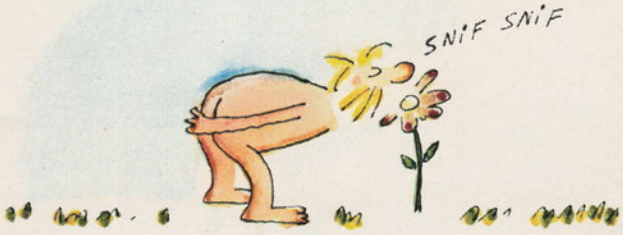
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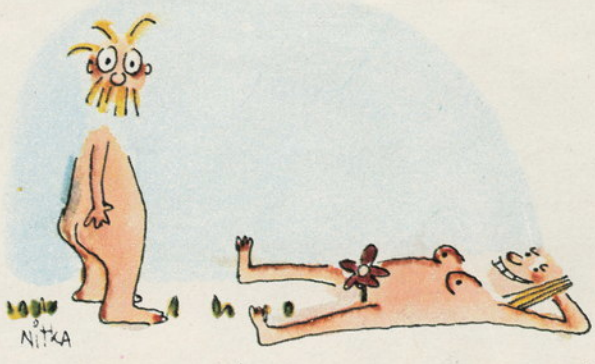
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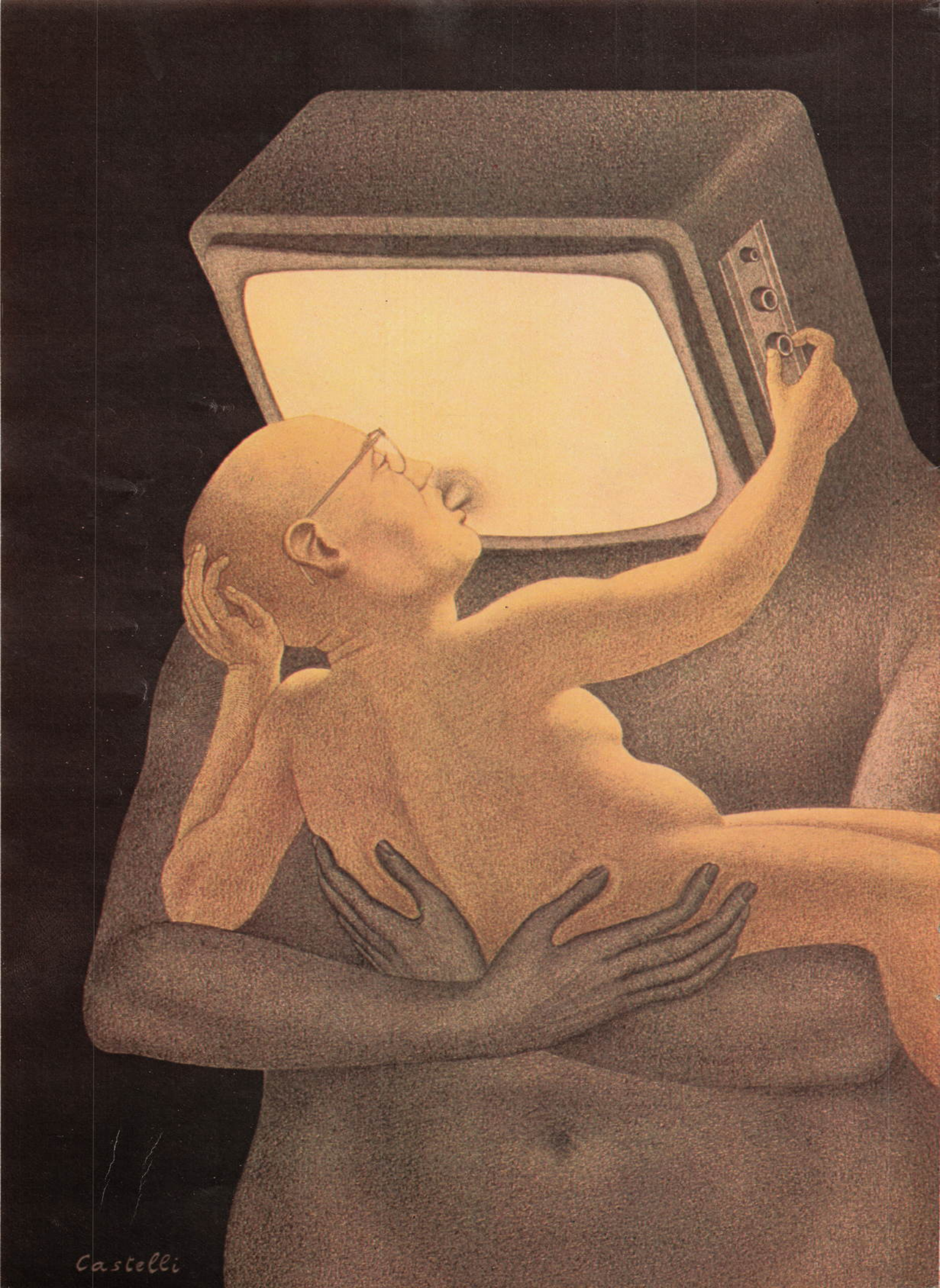

Castelli

MOTHER TUBE

HOW SEXY IS IT LIKELY TO GET?

By Bob Kuttner

There is a television station in Toronto that has started broadcasting skin flicks on Saturday nights, and the local bowling alleys are going out of business. No such luck in the United States. At the March convention of the National Association of Broadcasters, Federal Communications Commissioner Dean Burch warned network executives about polluting the airwaves with "prurient filth." The result: several nervous broadcasters canceled radio sex-talk shows, and the networks pledged not to carry X-rated films. A week after the Burch speech, the FCC showed it wasn't kidding. WGLD-FM radio in Oak Park, Illinois was fined $2000 for a call-in show on oral sex, during which the following dialogue occurred:

> *Female Caller*: I have a craving for peanut butter, so I used to spread this on my husband's privates and after a while, I mean, I didn't even need the peanut butter anymore.
>
> *Announcer*: (Laughs) Peanut butter, huh?

With Nixon's FCC turning cartwheels over this sort of thing and the Supreme Court giving off heat, it is unlikely that the networks will bring themselves to show The Real Thing—either masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus, intercourse, or even heavy petting. CBS recently caught hell from a well-orchestrated letter-writing campaign after it showed Visconti's *The Damned* (rated R) on a late-night film series. Other R-rated films like *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* customarily are subjected to the censor's scissors before going into America's living rooms.

This doesn't mean you can't find raunchy material on the tube. Thanks to the new video technology, primarily cable TV, the possibilities are limitless. Late in 1972, Manhattan's Sterling Cable TV Company opened its "public access" channel to an underground video artist named Anton Perich. Sterling viewers saw a man massaging a woman's bare breasts with spaghetti; a woman getting into heavy foreplay with a large dog; and a poet reading to his topless girlfriend while at the same time feeling her up. Two elderly spinsters in the Stuyvesant apartments complained about a Perich skit that featured a naked TV repairman offering to insert a warm picture tube as a cure for hemorrhoids.

Needless to say, the FCC doesn't like this any better than peanut butter. After a few uproarious episodes, Sterling Cable began excising some of Perich's material—including a tape of a woman making an obscene phone call while she and the gentleman at the other end of the line masturbated. The tape of a man masturbating a banana was broadcast, however; and

(Text continued on page 173; next page, more sexy TV)

HOT MOMENTS IN THE TUBE'S SEX HISTORY

By Max Gunther

1948 *First* double-entendre *song*: *The Biggest Aspadistra in the World* is heard on Milton Berle's show.

1949 *First exploitation of female body*: A Textron ad shows a well-developed lady in a thin nightie in a windstorm. Critic John Crosby is charmed, but others aren't. Textron discreetly withdraws the commercial.

1950 *First half inch of cleavage*: Faye Emerson, running a talk show, shocks some viewers with her low-cut gowns. National debate ensues. Emerson hitches gowns up a quarter inch.

1951 *First "damn"*: On a Robert Montgomery production of *The Great Gatsby*, Gatsby's friend is allowed to say, "Jay, you're better than the whole damned lot of them." NBC had been thinking of changing the word to "darned," but courageously didn't.

1952 *First married bedroom scene* appears in a *Kraft Television Theater* show. Couple is shown in bed—but the beds are twin beds.

1953 *Next inch of cleavage* appears at the Eisenhower Inaugural Ball. TV executives expect a storm of complaints, but there are none. Public feeling seems to be that cleavage has been authorized by Ike and must therefore be counted acceptable.

1954 *First broadcast of the Miss America Pageant*, on ABC. Complaints are received about bathing-suit display.

First distinctly open-mouthed kiss: Dick Powell and Teresa Wright commit this indiscretion in a dramatization of Raymond Chandler's *The Long Goodbye*.

1955 *First double-bed marital scene* appears on the Ozzie and Harriet Nelson show. The two merely talk to each other, but some viewers are disturbed by the trend.

First mention of sexual foreplay beyond kissing: Dick Powell plays a private eye, dances with a gorgeous girl, and murmurs, "Has anyone ever nibbled your ear?"

1956 *Cleavage retreat*: All low-cut ladies appearing on talk shows now are routinely given a fake rose or a piece of tulle to tuck into cleavage. This will last until 1958.

Crotch embarrassment: Elvis ("The Pelvis") Presley appears on Ed Sullivan's show, but the CBS network decrees that the singer mustn't be shown below the waist.

1957 *First* double-entendre *commercial* shows a pretty lady and asks, "Does she or doesn't she?"

First full dramatic treatment of illegitimacy turns up in the daytime soap opera *The Guiding Light*.

1958 *First bosom joke* occurs on the NBC Jack Paar show. Elsa Maxwell grumbles that Elvis Presley autographs female admirers' bosoms. Hermione Gingold remarks tartly, "You could write a three-act play on Elsa's bosom."

1959 *New cleavage advance*: Zsa Zsa Gabor and other notables are back on the talk shows with neither tulle nor fake roses.

1960 *First use of word "bastard"* occurs in an NBC *American Heritage* production, *Not Without Honor*. Aaron Burr uses the word to describe Alexander Hamilton.

First toilet joke dies: Jack Paar tells a joke about a misunderstanding of the phrase "water closet." NBC censors it. Paar quits.

1961 *First fanny part*: Vince Edwards, star of the *Ben Casey* doctor show, is seen to pat bed-ridden lady patient on the rump.

1962 *First reference to the male sex organ* occurs inadvertently when Art Linkletter is conducting one of his interminable talks with children. A little girl gets her medical terms mixed up and says she went to a hospital "to get circumcised."

1963 *First more-than-passing mention of homosexuality*: An NBC drama, *A Tiny Drop of Poison*, deals with a diplomat whose career is threatened by rumors about his sex life.

1964 *Penultimate cleavage advance*: Ladies appearing on shows such as *That Was the Week That Was* now wear gowns V-lined almost to the bottom of the sternum.

1965 *First frank discussion of abortion* is heard on *CBS Reports*. There are loud objections from church groups.

1966 *Hold-the-line attempt*: TV is getting so sexy that Senator John Pastore launches a campaign to clean it up. In a Washington speech he asks, "How long . . . before we hit the bottom of the barrel? Will the industry . . . descend to *Never on Sunday*?" He refers to a film about a good-natured prostitute. It is the most outlandishly sexy movie he can think of.

1967 *First portrayal of prostitute as heroine*: *Never on Sunday* appears on NBC.

1968 *First mention of male erection*: In an ABC movie, Shirley MacLaine talks about a man "at half-mast."

First sex-organ pun: Christine Jorgensen, the famed transsexual, is talking about the removal of his/her penis. Dick Cavett remarks, "I'm not sure I grasp that."

1969 *First portrayal of a man and woman nude in bed*: *A Man and a Woman* is shown on ABC.

1970 *Backlash*: An outfit called Stop Immorality on TV is founded in Virginia.

1971 *First full dramatic treatment of venereal disease* occurs in the daytime serial, *One Life to Live*.

1972 *First comedy about menopause*: The troubled lady is Edith Bunker, Archie's wife in *All in the Family*.

First drama about homosexuality as a way of life: *That Certain Summer* appears on ABC.

First naked bottoms: A Yoko Ono film with buttocks as the main subject matter is shown on WNET, the New York public-broadcasting station. Other public stations show it later.

First full frontal nudity of both sexes: A nude ballet is shown on WNET.

1973 *First use of "goddamn"*: in the ABC show *Pueblo*, an American navy officer tells his Chinese captors, "All right, I'll sign your goddamn document."

First use of "up-yours" finger gesture occurs in the same *Pueblo*. Americans give the finger to their Oriental captors, who don't know what it means.

First use of the word "ass": Liza Minnelli tells Jack Paar an anecdote about her mother, Judy Garland, who once reportedly remarked, "I've got rainbows up my ass."

First naked breast on commercial TV: Dick Cavett is interviewing a girl who has her baby with her. The baby cries. To Cavett's evident alarm, the girl casually opens her dress and suckles the baby. It's the final cleavage advance.

First naked ladies on a children's show: A Montreal station inadvertently cut a tape of the Miss Nude Galaxy Pageant into a Cookie Monster segment of *Sesame Street*. ▣

HOW THE BBC BECAME A SCARLET LADY

By Michael Jackson

The Beeb, they call it. The BeeBeeCee. The BBC. The seal of good broadcasting. First to broadcast regular TV programs back in 1936, first into lots of scenes.

To think it all started by Royal Charter! A public corporation. A Great British compromise that kept the Government's hands out of the program schedules and the program schedules out of Madison Avenue. In return for their license fee, the public was privileged to attend what seemed to be an endless dinner party in a rather seedy country house and be subjected to father-figure Director-General Lord Reith's zeal for the mores of the English upper-middle classes, as presented by dinner-jacketed announcers and ladies with pearls.

When a jaded nation switched on after a wartime layoff, party games included British adaptations of such American favorites as *What's My Line?* But the motto in the cracker remained the same: give the public not what they want, but what they need; offer them mind improvement in the guise of entertainment.

Dedicated neutralization of controversy won the Beeb a reputation for authority and objectivity, but an early refusal to toe a political line for Winston Churchill rebounded when he became Prime Minister again in the 1950s. He backed the introduction of a rival TV service, financed by ads, and Britain learned to love *Lucy*, *Bilko*, and *Burns and Allen*.

People who had worried that commercial television would drag down cultural standards were soon confused. In the ratings battle, the commercial Independent Television played the safe options, with a leavening of prestigious public-affairs programs and quality drama for the sake of its image. With no advertisers to offend, no franchises to lose, the Beeb took competitive lead in satire, sex, and sin.

The BBC descended from its ivory tower, as Hugh Greene, the new boss, put it. Greene liberalized the Beeb; he was its Dubcek. Liberalization came in the 1960s, and it reached its peak in 1965, when Kenneth Tynan said "fuck" out loud.

The word was uttered to a stunned public in the course of an interview about sex on-stage. Tynan said: "There are very few rational people to whom the word 'fuck' is particularly diabolical or revolting or totally forbidden. I think that anything that can be printed or said can also be seen onstage." Newspapers gleefully reported that an unidentified four-letter word had been heard, and hundreds of viewers had protested.

A good many other things happened in 1965:

- Viewers complained about a show in which girl dancers wore skin-tight lace costumes that gave the impression they had nothing on underneath.
- Viewers complained about verbal reference to a certain boy and girl who were sleeping together.
- Sex pundit Alex Comfort was criticized for "commending promiscuity" on TV.
- The BBC was no longer an aunty, it was a scarlet lady, said a former member of its general advisory council.
- The BBC had reached "as low a level as ever in our lifetime," said an MP.
- A housewife named Mary Whitehouse collected 365,355 signatures against BBC "dirt."
- A second MP—this one from the geriatric seaside resort of Eastbourne—said the BBC had jumped onto the bandwagon of vice and pornography. Plays, he said, were "often concerned with murder, rape, and sodomy."
- The BBC's television-drama head, Canadian Sydney Newman, felt it necessary to issue this memo: "Reference to sexual parts, portrayal of near-nudity, the physical handling of someone with sex in mind, couples in bed—all should be considered carefully, from every point of view, before inclusion in a play."
- A former mayor of the Welsh town of Tenby blamed the BBC for a slackening of national morality.

In 1966:

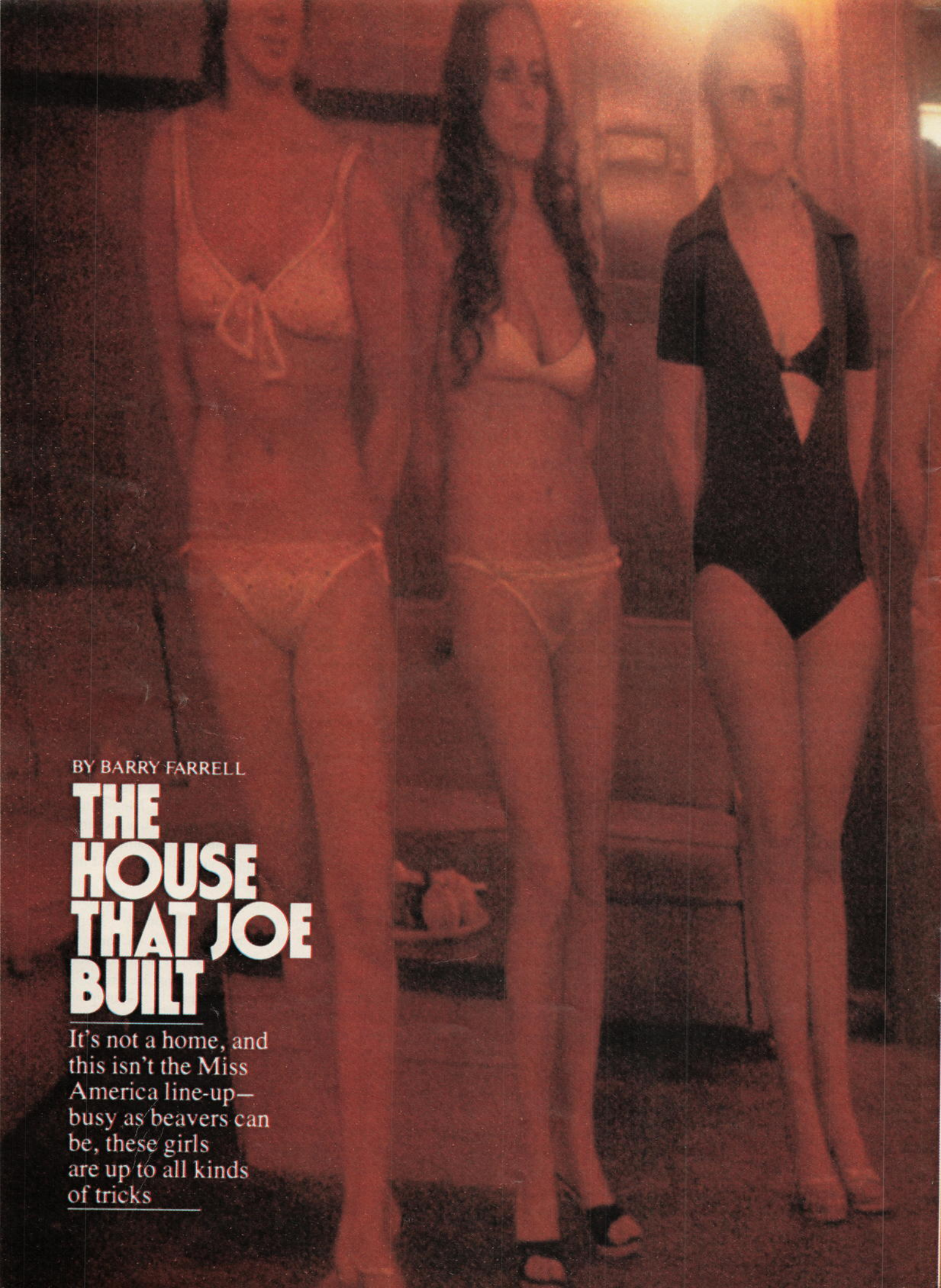
- A boy and a girl appeared naked in bed; she was queried about her sexual inhibitions.
- A Labour Member of Parliament demanded that the BBC stop showing nudity.
- "A stream of suggestive and erotic plays" was condemned in a manifesto from Mrs. Whitehouse, who was on her way to becoming a moral force to be reckoned with.
- The Reverend H. S. Goodwin accused the BBC of having an obsession with sex. Then he turned to another problem area. The BBC, he said, was "giving far too much time and license to pacifists and Socialists."

The Beeb should in fact have known better than to meddle in politics. But from the start of Greene's liberalizing regime, politicians were lampooned mercilessly, often on satirical programs fronted by an unlikely revolutionary: David Frost. Columnist Bernard Levin called Conservative Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home "a cretin" and "an imbecile." Edward Heath, the present Conservative Prime Minister, was called "a grammar-school twit."

The *Manchester Guardian* was upset. "The BBC, a founding member of the Establishment, has connived at mocking the Establishment. Few would deny that this is the authentic spirit of the time." And *The Times*, edited by a former BBC Director-General, Sir William Haley, pronounced that the Beeb's standards were in a state of decline. The Beeb, said *The Times*, had a "sniggering attitude to life." It was time for a "spring clean."

But such is the British gentlemanly way of doing things that the Conservative Government had been loathe to discipline another member of the Establishment for what might prove to be merely a temporarily sick humor. Ironically, Harold Wilson, the new Socialist Prime Minister, had no such qualms. He prepared to send his tanks rolling in on the liberal regime of Dubcek Greene. One Beeb program had presented a "Wilson credibility test" in which it had been explained of the Prime Minister, "If he moves his lips, he's lying," but Wilson's discontent with the Beeb had more to do with a series of petty feuds.

(Continued on page 173)

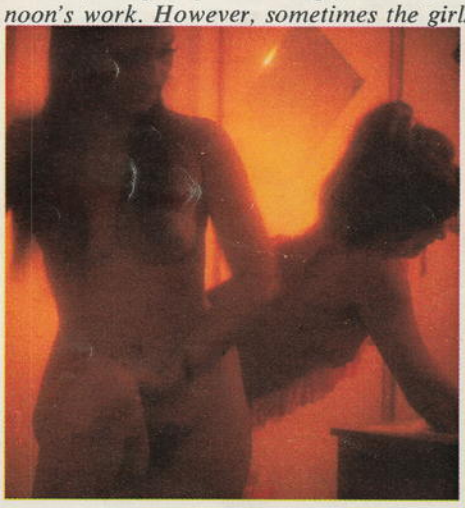


BY BARRY FARRELL

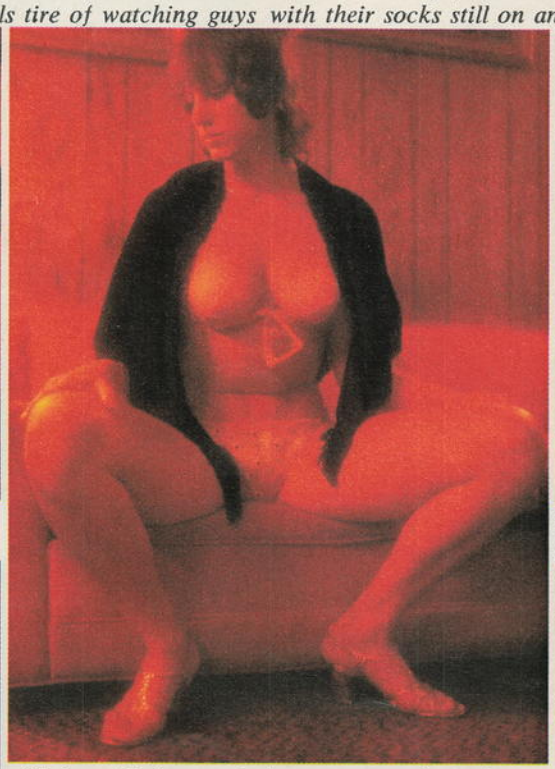
THE HOUSE THAT JOE BUILT

It's not a home, and this isn't the Miss America line-up—busy as beavers can be, these girls are up to all kinds of tricks

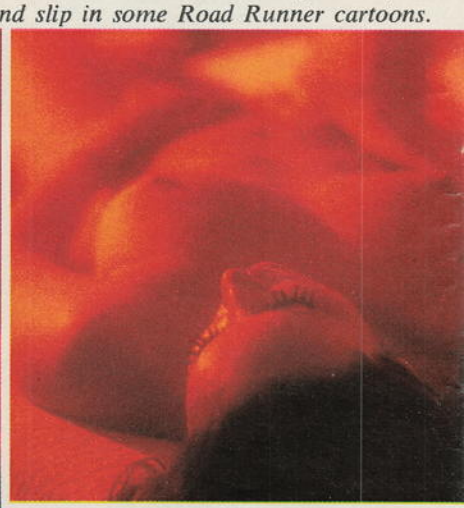
Some of the girls preview stag films they'll later show to customers. Art imitates life, and a blue movie can set the mood for an afternoon's work. However, sometimes the girls tire of watching guys with their socks still on and slip in some Road Runner cartoons.



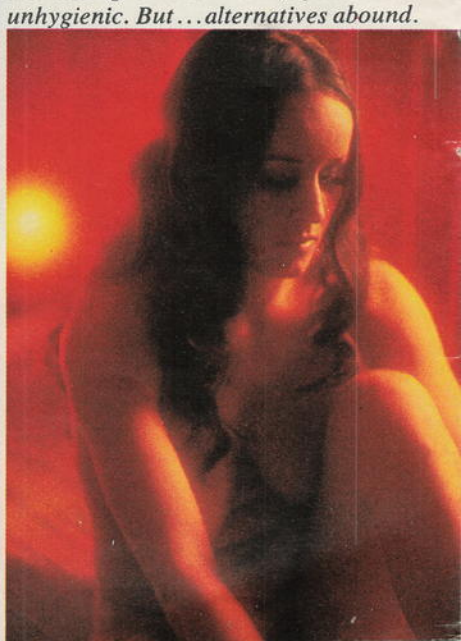
Girls can't visit each other's rooms—except when there's a customer involved.



All the girls know the importance of good posture. And when they make eye contact, look out!

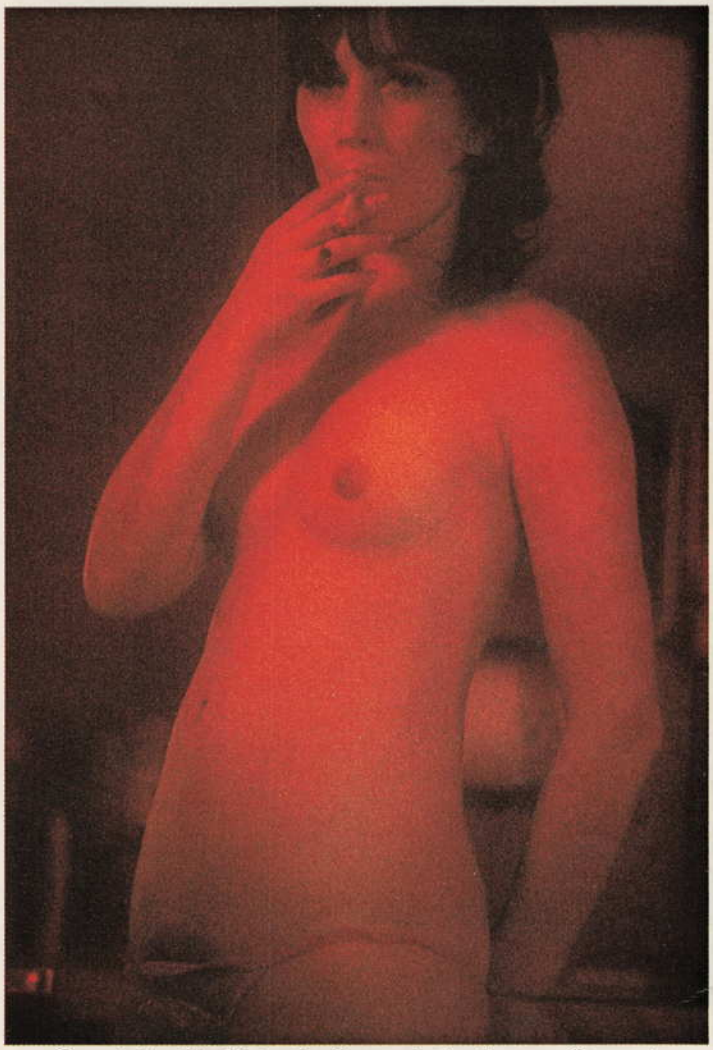


No kissing on the mouth, please. It's unhygienic. But...alternatives abound.



THEY THINK THAT RUNNING A WHOREHOUSE IS ALL GRAVY

Out on the Nevada desert, there is a house built by a lot of hard work. It's the biggest legitimate whorehouse in the United States. The man who built it, Joe Conforte, is in a hurry to finish his breakfast and get into Reno before the banks close. His haberdasher in Miami Beach has kept him on the phone for 20 minutes talking about shirts, and now Joe is too rushed to notice that the girl who has set his coffee before him is waiting like a geisha at his elbow to see if it suits his taste. "Some people don't have too much wisdom," he is saying as a plate of fried brook trout arrives in the hand of a second girl. "They think that running a whorehouse is all gravy. They don't stop to figure that I got payments, loans, taxes, insurance, you name it." He drains his cup in one long sip and smiles up for more. "Like any businessman!"



One of the girls blatantly disregards the Surgeon General.

Sampling the trout, Joe salutes the kitchen with his fork. "Delicious. Excellent." Joe's wife Sally is out of town for a few days, so he has checked out the two girls, Sadie and Carol, from the Mustang Bridge Ranch to fill in around the house. Mustang Bridge is Joe's main whorehouse, and of the 45 girls who turn tricks there, these happen to be Joe Conforte's personal selection. "Real friends," he says, "rare exceptions." Sadie and Carol are as nervous as brides in the kitchen, but the breakfast they've managed to cook for Joe is good enough to mellow his view of people who think that running a whorehouse is all gravy. "It's got to be the envy and the jealousy," he says with a forgiving shrug. "You tell me the two things every man wants most in this life. Women and money—am I right? Or maybe money and women. Anyway, number one and number two. Whichever way you feel like putting it, I got it, so that's why I've got this problem with the envy and the jealousy."

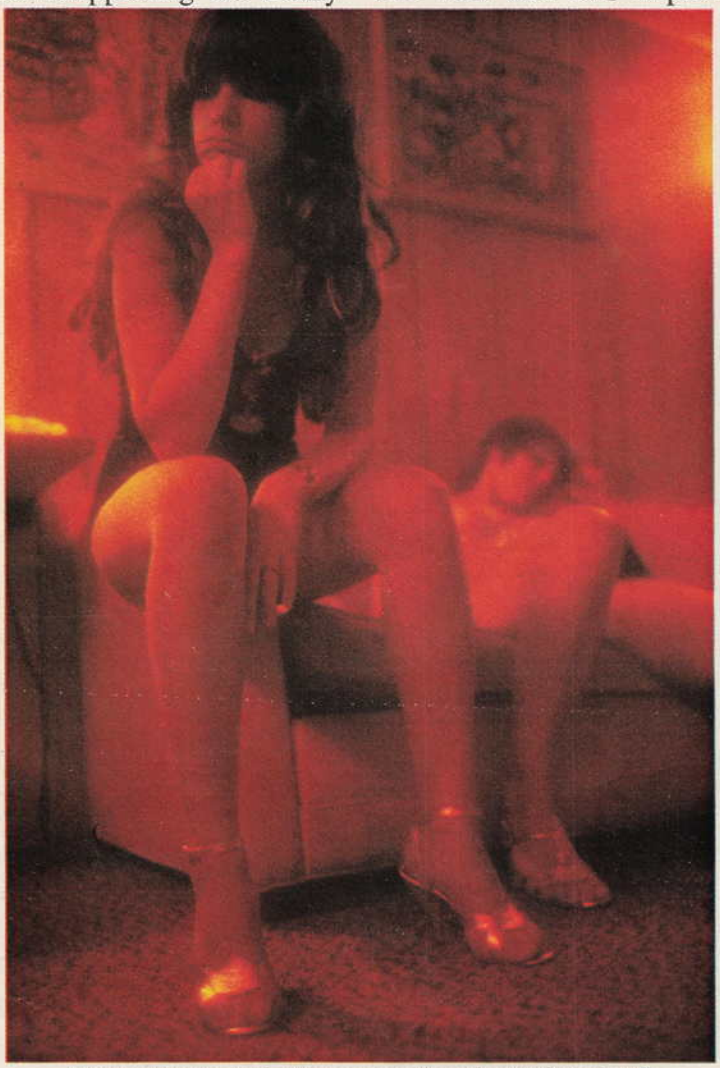
Appreciative laughter fills the breakfast nook. Nevada sunshine bounces in from the swimming pool. Sadie and Carol beam pride and affection—but the banks are about to close. "Let's get going," Joe says, touching a linen napkin to his lips and jumping up, agile as a jockey. "*Vamanos!*"

As long as a man knows that he's about to set foot in the biggest legitimate whorehouse in the U.S., he's not going to be bothered if the place does look a little like a sheriff's honor camp. He's just going to follow the painted red arrows on the whitewashed boulders that point the way from the Mustang Exit on U.S. 80, seven miles east of Reno, down across the Southern Pacific tracks, then up through fields of sagebrush and rusted stacks of wrecked autos to the brothel's private bridge across the Truckee River. The guard inside the bridge house only looks intimidating—he's just there to wave hesitant tricks on up to the parking lot. Nerves have been known to fail, however, at the sight of the whorehouse itself: a compound of house trailers and prefabs tightly enclosed within a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire. *Stalag* 69. But the folks looking out from the control-room window don't make anyone cool his heels. If a man looks half sober and decent, it's a simple matter to ring the bell and be buzzed inside. The sound of the buzzer alerts the girls waiting in the parlor. Battle stations. They put aside their paperbacks and fan magazines, stop dancing with each other, come in from the coffee urn and Coke machine back in the cabdrivers' ready room, and take their places in a curvy line around the fringes of the carpet. By the time the customer has walked the 20 steps from the electric gate to the front door, the girls are ready to receive him, so that the first thing he encounters after coming through the door is the Mustang Bridge tableau: dozens of girls, hands folded behind their backs, murmuring their names clockwise around the circle from the door. Some men muster the aplomb to say something clever (a great many seem to say, "Decisions!

THERE ARE THIN ONES, CHUBBY ONES, COY ONES, WANTON ONES

Decisions!") or to take a seat, have a drink, and josh around with the girls awhile before deciding which one will love them best. But most just point at the girl they want, employing their arms like a ten-foot pole, then follow her silently down the corridor to her room, anonymous to the end.

In their leotards and bikinis and scandal pants and nighties, the girls are not an unappealing lot. Easily half could pass the would-I-want-to-be-seen-on-the-street-with-this-girl test. Most are in their early 20s, and there are thin ones and chubby ones, coy ones and wanton ones, little girls and mothers, girls of every race. At first, choosing among them seems as cruel as the Miss America Pageant: only the coldest chauvinist heart could fail to leap out to the disadvantaged ones. But one learns that it is naïve to suppose that the sweetest or the youngest or the prettiest do the most business. Some men have a fetish for the tired and the fat. Some men have wishes they can confide only to a girl who looks like a whore. Some choose blindly, acting on mysterious scruples neither they nor the girls understand.



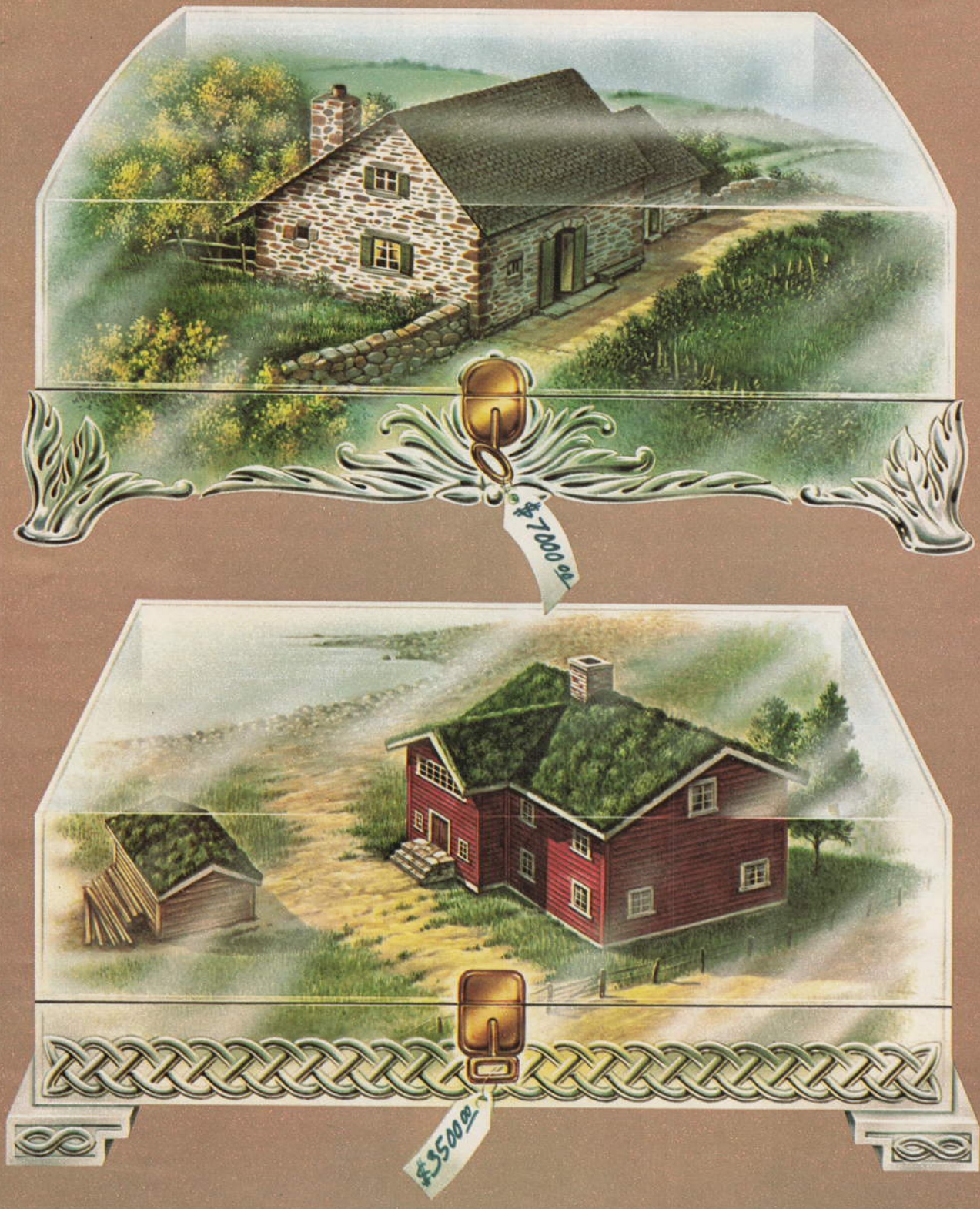
These girls can look sultry even when they're bored stiff.

Joe is extra careful as he eases his Bugazzi out of the garage. What with his new "presidential" Fleetwood limousine parked next to it, there isn't much room to spare. The Bugazzi is a customized Mark IV, a $31,000 silver flashmobile with a chromed engine, Italian glove-suede upholstery, Italian marble facings on the side panels and dash, jeweled instruments, a Cartier clock, an Abercrombie & Fitch bar, a built-in Mark Cross umbrella and gun box, quadraphonic sound, an eight-button telephone, a $400 snowflake carpet, the JC monogram on both sides of the leather landau top in black chrome letters six inches high, and Nevada license plates front and back that proudly spell MY KAR. It is a car that is one of a kind in the world, BUILT EXCLUSIVELY FOR JOE CONFORTE, as the dashboard plaque attests. Joe's two guard dogs, Major and General, observe his passage through the automatic wrought-iron gates; good manners alone prevent them from lunging at the car and tearing off the hubcaps. Joe toots bye-bye on the Bugazzi's melodic horn, then goes wheeling fast down into Reno, with the music from *The Godfather* overwhelming any hope of conversation.

The rich and evil implications of both the music and the car set the mind to wondering why a man like Joe Conforte should be fooling around with writers. It was true enough that there was nothing illegal about his business, not since he gave up making dates for soldiers and sailors out of his taxicab in San Francisco 18 years ago. From the day of his arrival in Nevada, when he set himself up with those first two girls in that little farmhouse out by Wadsworth, 20 miles east of Reno, Joe had had nothing at all to hide, not from the police and not from his four children, to whom he had wisely explained the nature of his game when they were still too young to care. Only once had he fallen from grace, and that would never have happened if it hadn't been for the jealously and the envy: Joe lost a grudge match with an uptight public official and had to spend three years in prison for extortion and tax evasion.

Since October 1, 1965, though, the day that Joe came rolling back into Reno in a robin's-egg-blue Cadillac convertible, he'd been charmed, golden, the happiest man in America. And now that he was the holder of an official Storey County prostitution license, he not only had an outstanding share of the two things that every man wants most in life, but he was also a regular speaker at the Optimists and the Lions and a notoriously soft touch when it came to muscular dystrophy, cystic fibrosis, the United Way, you name it. Joe Conforte was gaining respectability. His was the kind of whorehouse that gave out souvenir matchbooks, paid its taxes, and *(Continued on page 180)*

Photography by Richard Fegley



HOW MUCH FOR A SUMMER PLACE IN EUROPE?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE $7000?/BY JAMES LINCOLN COLLIER

Tony Parker is a 22-year-old rock drummer. Unlike his brother Chris, who plays with Paul Butterfield, Tony works irregularly. When his group *does* manage to get work, it winds up getting ripped off by club owners, so Tony often has no money at all.

Nonetheless, when he feels the need to go off someplace by himself, he doesn't head for Big Sur or Woodstock: he flies to Shannon Airport and hitchhikes across Ireland to his farmhouse in Kilkenny. He can do this because, despite the airfare, it's cheaper.

Bob Sennish is older than Tony. He teaches English at a college in New York City. Naturally, he has much more money, but still, it's a college professor's salary. When he stops teaching each June and goes off to a quiet place to write, it isn't to Okracoke or Palm Springs—it's to his farmhouse in Montsoreau, about a mile from the Loire.

Sennish and Parker are two of a growing number of Americans who have come to realize that if you're going to buy a second home, it may well turn out to be cheaper to do it in Europe. The reasoning is quite simple: as of right now—even with the devaluation of the dollar—European prices for almost everything are lower than they are in America. With French wines in France at 50 cents a bottle instead of the $2.50 you pay here, with a good lunch at an English pub available for a buck or so, with olive oil,

cheese, and bread in Italy about a third of what they cost here, you can easily save a good portion of your airfare in ordinary living expenses.

Also, the price of the second home itself will be only a fraction of the equivalent in at least the more populated parts of the United States—those areas within striking distance of the big cities where most of us live. This is partly due to the fact that the country farmhouse you find in Spain or Wales will lack some of the amenities Americans take for granted. There may not be running water, and the heating system is certain to be rudimentary. But part of the reason for relatively low prices is simply that standards are different. Fifteen hundred pounds a year—about $3700—is considered a reasonable salary for a book editor in London, and that's being heavily taxed. With so many earning in that range, real-estate prices have to be commensurate.

The point, then, is that anyone who earns at the American level but spends on the European level is golden. And by the same token, the American student with a few dollars saved, the college teacher on vacation, the free-lance anything selling to American markets for American fees, the college dropout cashing in his *bar mitzvah* government bonds can quite literally do it cheaper in Europe, despite the airfare, if he is willing to invest some time finding that little run-down farmhouse in Kilkenny or the South of France. And it doesn't have to be a country place, either; you can still find bed-sitters—even small apartments—in London for under $500 a year, which compares very nicely with your share of the summer house out in the Hamptons.

The questions, then, are where and why. Everybody's taste varies, and although European seasons are sometimes less extreme than the American versions, winter is still different from summer. In northern Europe, the cold months can be bleak and dank. As a matter of fact, nowhere in Europe—with the exception of the southernmost points of Spain and Italy—is it hot in the winter. No matter what the travel agents say, you can't always swim in Majorca in January.

A second question is language. The British Isles have an obvious advantage over the rest of Europe. Elsewhere, it doesn't matter much when you're in a big city; but in that village where you've bought your farm, you may run into some difficulty. The exception to this rule is Scandinavia, where there are almost always some English-speakers.

And then, of course, there's the matter of preference. My own belief is that there is no place in the world more charming than London and environs in June and July—the time of the so-called London season when Wimbledon, the Henley Regatta, and the Ascot meeting take place.

Tony Parker settled on Ireland more or less by chance. His father, the American artist Robert Andrew Parker, first visited Ireland ten years ago on a magazine assignment. He fell in love with the fishing and hunting, and has been back practically every year since. In 1969, to dispose of a Guggenheim fellowship, he took the family to Kilkenny for the summer. Tony says, "I really loved the area—the countryside is beautiful, and there's that easy pace. Nobody's in much of a hurry about anything. So I went back on my own in 1970 and spent most of that winter there, working on a farm and in a flour mill that was attached to it. I had this Honda 50 and I rode all over the place on it, exploring the countryside. Sometimes I'd put on 90 miles a day. I saw that whole southeastern part of Ireland, but mainly I stuck to Kilkenny. The thing is that there are abandoned farmhouses in the area—all over Ireland, in fact. Whole families used to abandon their houses and come to America. And then maybe some other family would move into the place until they emigrated, too. So there's a lot of question about who owns what. Even though a family may have been living in a place for generations, they can still be squatters, at least officially.

"Some of the places are in pretty bad shape—the roofs have caved in or the windows are gone or the walls are actually starting to collapse. They don't usually have electricity or running water, and if some farmer is using the land for pasture, they may have been taken over by cows.

"But I kept looking and every once in a while I'd turn up a place that seemed feasible—something that I figured I could make livable without too much expense. Then I'd have to go around the neighborhood knocking on doors to find out if anybody knew who the owner was. Sometimes I simply couldn't find out who owned the place.

"Finally, I found something that looked workable. It was more than a simple farmhouse . . . a kind of miniature estate. It was near the top of a hill and had a view of that lovely, green countryside—pastures and woods and fields, and nobody around except for cows and an abandoned farmhouse halfway down the hill below it. The one drawback was that it was in terrible shape. But I found the owner and began to talk to him. You don't do these things in a hurry in Ireland. And gradually, I began to realize that putting the place in shape was going to be very expensive. I wanted it, though, and I kept going back to look at it, and about the third time there it began to dawn on me that the little farmhouse halfway down the hill was really a better deal. The more I thought about it, the more I realized it was right. It needed windows, and it was terribly damp inside, but the roof was basically sound. It had two rooms upstairs and two down and, of course, a big fireplace. The walls were stone, like most of the farmhouses around there—three or four feet thick. Below, there were woods with a stream running through, and all around there was pasture land, with nobody anywhere near to bother you except the cows. I loved it.

"I asked around and found the owner—a great guy I guess I'd better call John O'Meara. He's around 45. He has three little girls and a tiny wife and the most amazing light blue eyes I've ever seen. When I told him I wanted to buy the place he looked shocked. But then he thought about it, and he was willing to sell the place with an acre of land, if I didn't mind his cows wandering around. I offered him—get this now—150 pounds for the house and another 150 pounds for the acre of land. A hundred and fifty pounds is less than $400. For a *house*, mind you. He haggled with me for a couple of days, but I'd been around enough at that point and I knew my price was right. So we made a deal. I gave him 150 quid to seal it and came back to the States. He went to his solicitor to set the thing up. A year later, I came back with a friend who plays guitar—I told you these things take a long time—and we went into town to close the deal. O'Meara put on his best suit, a tie, and a detachable collar, and afterward he bought us a lot of drinks. The place was mine. My friend and I moved in. We had to put in new windows, and it took us days of heating the place before we got the kitchen dry enough to paint. We stayed there all winter. We had marvelous times. We didn't do much but cut wood and rehearse our music. All told, it cost us $13 a week each, counting everything—gas for the motorbike, kerosene, food, the works."

It is that figure of $13 a week that really makes the story. Given, say, $150 for round-trip airfare, depending on how the *(Continued on page 178)*

The Mourning After

It's a rude awakening when rosy-fingered dawn comes up puce

A hangover, as everybody knows, is God's punishment for the consumption of alcohol. He knows, friend, that you just booze it up because you like to get high and act silly and say ridiculous things, and probably dance, fuck, and go to bed late as well. And where does that get you, from God's point of view? Useless city, is where. A broken vessel; a gimpy sheep. No wonder He's pissed off. Of course, not everybody believes in the inevitability of hangovers. The Grantite Heresy (named for the Civil War general who was the most prominent early spokesman for this view) has laid its hand upon the land. Grantites believe that it is possible to escape the short-term deleterious effects of drinking or, in other words, get bombed every night and wake up feeling like a dew-sprinkled gladiola every morning. Drink without pain; sex without fear; morality without religion. Where will it end?

At any rate, the purpose of this chunk of prose is to collect various fragments of hangover lore in one place. We stand behind none of these suggestions, but somebody stands behind every one of them. You are our lab experiment, reader. Feedback solicited.

Much of the preliminary research in this field has been done by Oliver Gillie, the medical correspondent of the *London Sunday Times*. Newspapermen tend to be obsessively interested in hangovers, anyway, so Gillie's got the straight stuff. We could rip him off and paraphrase, but we know that you crave source documents: "Experienced drinkers say that a brandy or bourbon hangover is worse than a vodka or gin hangover and a beer hangover is worst of all. Vodka is purer alcohol than all other spirits—it is essentially neutral spirit and water filtered through charcoal—and is also the favorite of the secret drinker. It contains no flavorings and so leaves less smell on the breath than other drinks.

"Hundreds of these flavor constituents—called congeners—are present in small quantities in most spirits, giving each drink its special quality. These same congeners may also be responsible for the special quality of hangover given by different kinds of spirits.

"Bourbon whiskey contains the largest quantity of congeners and appears to give the worst hangover—according to a festive experiment undertaken at the University of California by 60 students, half of whom drank vodka and the other half bourbon. The morning after having six doubles the night before, two thirds of the bourbon drinkers had hangovers, compared with just over one third of the vodka drinkers. Even more conclusive, one third of the bourbon drinkers had a severe hangover with nausea, malaise, headache, and depression, compared with one out of 30 of the vodka drinkers.

"So the strategic drinker can avoid the worst hangovers by drinking vodka and gin and treating the heavier spirits such as brandy and bourbon with the respect they require.

"If drinks are taken slowly enough, the quantity of alcohol in the blood will scarcely increase at all. But to prevent ill effects, an average person would have to make a small whiskey or sherry last well over an hour.

"General health and diet affect a person's ability to burn up alcohol. A sound liver—rather than physical fitness—is the essential requirement. Alcohol, like barbiturates and many other drugs affecting the nervous system, alters patterns of sleeping and dreaming. After an evening's drinking, a person will commonly sleep soundly for the first half of the night until the hangover starts. Then he will sleep lightly with many more dreams in the second half of the night. And he'll wake up early.

"Measurements in sleep laboratories show that after one or two evenings of drinking the brain adapts and dreaming returns to normal until the drinking stops. When the drinking does stop, dreams return in greater than normal quantity and may take weeks to return to normal after a binge lasting some days.

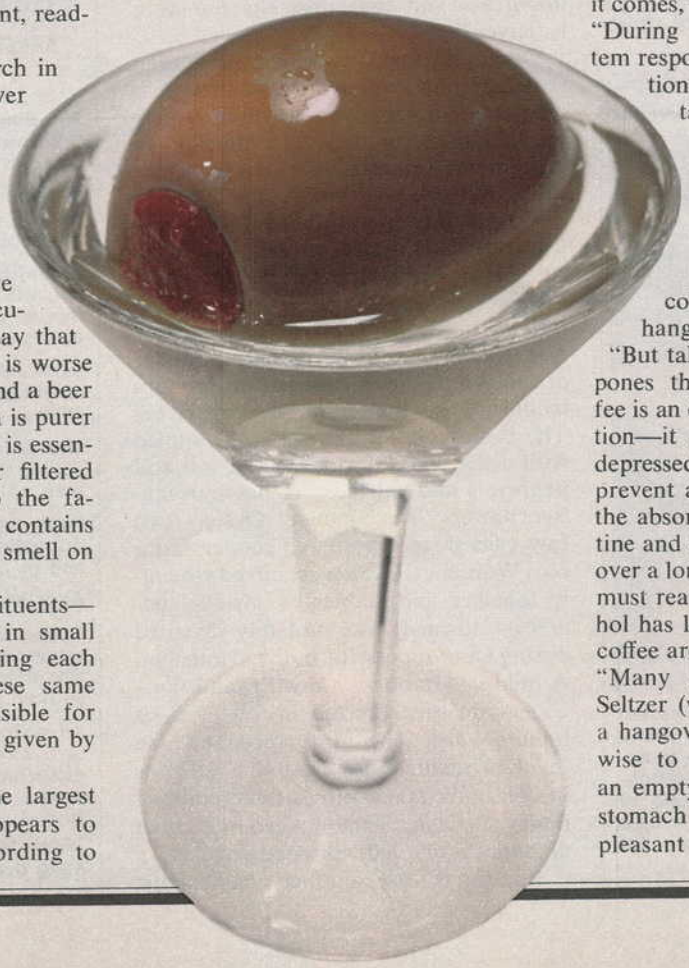
"Alcoholics may experience this disturbance of sleep in an extreme form with 'night terrors' that may last for several weeks.

"Every barman has his favorite hangover cure, and they all have one ingredient in common—alcohol. Doctors now agree that the only cure for a hangover is another drink. However, each drink only postpones the hangover that, when it comes, will be so much the worse.

"During a hangover, the nervous system responds sluggishly to stimuli. Reaction time—the measured time it takes to press a button after a flash of light or the sound of a buzzer—is longer. Sleep or exercise does not help. But another alcoholic drink improves reaction time during the first hangover until the alcohol is burned up and the next hangover arrives.

"But taking another drink merely postpones the final reckoning. Black coffee is an excellent treatment for intoxication—it stimulates the nervous system depressed by alcohol and may also help prevent a hangover. It appears to delay the absorption of alcohol into the intestine and ensures that it reaches the blood over a longer period. However, the coffee must reach the stomach before the alcohol has left it, and two or three cups of coffee are needed to produce any effect.

"Many people take aspirin or Alka Seltzer (which contains aspirin) to treat a hangover headache, but it is most unwise to use aspirin-based remedies on an empty stomach. Aspirin irritates the stomach and can have particularly unpleasant effects on an empty stomach



Photography by Richard Fegley

already irritated by alcohol. The first hangover remedy to try is several cups of tea or coffee, then try to eat some breakfast. If the headache does not go away then, an aspirin might be tried, but a good rule is: no breakfast, no aspirin.

"The fatigue felt on the morning after may be at least partly caused by low blood sugar. So it is a good idea to take sugar in tea or coffee, even if you do not normally do so, or take some sweetened fruit juice—but be sure it is not sweetened with saccharin."

And Gillie has touched only the tip of the iceberg. Cures abound. A quick survey of college campuses shows that, at many Midwestern schools, a common remedy is to mix half a glass of Seven-Up with half a glass of beer. Supposedly this method is not nauseating by itself and will work whether beer or spirits caused the hangover. Gatorade is recommended to replenish the minerals and fluids flushed away during a spree. The Psi Upsilon fraternity at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, reports that taking a brisk run around the football field almost uniformly results in excruciating sickness. At Harvard and elsewhere on the East Coast some students surveyed do nothing for a hangover. A few, out of Calvinist–Congregationalist–Episcopalian guilt perhaps, use the time to do their laundry, clean their rooms, sort their socks, or invent three-variable calculus.

A relatively new morning-after malady has developed on most campuses. There was a time when the dope-smoking community was very smug because it never got hangovers. But when you get stoned, you get really hungry. The mean munchies. Often such a state of mind warrants a special trip to the grocery store where you pick up a feast of marinated artichoke hearts, Hostess Twinkies, garlic bread, Cheetos, and maraschino cherries. The morning-after gastric rebound has been known to temporarily cripple the hardiest members of the counterculture. There are a number of items on the market that ease the pain in such circumstances.

Not surprisingly, organic methods are now popular. Nature freaks swear that vitamins or teas will restore equilibrium. For those who follow a macrobiotic diet, soy-ban, a Japanese recipe of bancha tea and tamari sauce, is recommended. Magic Frank, owner of Magic Frank's Health Food Store in Chicago, says that 100 mg. of Vitamin B-1 before you go on a binge will alleviate or at least soften hangovers. If you forget to do that, a complete Vitamin B-complex taken along with Vitamin C the next morning will clear up the symptoms in short order.

To increase blood-sugar content, chewing roasted garbanzo beans is effective within five minutes and allegedly will make you feel better, too. Health-food partisans also point out the importance of ridding the body of alcoholic impurities and thus urge the use of a laxative.

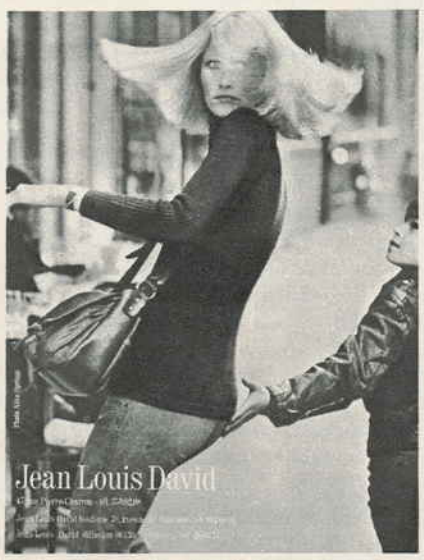
Others on the West Coast have been seduced by ordinary water. Claiming that the pain of a hangover is caused largely by dehydration, they recommend an eight-ounce tumbler of water for every drink over two you've consumed.

Robert Boyle, a 17th-Century scientist, offered this cure for "head-ake" caused by drinking: *take tender green hemlock and put it in your socks so that it lies between them and the soles of your feet. Change the herbs daily.* A number of other remedies gleaned from folklore include those that have raw-egg bases. The Prairie Oyster, an egg yolk coupled with a teaspoon of vinegar and salt and pepper, is said to have amazing rejuvenative powers. The Bombay Oyster (two raw eggs doused with red-pepper sauce plus Worcestershire sauce, mixed violently together and suddenly—always suddenly—downed) was probably invented during an unsuccessful Indian campaign. A milder variation is a raw egg and Worcestershire sauce mixed into a glass of tomato juice. The most appealing one involves mixing a raw egg into a tall glass of cold milk along with a tablespoon of honey and a small amount (no more than an ounce and a half) of good cognac.

Buttermilk Pop, another nonalcoholic cure-all, is said to be particularly comforting to dolorous penitents; mix one tablespoon of corn starch into one cup of buttermilk and heat to boiling. Either drink it hot like soup, flavoring with salt and pepper, or let cool, add honey, and enjoy like porridge.

Max's Kansas City in New York suggests that if "a lot" of their bloody marys don't "straighten you right up," go home and drink several cups of tea and go back to bed. In Chicago, O'Rourke's Public House and Dart Shop recommends a glass of orange juice and bitters.

Among professional organizations, the American Medical Association and the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism concur that nothing will help a hangover but that aspirin might make one more comfortable. Aspirin and a little spiritual guidance are the only things that the Salvation Army's Harbor Light center offers drunks who come off the street, unless the person wants to come down from shaving lotion or sterno, in which case there are clinics available. An unofficial spokesman for Alcoholics Anonymous said that, when he was drinking, his own method of avoiding hangovers was to stay drunk. ▣



Is this ad trying to tell us something about the precociousness of young Parisian boys? Is it making a statement about the irresistibility of French-women's asses? Or merely hinting at the genius of Jean Louis David's tight pants? Whatever it is, the lady's not talking.

After putting on their Foster Grants: nine celebs on the Big Head

We polled a number of notables for their own hangover cures, and here are some of their responses.

Kenneth Rexroth recommends an old pimp's remedy: chili mac or, when that's not available, any spicy food.

Al Goldstein, who does not drink, suspects that a blend of hay and ice would be just the thing, because horses never get hangovers. Thanks, Al.

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson prescribes 12 amyl-nitrites (one box) in conjunction with as many beers as necessary.

The Allman Brothers, collectively, prescribe three or four bloody marys and then going to bed for three days.

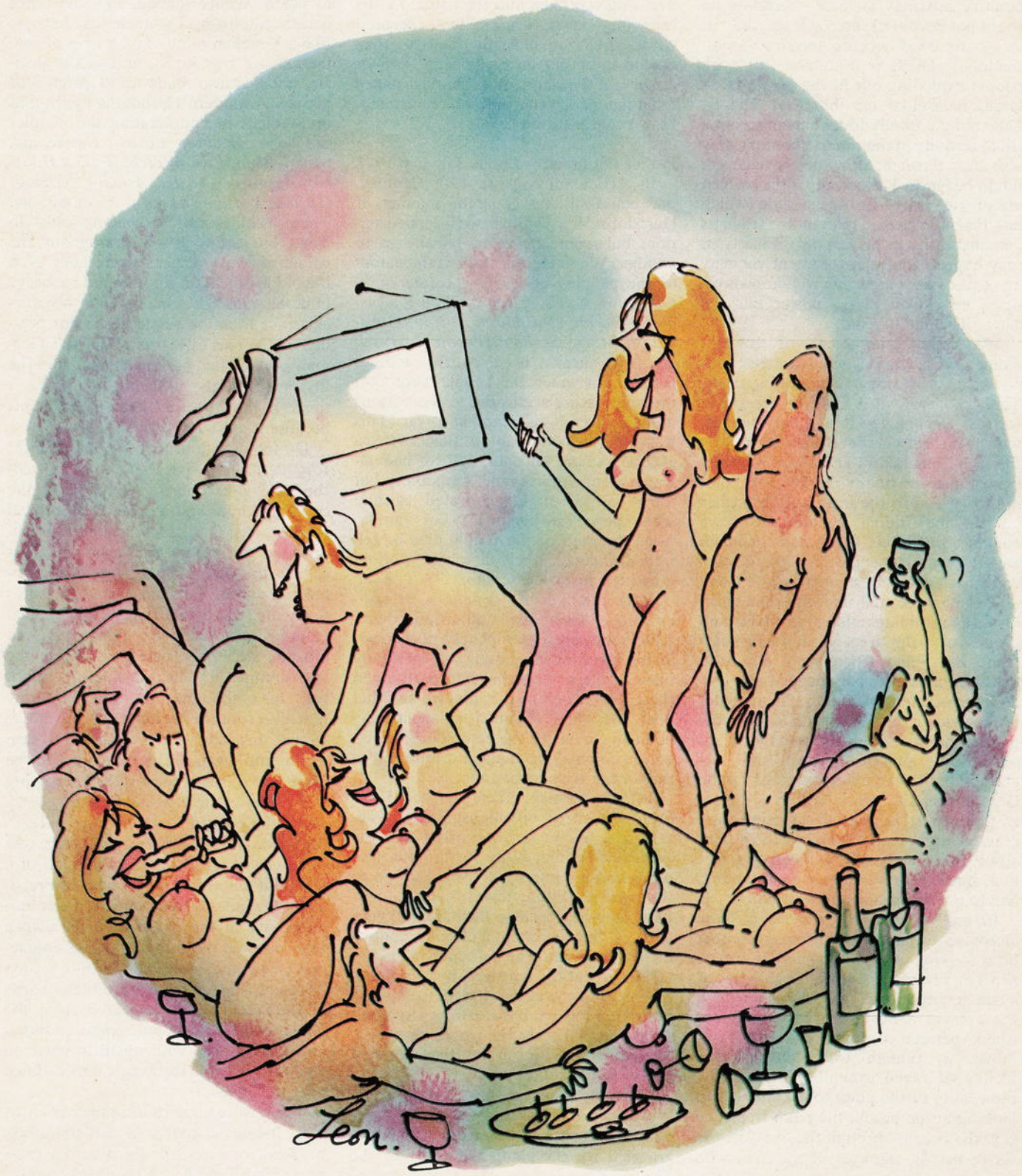
Paul Carroll says that he reads St. Augustine's *de civitatis dei*, all of it, and in Latin.

Andy Warhol suggests a handjob.

Grace Slick recommends sleeping for seven years and drinking lots of water. She tried it several times, and it always worked.

Alice Cooper uses a tuna malted, which is a can of tuna fish, two scoops of pistachio ice cream, and four ounces of cream. Blend together. Drink. Go back to bed.

Dean Martin tells us he never gets hung over.



"Somebody come and look after Mr. Peabody—he hasn't had a nibble all evening."

MORAVIA ON AFRICA *During our journey, we had almost forgotten that African nations existed; the roads gave one the feeling of infinite space, ignorant and innocent of political frontier.*

(Continued from page 120) nothing much happens on a track in Tanzania. A country bus may go past—certainly an event not devoid of interest, especially if, as almost always occurs, the shaky, multicolored vehicle is crammed full, with people exploding out of the windows. A large, hearselike car hired at Dar-es-Salaam by a family to take them to some tribal festivity in their native country may also pass through; this, too, is an event not to be ignored, especially if the women are dressed in the European style (which has recently been deplored by students demonstrating in the capital). Finally, it may happen that a government car may drive past, carrying some well-known official, enveloped in his power like the car in its cloud of sand.

We passed plantations of coconut palms and scattered, stunted trees with thick trunks bearing bunches of big fruits. Then suddenly, at a bend in the track, we saw Bagamoyo. It is a tiny village, with two short parallel streets flanked by the usual bungalows and shops, starting from the sheds of the market and coming to an end in the bush a little farther on. In the Indian general store we bought corned beef and bread for lunch and then started exploring. We discovered that the old Bagamoyo of the times of German colonialism was disintegrating and crumbling among tall plants and groups of palm trees a short distance from the village. There were old Arab villas, completely abandoned, their gardens smothered in weeds, their gates broken down and rusty, their window panes shattered. Or again, there were administrative offices, decayed and neglected, built nearly a century ago by the Germans, chalky white and in a vaguely Oriental style, with battlements and pointed arches and arcades, their windows furnished with wooden gratings that, since there was no air conditioning, had to provide shade and ventilation.

In one of the prose poems of *Une Saison en Enfer*, Rimbaud imagines that he is looking at *le ciel bleu et le travail fleuri de la campagne* through the eyes of a convict, *avec son idée*. That is, through the eyes of a man who has been punished, persecuted, outlawed. At Bagamoyo, as though to counteract the feeling of facile exaltation inspired by the beauty of the place, one cannot help looking at the beach, the palm trees, the sky, the ocean "through the eyes" of the slave; that is, the eyes of the man who knows that he can never again be free. We went down a path to the sea, and there, a few steps from the beach, came upon a gigantic tree with round, coarse, dark leaves and a trunk so thick that the branches, rising upward, looked as if they were joined directly to the roots, which, equally stout and powerful, plunged downward into the ground. An iron ring was fixed into the trunk; to this ring the slaves' chains were secured while, squatting beneath the tree, they waited to be put on board ship. We sat down on the sand at a short distance from the mango tree and looked around. How beautiful it was.

THE SLAVE COAST—Lomé, January 1972

In Africa, during the 19th Century, one could still travel in the manner of Herodotus, not through well-defined nations but from one vague tribal area to another. When Herodotus lists the names of the peoples of Libya—*Adimarchidi, Giligami, Aziri, Asbisti, Cirenei, Auschisi, Bacali, Nasamoni, Psilli, Garamanti, Maci, Gindani, Lotofagi, Ausei*, etc.—he speaks of a world without frontiers in which the people were continually mixing according to the various nomadic trends of peace and war. This was still the situation in Black Africa 100 years ago. Of course, there had always been empires and kingdoms, but they had been concentrated around some powerful personality or family; when the man or the family died or fell into decadence, they dissolved without creating a historical territory.

With colonialism, 30 nations, or rather colonies, were invented around treaty tables; they were completely mysterious to the ignorant inhabitants but perfectly clear to the powers that had partitioned them. Nevertheless, it is noteworthy that once they had obtained independence, not a single one of the ex-colonies rejected the colonial frontiers and returned to the former tribal confusion.

Why was this? When all the ill has been spoken of colonialism that it deserves, it has to be recognized that the Africans preferred the institutions and organizations imported from Europe to the tribal traditions toward which—perhaps precisely because they are still very strong—they entertain a curious, contradictory mistrust. The war in Nigeria (an artificial nation created by England) against Biafra was an attempt to found a nation on a tribal basis. It was a symbolic contest, valid for the whole of Africa. The defeat of Biafra was the defeat of the tribal concept.

Probably the nations will endure. Nevertheless, traveling in Africa one cannot escape a sense of unreality. As I traveled by car along the coast of the Gulf of Guinea from the Ivory Coast to Nigeria, I crossed five nations. Of these, Togo serves as a good example of the irrationality that pervades the continent. Togo is a small French-speaking country, 50,000 square kilometers in all, with a million and a half inhabitants. It has a coastline of only 50 kilometers and stretches 600 kilometers from south to north. Wedge-shaped, like the other coastal countries, it is made up of strips, like a Venetian blind: first a strip of sea, then sand, then forest, and finally prairie; but it is also made up of patches of people. A modern Herodotus might find amusement in enumerating the peoples of Togo: *Kabre, Losso, Naudemba, Mossi, Tem, Ewe, Watchi, Fulbe, Haussa, Akposso, Adele, Ashanti, Guang, Gurma, Yoruba, Akpafu, Awatime*, etc. These peoples do not belong only to Togo but are diffused throughout the whole of West Africa. Togo lacks even the old justification for colonial robbery: mineral wealth. Probably Togo owes its existence to an obstinate desire for prestige on the part of Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany, which had been excluded from the first stage of the pillaging of Africa. I think it may be said that Togo exists because it exists.

During our journey, we had almost forgotten that African nations existed; the road gave one a feeling of infinite space, ignorant and innocent of political frontier. As our car devoured the kilometers, everything fled away in front of us: the gloomy gray sea, the corn-colored shore, the immensely tall palms segmented like so many thin spinal columns, the track of hemorrhage-red crushed stone, the pale-green bush, the sky dimmed by heat-mist. One might well have thought that this monotony and this solitude would never be interrupted. Instead, absurdly, we had to stop again and again. The road would be closed by a bar; a flag would be hanging from a pole; there would be a one-story shanty on one side—on the other side, in the shade of a mango tree, would be two or three women, motionless in front of a few little tins, a few long loaves of bread, and a few piles of red peppers. Then, unhurriedly, in the pause of deep silence that followed the stopping of our engine, and with the slow, authoritative step characteristic of all the frontier guards in the world, there appeared from the house two or three policemen in shorts and khaki shirts with epaulets sewn on and the peaks of their caps pulled down over their eyes.

There were three of us in the car—two with Italian passports so that there was no need for visas; the third with a passport from another European country needing, alas, all possible visas. There were three possible solutions for the visa problem. The first official, after a long conversation with our driver, held out his hand. In the course of a cordial, prolonged handshake, something like a

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

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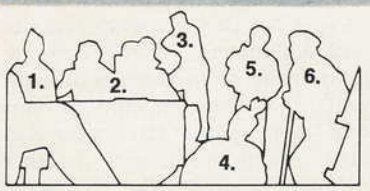


Even at the firemen's parade, everyone seems to have a gimmick—almost everyone. Pick the one who doesn't.

1. Sorry. Meet "Clean Ed" Mealmangel, discount diner owner. Gimmick: Leaves his thumb print in mashed potatoes. Smokes ABL's "Any Brand Left" in the ash trays. **2.** No. And no. Tex'n'Tilly, icky-poo radio-TV personalities. Gimmick: If it moves, interview it. They once even used a stethoscope to talk to a mole. **3.** Jerry Jibroni. Spends so much time setting up, he never sees parade. Smokes cigarettes so super-long he almost needs binoculars to light them. **4.** He's Tom Thump. His bass drum really is a gimmick: Can't stand the noise, but he likes to wear it. Puts cotton in his ears and in his cigarette filters. **5.** Right. He enjoys the passing parade, without any gimmicks. That's why he smokes Camel Filters. They're good tasting, easy and honest. His kind of cigarette. **6.** He's "Sweeps" Streate. Hopes mounted police won't parade. But they always do.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

MORAVIA ON AFRICA *Victor's dream was to become rich, setting up on his own and taking thorough advantage of other Victors who, like him, had arrived straight from the bush.*

folded slip of paper passed from the palm of the driver to that of the official. A traditional solution. At the second frontier, again there was the handshake, but then the official called the driver back and returned his money: since the foreigner had been forced to travel by car (and therefore needed visas), and inasmuch as he had missed his airplane, it would not be right to take advantage of his misfortune. The visa would be given free. An existential, perhaps Dostoyevskian solution. The third solution was the most complex and the most articulate: our friend was firmly refused passage. A printed circular was displayed from which it was clear that his country of origin definitely required a visa. A discreet proposal to oil the wheels was rejected with virtuous, almost threatening indignation. In the end, after long discussions, it was suggested that authorization might be asked by telephone from the chief of the local police. But with renewed firmness we were refused permission to make use of the telephone that was part of the equipment of the frontier office: regulations forbade it.

So there we were, under the scorching sun of early afternoon, compelled to go in search of a telephone in the neighboring village. At that hour the whole place was asleep. Beyond the road that skirted the shore, the gray, metallic sea formed a blinding background to the black silhouettes of the palm trees and meditative groups of fishermen squatting on the beach. Finally, we discovered the post office in a melancholy little *art nouveau* villa at the end of a sandy garden. We shut ourselves in the phone cell and telephoned. Awakened from his siesta, the chief of police at first had difficulty in understanding. Then with sudden cordiality, he assured us that he would telephone to the frontier. We went back. The telephone call had already had its effect. There was a smile of agreement; the passport was lying open on the rickety little table; a long, bony, gnarled hand seized the rubber stamp and imprinted the visa in violet ink. Unexpectedly, however, the passport was not handed over, and the zealous official, having made us respect the law, then proceeded to break it by asking for the money he had refused a little earlier. And so, for the third time, a slip of paper changed hands.

I do not believe I should speak of corruption in cases like this, not, at least, in any profound sense. It is, if anything, a survival of traditional habits. The 30 African nations have existed for barely ten years; the tribes amounted and still amount to some thousands and have existed from time immemorial. What did the tribal chiefs formerly do when explorers heedlessly crossed invisible tribal frontiers? They imposed a toll in kind (beads, copper wire, lengths of material, arms) that did *not* have the character of a genuine tax but, rather, of a capricious favor and of a rightful homage on the part of the strangers. Corruption and the law often have a point in common: that they claim to be the same for everybody.

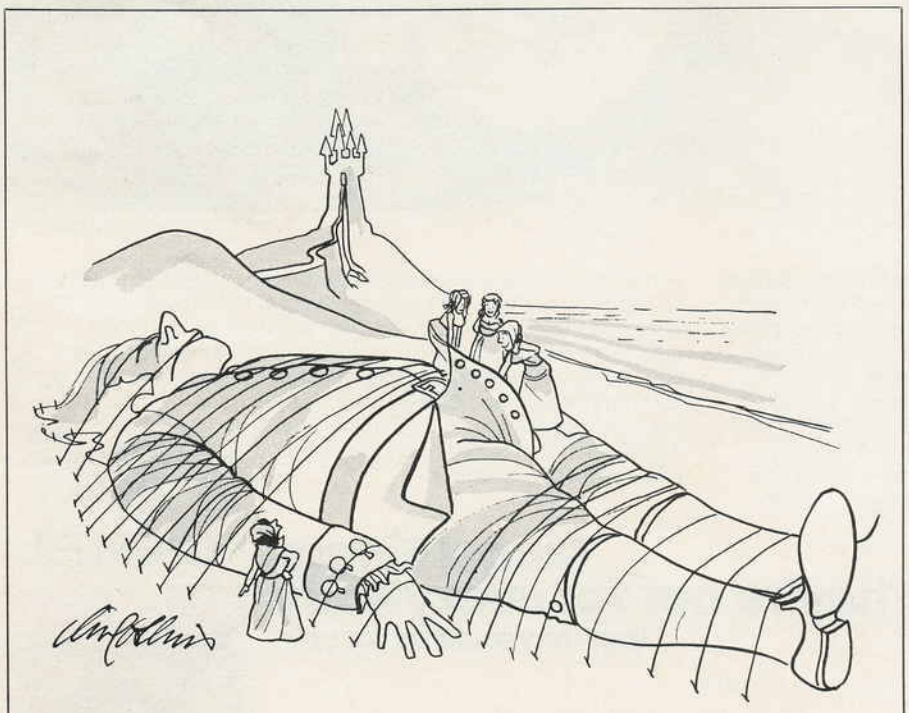
VICTOR AND THE ELEPHANTS—Yaundé, February 1972

Victor, our driver, was a man under 30 who belonged originally to a tribe whose home was not far from Ngaunderé, in the central Cameroons. He was a tall, strong young man, an athletic type, with long legs and broad shoulders.

Victor had a fine African head, spoiled, however, by a caricaturelike simplification of features that made his face look like a mask. His eyes were large and rather ugly, and he had a disturbing tendency to roll them; his nose was short, broad, and hooked; his mouth was curved into a nauseated, scornful expression. The scanty, pointed, rather Othellolike beard that Victor grew during our journey stood out with its coal-blackness against the roast-coffee darkness of his skin. He had fine, long hands, sharp, white, wolflike teeth, a loose-limbed, very light, feline way of walking, and a loud, excessively virile voice with a perpetually discontented, menacing tone.

Until the day before he agreed to work for us. Victor had been a truck driver. In his manner of driving and of estimating distances, one was aware of the hard-working long-distance driver, capable of covering the 3000 kilometers between Duala and Fort Lamy in three days, precisely the journey that, with us, he would be obliged to perform in two weeks. As a truck driver, a desperate devourer of kilometers, Victor had an absolute insensitivity to beauties of landscape and unexpected encounters. Our method of traveling must have seemed to him an eccentricity on the part of rather stupid whites—a folly. But we were clients, we paid, and that was enough.

Victor was probably exploited pitilessly during his years of apprenticeship. From that bitter experience, however, he had not derived what is generally called class-consciousness but rather a firm determination to exploit in his turn. Victor's dream, of which he often spoke, was to become rich, setting up on his own with one truck to begin with and taking thorough advantage of other Victors who, like him, had arrived straight from the bush. Victor was a Balzac character, a César Birotteau of the wheel. Perhaps he would succeed in becoming rich. But perhaps the unforeseeable developments of neocolonialism



"You girls come down from there this very minute, y'hear?"

in Africa would thwart his ambition, sidetrack it toward different goals.

A traditionalist by nature, Victor wanted to get married. He told us that in order to marry he would have to put aside 150,000 CFA francs with which, together with an ox, young and of good weight, he could buy a wife. At first Victor had thought of finding himself a wife at Duala. But his chief, the French manager of the transport company for which he worked, had dissuaded him from this, explaining that the city girls, having come into contact with town life, weren't trustworthy. Better a girl from his own tribe, a girl not yet spoiled by civilization. Obediently, Victor took the advice of his chief, whom his deeply rooted conformism made him look upon as a kind of father.

Victor's relationship with his chief was very complex; it faithfully reflected his no less complex relationship with the French. Victor had been at the mission school and spoke excellent French; obviously he admired the French without reservation, and in some ways he separated and distinguished them from other whites. One day, I happened to remark that a certain road might turn out to be impractical; Victor replied at once, with absolute assurance, "Impossible, it was made by the French." Nevertheless, in a curiously contradictory way, Victor, who was always angry and always convinced that he was being swindled, entertained toward the French a suspicion that, after all, they were exploiters. Leftist propaganda? Or incipient nationalism? It is difficult to say. But one day, Victor astonished me by speaking with contempt of certain *colonialistes* who, after independence came to the Cameroons, had to leave their lucrative jobs at Duala for obscure occupations in minor towns in the interior. The fate of these people aroused vindictive sarcasm in him.

Victor's ambiguousness with regard to colonialism matched his ambiguousness with regard to religion. He was a Catholic, and in a strange, self-satisfied way was proud of it; but this did not prevent his believing in magic, with a curious mixture of terror and of profound, almost ironic, familiarity.

"Victor, do you believe in magic?"

"Of course I do. How could one not believe in it? I've had four friends who died through witchcraft."

"How does this witchcraft work?"

"You go into the witch doctor's hut, in the dark. You don't see anything or anybody. All you hear is the mysterious voice asking for the name of the person you want to die. If you say the name and do the things the witch doctor orders you to do, the person mentioned, in the course of a few days, dies."

"Have you caused anyone to die?"

"No, I haven't. I'm frightened. Besides, it costs a great deal. The witch doctor wants money, more and more money. When you've fallen into the grip of magic, you can never get out of it."

"Why? Does the witch doctor use blackmail?"

"You can never get out of it."

Victor had not the smallest shade of Christian feeling. For him, it was the strongest who gained the victory, the most skillful in life itself. This attitude was continually revealed during our journey. Nothing made him laugh more delightedly, with his wolflike, sarcastic, contemptuous laugh, than a truck upside down in a ditch. Someone else's misfortune filled him with joy, especially if it was a question of a road accident. That laughter implied: "Me yesterday, you today."

Moreover, Victor was extremely harsh with the many wayfarers who, in these wild solitudes, would ask for a lift. As we were driving along the track over a boundless plain of tall grass, an old man, whitehaired, his face shrunken with fatigue, with a bundle on his head and a spear in his hand, made an imploring signal to us. We ordered Victor to stop. He obeyed unwillingly; and then, as he drove on, he became enraged with the old man, finding fault with him for dirtying "his" Land-Rover with his filthy sandals; for breaking "his" windows with the iron tip of his spear. At that moment, Victor was identifying with his transport company and defending its property. When the old man got out, gratefully and humbly thanking us, Victor merely threw his spear out on the ground with a look of contempt.

Or again, there was the unlucky young truck driver, standing in the midday sun beside his truck overturned in the ditch. We picked him up. Victor immediately asked him how much he earned; as soon as he heard, he started raging at the young man, sarcastically and cruelly: *It was a starvation wage; he would die in poverty, he and his family; he would never succeed in bettering his condition; he was a beast of burden, a servant, a slave.* The man defended himself as best he could; Victor gave him no peace.

The only time I saw Victor show any feeling that was not bitter or contemptuous was in relation to the wild animals of Africa. I remember a day when we had stopped in front of a clearing that was trampled down and marked with colossal footprints. The trees and bushes were shattered and leafless; enormous lumps of excrement were scattered here and there. The elephants could not be far away. And indeed, when we had got out of the car and had started walking through the bush, we saw the great beasts surrounded by a great cloud of dust, marching off toward some unknown, distant feeding ground or shelter. The dust enveloped them, but through the haze could be distinguished the outlines of their trunks, their tusks, their heads with their great ears; and, close against the enormous legs of their mothers, the young ones, elegant and massive. From time to time, there would be a few melancholy, strident trumpetings from the herd. Then I saw Victor laughing nervously and anxiously as he ran toward the elephants, with feet so light they seemed not to touch the ground. As he ran, he waved his arms, as if to make them understand that he wanted them to wait for him, because he wished to join them and walk with them through the bush. At that moment, Victor seemed to express the longing of the African for the Africa of the time before the colonial invasion, the Africa of the villages and the great plains of which, when with us, he spoke with so much contempt.

THE MARKET AT FORT LAMY—April 1972

The Chari is a big African river; at Fort Lamy, it is extremely wide and almost motionless, like a lake, between low, bare banks. In the subdued sunset, it puts one in mind of the immense pupil of an eye—dim, dark, destitute of eyelash or eyebrow. I sat in the hotel garden on the riverbank and looked at the huge red disk of the sun hanging over the opposite shore. The black silhouette of a dugout canoe with a man rowing, exactly like some prehistoric rock painting, glided over the water, across the sun. African rivers are beautiful, with banks that seem nonexistent. The water seems to merge with the sky; apathetic, deep, thoughtful rivers, the rivers of the hippopotamus. By day, these great innocent beasts lie there soaking, only the periscopes of their eyes and the rough hide of their backs emerging from the water; by night, they move up easily to the banks and graze among the papyrus and reed beds by the light of the moon, herbivorous night walkers, family by family, the male, the female, one or two young ones, all in order of tonnage, as mild and peaceful as goats.

But then the special correspondent of an illustrated magazine came over to me. He, too, had been sitting for some time on the terrace, facing the river, but he was not looking at the sunset, he was looking at me. Finally, he couldn't restrain himself. He took up his glass and his bottle of beer and moved over to my table. "We have already met this morning. Will you allow me?"

"Certainly. Sit down."

"Are you going to Tibesti?"

"I should have liked to, but it can't be done. There's guerilla trouble."

The special correspondent was small, with a big, bespectacled head and hair running backward like that of someone you see in the window of a moving train. Triumphantly, he retorted, "*I* shall be going there. I know a French colonel. I shall get the permit. If I don't get it, I'll go to Tripoli. I know Qaddafi, and I

shall come back from Libya to Zuar. What d'you think of the Chad?"

"I scarcely know it. I arrived yesterday from the Cameroons."

"A very interesting country, the Chad. A racial hybrid, a crisscross of interest. An amphibious country—either all water or all sand. A country divided between Islamized Africans and Christian Africans. The Christians have the upper hand at the moment, supported, of course, by the French. And so the Islamized Africans are carrying on anti-imperialist and nationalist guerilla warfare."

"Is the guerilla warfare serious?"

"There are bands of up to two or three hundred men. Guess who's supporting them?"

"I wouldn't know."

"In the first place, Libya. But also—you won't believe it—West Germany."

"You don't say."

"Arms and materials. And you know why?"

"No."

"The uranium of the Niger, near here. The French have created a veritable city in the desert because of it. It's the usual thing: an imperialist struggle. If Tumbalbaye went, the whole system of the alliance with France would collapse."

"Who are the guerilla leaders?"

"Those who fight or those who pull the strings? The latter, in my opinion, are all here at Fort Lamy. And I've got to see them, even if I have to stay here a month. It's a positive mine of news, Fort Lamy. All you have to do is dig and the news comes spurting out like the oil in the desert. But if you don't dig, everything seems normal, peaceful, calm."

Next day, I had to admit that the special correspondent was right. If one did not dig in Fort Lamy, everything was sunshine, calm, normality. The French quarter had been conceived with the spaciousness of Parisian planning: vast circular open spaces adorned with large, decorative fountains; broad, shady avenues flanked by the gardens of handsome villas and deluxe hotels. Then the African quarter: clay walls; a maze of sandy paths between huts with thatched roofs; swarms of people and incessant comings and goings. In the empty, silent French quarter and in the crowded, noisy African quarter, calm and normality seemed to prevail.

A wide, shady avenue divides the famous, immense market and trading center of the Chad into two principal sectors: to the left, foodstuffs, sold mainly by women; to the right, manufactured goods, sold chiefly by men. We began with the feminine sector, in which a huge, airy, very crowded marquee provides shade and protection from the fierce African sun for the highly perishable goods. We circulated idly among the crowds, looking and pretending to be searching for something. Here were vegetables and fruits, fresh and of fine quality; seeds, flour, grains of indescribable variety; fish from the Chari and the Logone, blackish pieces of meat covered with flies; poultry, young goats, lambs, alive and in a sorry state, tied up and thrown on the ground among the feet of the buyers. The goods, to tell the truth, were much the same as can be seen in all the markets in the world. It was the saleswomen that were different.

They were mostly young, good-looking women, their hair parted into endless little thin tresses springing from their heads and hanging over their foreheads, cheeks, and the backs of their necks. Some of them had rings in the septa of their noses. Bright-colored materials were closely wound round them from their breasts to their ankles. They squatted on the ground in front of their wares, looking rapturous or sleepy, but they woke up at once at the bid of a buyer, with an intensity that seemed to go beyond the mere pursuit of profit to the mysterious region of the desire for power. One saw that these women, with the coming revolutions of the Third World, would be installed—without rings in their noses, without little tresses of hair, without barbaric clothing, but with the same shrewd, zealous participation—in modern, air-conditioned offices, devoting themselves to the wholesale distribution of this same cereal, this same fruit, this same meat.

Why is this girl wearing underwear printed with tango dancers? For the same reason that she's wearing a banana around her neck: that's what they're all wearing in Paris these days. Some of them, anyway. The underwear costs about $6.25. The banana costs $30. Make of this what you will.

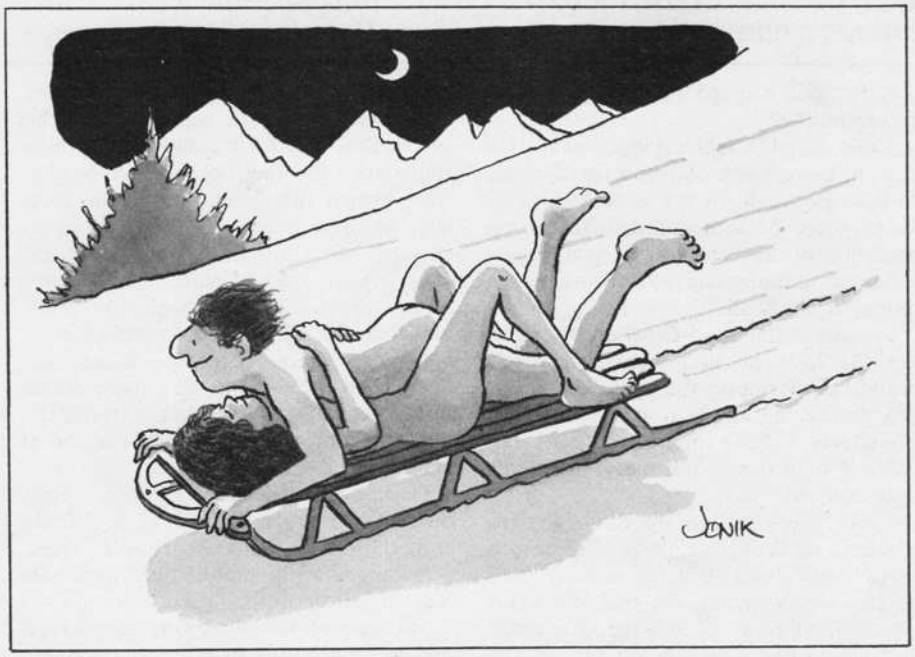
Curiously, I didn't get similar impressions in the sector where manufactured goods were being sold by men. As for the Arab and Indian traders, draped in white and standing behind the merchandise set out on stalls in the manner of the Oriental bazaar, it was difficult to imagine them efficient and rational, sitting at European desks in bureaucratic offices. It was precisely because the women were, or seemed to be, more picturesque that one imagined their transformation would be more radical.

It is certain that in the transformation from the open-air market to the planned economy something will be lost. The wonderful exhibitions of cosmetics, for example. No more shall we see the sparkle of innumerable bottles adorned with improbable silvery labels. The bottles look like those of the Parisian perfumers of some decades ago. Possibly they were bought up and then refilled, in Cairo or Lebanon, with local lotions and scents made specifically for the clientele of Black Africa.

We went back into the avenue and came upon a row of truly peculiar women. On their partially shaved skulls their little tresses stood upright like pins on pincushions. They had curious symmetrical scars on their cheeks. They were crouching on the ground, exhausted, not selling anything; they were waiting for the rickety bus to take them back to some remote village in the bush. We made an agreement, in the customary way, to take a photograph of them. We paid, then got ready to take our photos, but a voice stopped us: "Why are you taking a photograph of these women? In your own country, you wouldn't allow us to do that."

There were three young men, probably students. We replied that in our country anybody photographed anybody. They shrugged their shoulders and told us we were neocolonialists. Suddenly the special correspondent popped up. "Photographs, eh?" he said. "So we're still at that stage? I'll say good-bye. Here at Fort Lamy there's nothing to be done. I'm going to Tripoli. I'm told it's a mine of news. One has only to dig. . . ." ▣

OUT OF THE CLOSET COMES CODY *"Two lumps, Chuckie."*



(Continued from page 133) where some hung out, would be a good one. As a painter, he could even tell himself or the vice-squad cops that he was only looking for a model. And, in fact, why not do a Michelangelo trip, *David at Compton's Cafeteria*? . . . A slender boy, nude, twanging the harp, shadowed by twilight and strings; pinks, verticals, with a mess of junked stereo equipment piled in the corner, and a newspaper with the headline PEACE IS AT HAND. Well, it should be both topical and eternal, plus a little whimsical, if it were to live up to Cody's high standards for himself. He would bring the boy back to his studio, which, he noted with some surprise, as if he were an occasional visitor himself, had been drifting into disarray. Last month's socks, an FM radio doing nonstop commute music (he kept it on for company even when he was away), canvases turned to the walls, and a stretcher hung with towels. His cork reminder board was pinned with souvenirs whose points he had forgotten and jokes that no longer made him laugh. This meant something, too. He used to be a good cleaner of his own nest. He used to be tidy. He used to make lists.

Today no sketches, no plans. He set the will, his mighty meat computer, in motion. To the moment be true.

As an inexperienced queer, Cody decided to begin his new life in the afternoon. It was less frightening to a timid historical hetero. He disliked dark things, and maybe that's why his reputation as a painter was for California Colorism (primary reds and yellows; Matisse, Diebenkorn). He had heard of this potted-fern sodomy hangout called Brucie's Down Under (FFA) on Sixth Street, between Market and Mission. What with motorcycles, leathers, a few chains, and a stuffed bear mounted with its leg in a trap, mouth agape expressing agony, Cody might find a nice selection of thrills. In a jiffy he was there, wearing hard-topped climbing boots.

The light was good at this hour. A northern exposure. Greenish amber, antique bottle glass, and a few sturdy chaps in Levi Strauss tuxedos, tall in the saddle at the long old-fashioned bar. The bartender kept a stiff upper lip, saying something in Urdu that turned out to be "Whaddleyahave, Chuckie?"

"Bourbon and water."

"Put a little ice in it?" the bartender asked with a sarcasm usual to his kind. Evidently he didn't take kindly to strangers. But Cody decided to stick with it; a man needs courage to be a first-time pederastic grandfather.

"Two lumps, Chuckie," said Cody. This was as far as he cared to go at the moment. He figured any jokes about chuck and rump steak would send the bartender flying over the bar with his chains and blackjack and his stiff upper lip bared in a disturbing howl of revenge. He figured the motorcycle with the zebra skins and nail studs parked back near the men's room, which was strung with colored lights (it is always Christmas Eve on Sixth Street), belonged to the master of the house. Cody carried his drink away from the bar and sat at a hatch-cover table—naval motif, coated with epoxy for protection—near the yellowish, soft, drifting light of Sixth Street. Fog. To dream awhile.

He didn't have long to wait. "Hiya, cowboy," said a young cowboy in a blue Levi's suit and white vinyl boots.

Evidently everyone had a name for everybody. A specific probing anonymity, with no deep commitment: was that the ticket?

Cody explored the matter with style, with class, with due deliberation, with palpitations. "OK," he said, as if to answer the question the cowboy hadn't asked—*May I sit down?*—for the cowboy was already sitting.

"Thanks, Gramps," said the cowboy, replying to the next unasked question and calling to the bar like a true tough Winchester rider of the range: "Hey, man. A brandy daisy." And turned back to Cody, having sent his notice through the still, mote-filled air of an afternoon saloon with confidence that eventually the signal would be answered by a glass filled with dark raspberry liquid plus a twist. "Hey, Gramps, tell me your pleasure. Mine's spanking."

Cody found it hard to summon the words for his pleasure. It seemed so theoretical at the moment. He wondered if he was going too far, too fast, too soon. Lust, or even concupiscence, lay absent from his heart and body, and the cowboy's shiny white boots killed the very possibility of kinkiness, although Cody could appreciate the random chumminess of the bar—amber light, bottle glass, that giant grizzly with its powerful head and paw symbolizing nature, red in tooth and claw, but distressed, and one-dollar drinks until five P.M.

Chuck stood there, belly-up against epoxy. Unasked, he had brought another bourbon, water, and lumps with the brandy daisy. He was asking, however, for two more dollars. Cody supplied.

A matronly truck driver was watching them in the mirror behind the bar. He was lonely, too.

"Me," said the cowboy, meditating over the retreating form of Chuck, meditating with a lip curling over the daisy part of his drink, stirring with his tongue to bring it all together: "Me, Grampa, I enjoy whatever a fellow has in mind if he's a fellow I kind of take to. But also I have my own ideas."

Cody felt himself absent of ideas.

The cowboy sighed. He had to do all the work, it seemed. "You're the hunkiest guy around. Of course, it's kind of early in the afternoon, but I like hunky guys."

Cody had never known how to take compliments gracefully. Sometimes they made him change the subject to his own disadvantage. "You work in the post office?" he asked. The question seemed to come out of the south 40, and the cowboy flinched. Cody's reasoning: *if this kid's a whore, he ain't too good at it, so he must make his living sorting mail and stealing welfare checks.* The reasoning seemed fantastic, farfetched.

"Yup, how you know?" Cowboy

OUT OF THE CLOSET COMES CODY *He could still make it with some loitering Prince Valiant in layered leathers, the sort who would eye Dora in a drive-in, but would prefer her father.*

asked. "You see me on the night shift or something?"

Cody felt his feet saying: *move*. He got up, leaving the bourbon for the cats to lick. He ought to say good-bye, so as he departed he murmured, with no expectation of co-feeling or deep interpersonal communication: "I'm missing a money order is all."

He was at the door. Cowboy was smiling. At least he had lassoed a rogue brandy daisy out on the open range. But *pro forma*, he tried to make amends: "Whatever I did wrong, Gramps, I can make it right if you tell me your heart's little cunty desire."

Cody was striding up Sixth toward Market. A Woolworth's, a Foster's, a Macy's all stood grouped nearby, and he had this yearning for real life again after a half hour of strange. He stood and stood like a statue of salt in the street near Golden West Savings & Loan. Were those really potted ferns in the amber windows of Brucie's Down Under (FFA)? Did FFA stand for Future Farmers of America? How did they ever find a stuffed, trapped grizzly? *Never to know, Cody*, he thought, *never to know*.

I'm the Dvorak of queerdom, Cody decided. *May sound popular and convincing and romantic and from the folk, but I'm not really great*.

The failed queer hiked briskly up the small slope of Kearny, which leads toward Chinatown, North Beach, and Telegraph Hill—pockets of reality that he understood. Many's the time he had taken this same pregnant daughter, when she was a merest teenie, to exciting dinners *chez* Edsel Fong (teach her to use chopsticks, smile on the tricky darling); many's the time he had partied at Vesuvio's, and some of his friends were painters of the homosexual persuasion, but personally, he had always dug girl students from the Art Institute; sometimes a collector invited him for drinks or even dinner, high on Telegraph Hill Boulevard (views; fireplaces; affluent lovers of well-worked things; martinis; grass). Good years he enjoyed as a young man, as a young middle-aged man, giving freely of his spendthrift, footloose, wastrel soul, very fortunate that he could splash paint in accord with his temperament; and the tense art lovers of the world had spent two decades of cold war, followed by Southeast Asian imprisonment, buying this irrelevant freedom. It was *terra cognita*. Home at last.

God loveth a cheerful giver.—(II Cor. 9:7). *So let us give hilariously.*—(Cod. 6:38).

But where and how to give to whom now? asked Cody with a plaint in his heart, his daughter pregnant, himself graying at the chin, his work irrelevant. It wasn't as if there were space in his North Beach pad for a daughter with an Italianate child that he imagined in Carrière brown silhouette, very small, faceless, wandering under ruined arches, in an early de Chirico. *Nostalgia for the Infinite?* No; just a paucity of specific focus: the kid would smell for years, and then, like Dora herself, make noise for more years. Etruscan statues are neater. Anyway, it was all a mere sketch in the head. Dora wouldn't consider living with him, any more than she did at age 15.

(Dora, recently cute, slender, wispy, distracted, a crafts groupie as her mother had been a fine-arts groupie; Dora, now bulged at the middle by some Ponte Vecchio silversmith. . . .)

Because of his thirst for life and experience, and also to take nourishment, Cody decided to stop for coffee and a bagel at one of his familiar stations, Dalton's Kosher Deli on Sansome Street, where he might also wash away the taste of Cowboy, Chuck, and Brucie's Down Under (FFA); and then to proceed with his erotic enterprise. He was still young, with a yearning for novelty. He could still do something he had never done before. He could still make it with some loitering Prince Valiant in layered leathers, the sort who would eye Dora in a drive-in, over Lolitaburgers, with an order of Softie ice cream on the side, but would really prefer her father.

But first, something to wet his dry and anxious mouth. No point in pursuing this enterprise with parched lips. You had to be young and juicy for queer fun; a chap needed to relax all his organs first.

DALTON'S KOSHER DELI—IF CLOSED, KNOCK HARD. Dalton was a street character. He bought old refrigerators and display cases. He bought heaps with bad transmissions and parked them in the alley while he tried to sell them to his coffee drinkers. He collected used paperbacks and paintings and LPs and leftover beatniks here in the ruins of the 1970s. In the great tradition, he was an honest, upright, enthusiastic decade behind. He kept his nonstereo hi-fi, along with representatives of his other collections, in a basement reached through a trap door at the rear of his delicatessen. "An orgy, for me," Dalton explained, "is good people having good talk. Come to my orgy, Cody."

Somehow Cody had never made it to one of Dalton's good-talk orgies. But now, uninvited, he found music and laughter vibrating up from the trap door where Dalton kept his old neighborly things. He lifted the trap and peeked below.

"Cody! You come down here right away. This is my friend Cody, the famous painter, he drops in a lot for a good sandwich. . . ." Dalton was greeting the customer lumbering backward down the ladder. There was a smiling wisp also waiting below, with long thin blonde hair, a pinched face, shoulder blades, squint, knees knobby, looking about, oh, a very young 17.

"Hi," said the wisp. "I sold him my clothes is why I'm here."

"Liar, liar, terrible liar," said Dalton. "I loaned her $50 on the clothes—a bunch of rags—for security, that's all. I don't know this person from the street."

"I can make $50 an hour if it's a weekend," said the person from the street. "I can make $100. Those are carefully selected, Goodwill, funky, next-to-new *shmattehs*, which express my personality more than Peck & Peck."

"Who's charging you interest?" Dalton asked. "Who's taking advantage? My 50 is all I want, and you receive my blessing, plus a sandwich. So *I* give the interest."

The wisp, the weekend-$100-an-hour, next-to-new person, snuggled close and perched like a doll in Dalton's lap to be introduced. It happened to be a girl with a crooked smile, and Cody was tensing and squinting like this person and industriously resisting the magic she emitted, because it tended to pervert his ideals. He had set out to prove he wasn't too old to be bisexual, like everybody, like the kids. His heart fell. It wasn't fair.

"Are you making goddamn fun of my infirmity?" she asked. She hopped out of the lap of Dalton who had been, in turn, embraced by a moldering armchair that was sinking into the nothingness from whence it came. "It happens to be my only one. I was practically *born* nearsighted, and although I read *Sight Without Glasses* by Harold Peppard instead of *The Gingerbread Boy* and looked at the healing sun a lot and sat Zazen in the lotus position from age six on, thinking sightly thoughts, I should still wear glasses. Contacts itch. Once those soft plastic contacts get perfected, no backeteria problems, I'm going to get some of those, man, but till then, me and my tricks are stuck with, hung up on a squint, no matter how I work it, twisting this way and that, a habit, man. . . ."

It came pouring out.

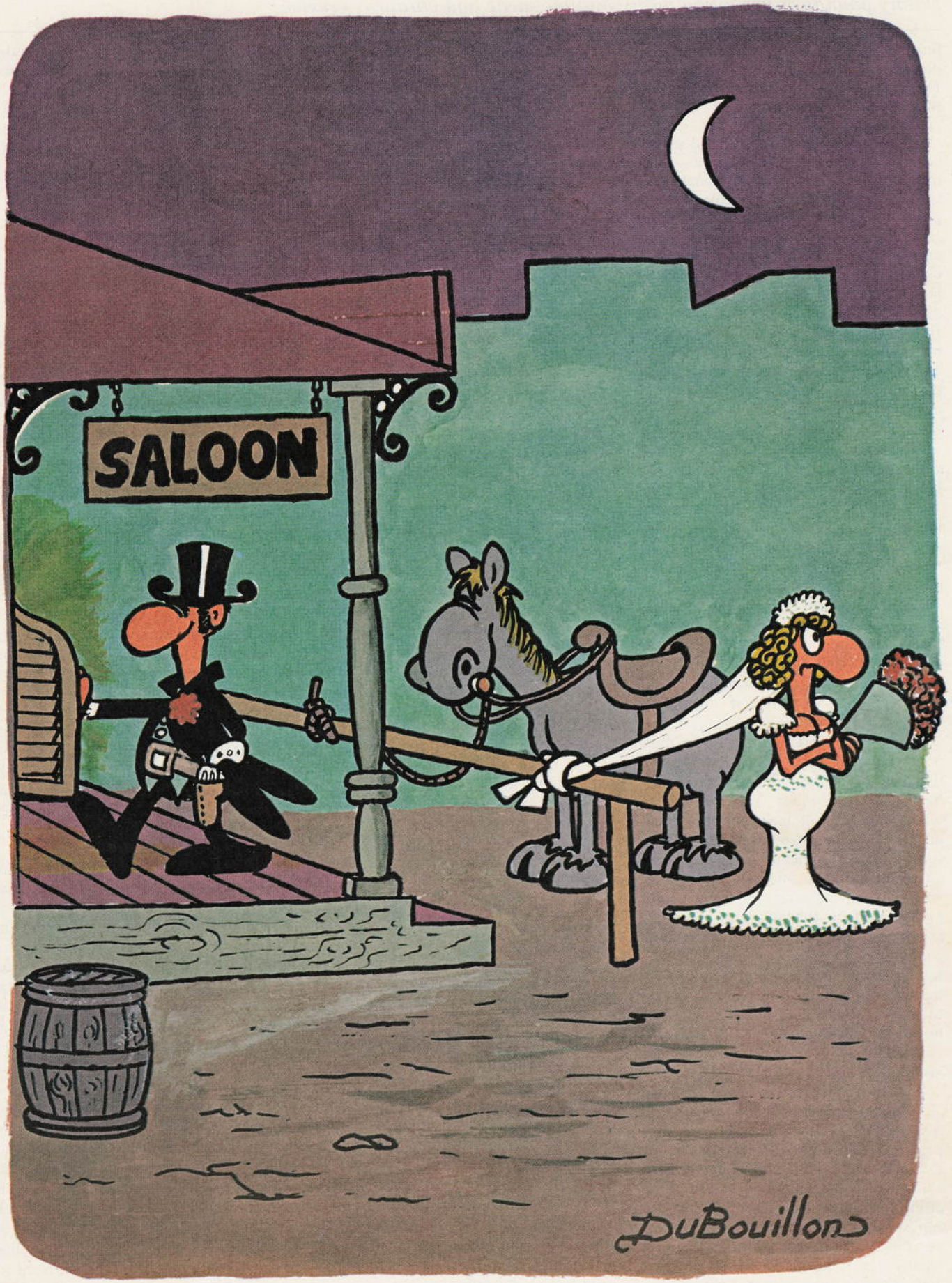
"I think a squint is cute," Cody said.

She looked angry. The woman thing.

"I mean tough, crazy, vibes. Dig."

She looked relieved. She *wanted* to like him, anyway.

Dalton was pouring wine into jelly glasses. It was part of his dream—the hideaway in the open field. Although he had his little restaurant upstairs, shelves


SALOON
DuBouillons

OUT OF THE CLOSET COMES CODY *She slipped into his arms to dance, the way they used to, all 98 skinny pounds of her fitting nicely into his suede and corduroy crevices.*

lined with filmy, ill-washed glasses, down here he roughed it. Jelly glasses. Jelly glasses once topped with sealing wax when his mother made jam (14 years dead now; sadness).

There were others in the room: neighborhood characters, street people—Dalton's version of the vision of beauty and truth, such as Robert Y, the coke-sniffing portrait sketcher from the lobby of the Jack Tar Hotel. Cody usually saw Robert at openings, coming on with the students ("I'm a working artist, the Hans Holbein of Van Ness Avenue. You've heard of Holbein? you've been to the Jack Tar?"). He was an idiot savant, brain shriveled like a wrinkled almond, but he had perfect recall of features through his chalky fingers, and he could make a likeness in the time it took to say: "Two bags, $20, meet you in the men's room." He called himself "Y" for white, in honor of Malcolm X, who was black.

And Bette, pronounced Bet, the laughing girl—*hoo hoo hoo, har har har*—who made a fellow feel funny until he realized her laugh swept around the horizon every 30 seconds like the beacon at Alcatraz. She used to make her living as a one-woman studio audience, but was automated onto welfare by electronic laugh tracks. "Hi, Bets," said Cody.

"Hoo hoo hoo, har har har," said Bette, greeting. "Heard the one about the Turkish bath?"

A few post-office mail sorters in their pony tails and jeans suits. Getting it all together. Man, the vibes, the sheer raw honesty of the quest. A Napa veteran who wanted to kill Jack or Bobby Kennedy; he walked around in a state of funk because someone had got there ahead of him. A middle-aged beatnik with bad shaving after his recent beard; pale bluish face; the look of an insurance salesman from a defunct Oklahoma company with all its officers in Costa Rica. A few neighborhood hippies-in-training with Quaalude grooviness in their sleepy eyes. They heard it was sexy, but they just wanted to nod. Well, maybe nodding is sexy. And now Cody, the grandfather-to-be.

And that talkative slim wisp who had long since departed Dalton's lap—Dalton smiling; Dalton pleased to swell a progress, like Polonius; Dalton happy that his dear friend and coffee-drinker Cody had come uninvited at last to an afternoon salon or soiree or yakety-yak rap session—and the wisp was saying, "Carol-Ann, I'll tell you the truth, is what I was born, but everybody calls me Lou-Andreas, since I knew Bobby Dylan when I was 13, Bleecker Street, and then did anthropology at Chicago, got my degree when I was 18, man, and I only been hooking a couple months, since my old man dumped me in Acapulco, just took off leaving me on the beach and this enormous tab at the hotel, so I picked up my little hook, man, and. . . ."

"You're hyperventilating," Cody said.

She smiled. "Testing, aren't you? I'm better on anthropology. Mead, Fanon, the Metraux family, Rhoda and her hubby, extreme studies in native religion. . . ."

"It means you're breathing in short quick starts, too much, too shallow. . . ."

"Christ," she said. "I didn't say I *didn't* know what it means. It's nature's way of saying hypoglycemia."

"I don't think so," said Cody.

"*I don't think so*," she said, mimicking with a little white-mouth pout.

"My little thing," he said, "is testing." And she slipped into his arms to dance, the way they used to, all 98 skinny pounds of her fitting nicely into his suede and corduroy crevices, as she again whispered wispily, echo-saying, meaning something different: "Your little thing." There must have been an existential (that was the word) loneliness in Cody. He wanted to tell this smart little speed-freak hooker everything—about his daughter; about her idiot junior-year-in-Italy pregnancy; about his desire to dump it all by becoming a closet queen, and furthermore, leaping *Shazam!* like Captain Marvel out of the closet; about his effort this afternoon followed by abject failure. . . .

"You're wrong," she said.

"What?"

"I'm not a speed freak."

"Did I say you were?"

"No, but everybody thinks it, and you were *thinking*, Cody."

"You said my name. I like that."

They were dancing gently together, just moving.

"So I'm not. I sniff a little coke is all, and, of course, that's another reason I had to pick up my bitty hook and hurry on up to Frisco for a weekend of convention excitement at the Fairmont Hotel. I work tonight, I guess. In the meantime, Dalton over there has lent me $50 so I can buy my flight insurance."

"Apologies," Cody solemnly stated. "If I looked like you're a speed freak, it's my age. I have these sags and wattles and this grim history from the past that comes out in my eyes and makes people think I'm squinting."

"You're teasing. I like that. Um. Well, to tell the truth, I used to do a few diet pills, just to keep my slim and desirable shape, and it also made me feel good, so I did a little meth, mostly by mouth, but I thought of it only as diet pills. Am I right, Cody? You're only speeding if you get to love the needle. And one thing I hate, it's a needle freak. They'll shoot anything, even Seven-Up. Feh."

"Principles," said Cody.

"It's mostly just aesthetics," she said. There was an odd strain of fresh sour in her fragrance, like kosher dill; he found this picklish scent—youthful anxiety, caring, and not washing very much—very touching. He rounded her shoulder in his palm as they danced in this old-fashioned way to Janis Joplin's last recording of *Me and Bobby McGee*. Her shoulder was small, smooth, knobby. She said, "I just wouldn't feel right being a needle freak, even if it did help to keep me slim and girlish-looking, how you and a few million others like me."

"Thank you."

They were moving and sliding and she was talking and there was the pitter-patter of tiny names dropping: Rod Stewart Something Dead Morrison (*yeech!* memories), Ramblin' Jack Somebody, pals of Bobby and Joanie, and this really neat dude with a folk store on MacDougal Street till he got run out by the rip-offs and the cops and the desperate times we live in. . . .

"Huh?" he said. "You have to tell me everything all at once?"

"I want you to get caught up," she said, "because I really like you a lot and we've only got till probably the after-dinner hour."

"I appreciate that."

They both had hopes and dreams and a time limitation. Though she was half his age, she too was pursued by demons.

She whispered into his ear—and this took some doing, Lou-Andreas up on tippy-tiptoe, Carol-Ann's Chapsticked sweet little East Village mouth pressed against the lobe, sending gently, "I left my hook in Room 1207 at the Fairmont. This is just funsies, Cody, 'cause I'm an artist in my own way, and we're kindred spirits."

"I changed my name, too," Cody said. "It used to be Buffalo Bill."

"Well, we whores all change our names. That's another matter. With me, it's more like a pen name. I'm not your standard hooker, man. A standard hooker don't like male persons, they're all yeechy dykes. You ever notice how they clean up with practically Lysol, man, for a fuck? Like it's dirty? Not me with you. I really like you as a person, I'll bet I

could even come for real with you—*kum*, man—and this is for one reason only: *you listen.*"

Once again he was understanding, kindly, strong, masculine, a failure for his ideals.

She was looking up anxiously, picklishly. "Ride with the flow, man," she said.

"Hey, where you fellas going?" Dalton asked as the wisp and the great white hunter scrambled up the ladder to the trap door, pushing, going farewell.

"Later, man," said the wisp.

"Thanks a lot," said Cody.

"So glad you could make it! What do I do with your wardrobe, kid?"

"Keep it," she called, "till tomorrow, when I'll come back with money and my ticket and we'll have a jelly glass of coffee upstairs. OK, Dalton?"

They were closing the trap door on the party; Robert, Dalton, Bette, a car parker, a few others. Something of the spirit of the place was departing. They would try to have fun, but it wouldn't be the same without Lou-Andreas, even though her suitcases stayed behind. *Har har har, hoo hoo hoo.* As the trap went thunk on Bette's commentary on anomies and life's confusions, Cody heard Dalton's last correction of people who never, never, never quite got it right: "Upstairs we always use the mugs for coffee."

They were walking across Washington and up Montgomery, past the double rows of closed banks and stockbrokerage firms, with the silent debris of American abstraction drifting in the gutters—memos, papers, carbons, IBM print-outs—the forever-New Year's Eve of a Saturday in the financial district. The West Coast reminded the wisp of New York and Chicago—business the same all over. Maybe Vegas would be a little more *real.* They were walking in silence, little hand in big hand, thinking. After the close, erotic stuffiness of 20 minutes under Dalton's trap door, they had hit a moment of time and history; a long, slow, damp Saturday afternoon in San Francisco. Well, it wasn't like other places. There was a warm winter fog, with yellow at its edges like the amber bottle glass of Brucie's Down Under (FFA); there was sun striving at the edges. It may not have been real, but here they were, real people, anyway.

Cody sighed. "You think we're going to bed now?"

"It's strictly up to you, sir."

"You think we're going to your room at the Fairmont? Or my pad up the hill about ten minutes?"

"I just came along for the ride, sir."

Maybe they were just going for a stroll. Cody was interested, he was aroused, he was obscurely stirred in both animal and spiritual realms; but he had gone this way before; he knew the route, and his whole idea for the day had been different. He knew he might feel sad afterward. He knew how often girls had let him down, including his daughter. He knew he had decided to try something else.

"If you're. . . ."

Why, she was blushing. Her face had turned pink. She was embarrassed. The skinny body was contracted within itself; random juts of collarbone and shoulder blades stuck out. The picklish scent came up a notch. She continued, pressing on bravely with the stubborn willfulness of the stubborn child, one who knew Dylan, knew anthropology, had taken up the hook because of circumstances beyond her control.

". . . If you're worried about hot, itchy, painful urination," she said modestly, "I can reassure you on that score. I had a test. Also a shot of penicillin to make sure. No clap, sir,"

"Call me Cody," he said.

"No clap, Cody," she said.

For some reason he was pleased. "Let's go sit at Enrico's, drink some Irish coffee on the terrace. I like you," he said.

She smiled.

"I want to talk. Can I tell you everything?"

She was still smiling; small buds of teeth; the pure smile at the end of the movie, the smile of innocence. "You can tell me everything. Tell me your lies. I'll understand. And we can share the same cup without you getting the clap, Cody."

They sat on the deserted terrace under the crackling heaters. The fog was working well today. Briefly Cody knew the whole truth, that Picasso lived to be 90, but still died before his work was done, and therefore freedom must be practiced with rigorous discipline. Not succeeding with every strong idea doesn't matter. It's more important to golf with a wisp. It was important to share his sadness with her.

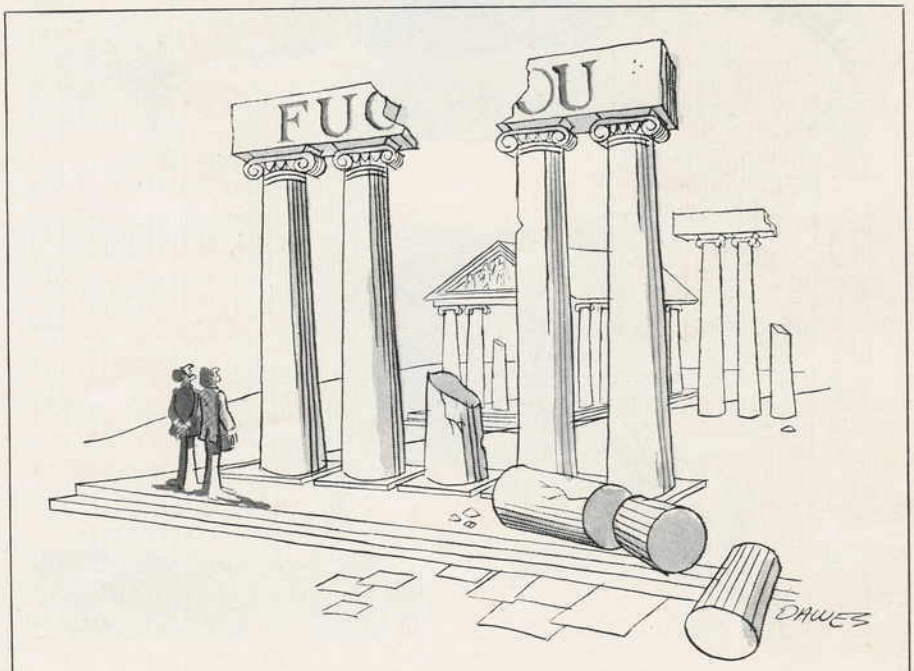
"Hi there, Massa Cody," said Peter, the waiter, a symphony in suede. "What can I do you for this dewy day? You need a menu, or just something tasty?" He loved to tease. Cody felt at home with the affable indulgence of Enrico's waiters. Peter's boyfriend had run off to Elko to work on a ranch with real leather people, not just suede people, and since he was in mourning for his loss, Peter was especially nice. "And who is this person with you now? Not one of the ex–Missus Codys, I presume?"

"Friends of yours?" she asked.

"We're having a talk, Peter," Cody said. "Irish coffees."

Peter bore no resentment. There was little bitchiness in Peter. There may have been a little in the wisp as she watched his retreating outfit of layered suede, purple on tan, mauve on brown. She may only have admired the stitching. She turned back to Cody with a face sweetly cleared of impatience. She was all there, all to be with him, wherever he chose, till long after sundown—at least until the evening hour of nostalgia, longing, relevance, and identity crisis hit the visiting conventioneers at the Fairmont.

Now the man and the girl huddle together, reviewing the late afternoon march-past on the sidewalks of Broadway in San Francisco. They seek to know how it is, each with each. Picasso



"Of course, we'll never know for certain, but it is damned intriguing, isn't it?"

OUT OF THE CLOSET COMES CODY *They seek to know how it is, each with each. Picasso is dead and Bob Dylan married. It is not yet the end for these two on the open terrace of Enrico's.*

is dead and Bob Dylan married. It is not yet the end for these two on the open terrace of Enrico's. They dream.

Shapes in the middle distance. Clouds. A city of towns and ruins. Far away, in the dream of love, shepherds brood on a hillside; sheep, a crooked staff. Near foreground, a girl touches a man's hand, and his cheeks are pale beneath black stubble. Perhaps this innocent young creature, fishing into men with her brand-new hook, has never before caught a man desperate to cross over into modern unisex, bisexuality—oh, words—and here he was, twice her age, pouring out his soul.

His daughter. His life. His work.

"Bobby was like that," she said, "confused, and he was only 24 when I met him. And his greatness lay ahead. The electric stuff, *Blond on Blond*, the Band, all that stuff."

"I don't understand," he said.

She covered part of his hand with hers. *"So don't think you're old."*

"This is a sweet conversation," he said. And had an impulse to end the sweetness. He covered all of her soft, warm, flimsy little hand with his big, hot, hairy, muscled, painter's, middle-aged used-up hand. "What if you are sitting here on a fine Saturday afternoon, just waiting for the romance and glamor of the Frisco evening to rush over you, along with all the money you plan to make, and you're talking with a queer?"

She paused a—for her—long second. "You?" she inquired.

"I think so."

"Um," she said. "They usually make my nose wrinkle. My nose isn't wrinkling this afternon. Are you sure?"

"Well, if I have the idea."

"I understand," she said. "Um, well, swell. I don't mind."

"You lack your customary enthusiasm, which I have gotten used to in the course of our relationship," he stated.

"Absorbing the material of the course," she said. "Are you *certain*, Cody?"

"Well, it's a historical supposition. No, not certain. But the idea lies there in my head."

"Um, well. Um, could you try to think of me as a little boy?"

"No, you strike me as a girl."

"And it turns you off?"

"No, that's the problem. On."

"And you don't like that?"

"Well, I like to live by my principles. And the other was my idea for the day."

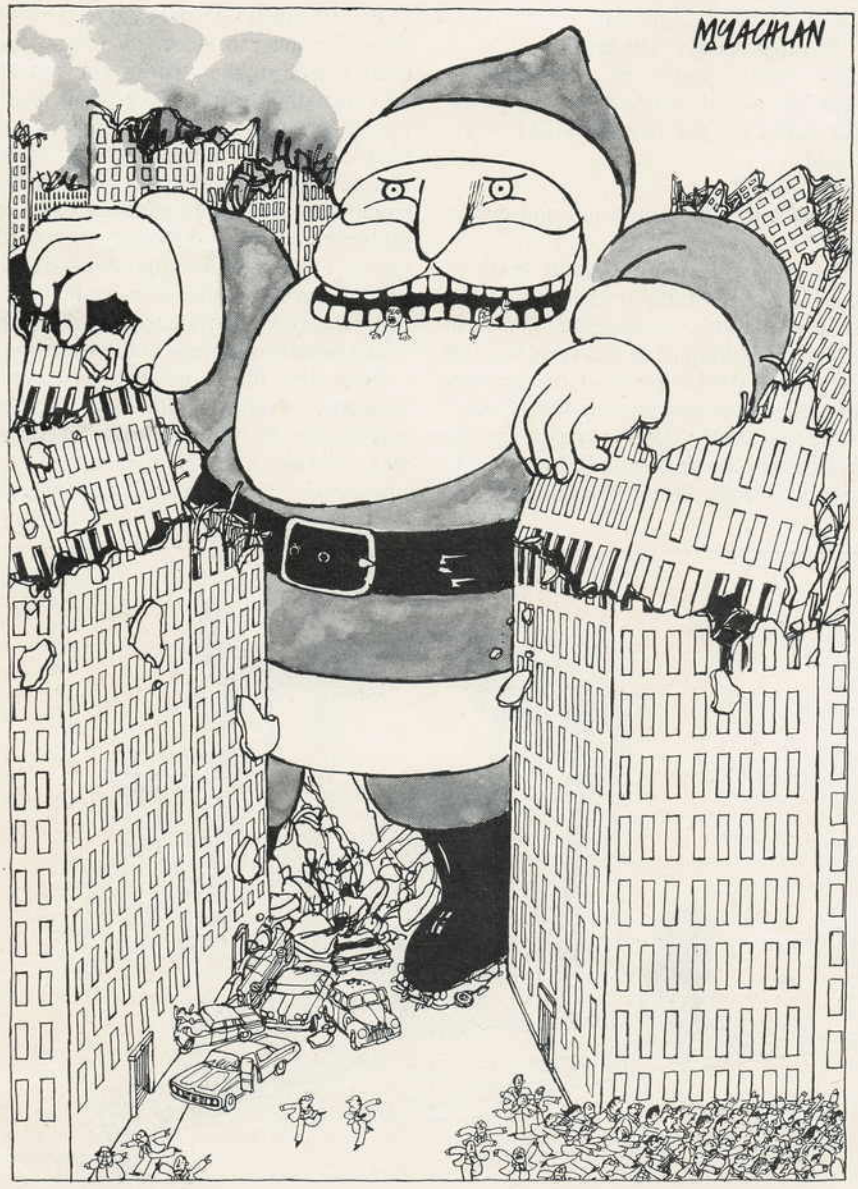
"Ah, I see," she said. He was relieved. He hated cross-examination, even by his two ex-wives, his daughter, his critics, himself at midnight as the ceiling stared back into his frequently sleepless eyes. But still, although he accepted her statement, he wasn't sure she really saw.

"What to do," she continued, "with this immoral predicament you find yourself in, being carnally attracted to me in violation of all your codes, here as the late-afternoon sun pierces the fog for an hour or two before I have to begin work for the evening, Cody, to earn back my clothes from Dalton plus a few hundred other dollars?"

"I don't know," he said, but she had snapped her fingers at Peter, their waiter, and the check had arrived and he was paying and they were moving toward the steep Kearny steps that led to his place. Another drifting decision made. Cody's body was glad, his mind sad. His spirit felt had.

He glanced back around the corner past the fish-and-chips. Peter, the waiter, was out on the sidewalk casting languishing looks at him, and maybe Cody felt an answering tug—just a jerk or two, a little nudge—but now it was too late. He wasn't queer, unfortunately, just a little strange—committed to a girl once again.

And tomorrow not to forget Macy's, the post office, and to his daughter in Florence: layette, thermal underwear, money. ■



"You realize, of course, this is going to upset an awful lot of kids."

(Continued from page 97) signifies combat use. Judo has by far the largest Western following of any of the Oriental martial arts; and it is even more popular in Europe than here. Moreover, it is the only Eastern art in the Olympics—alongside boxing, Greco-Roman wrestling, and fencing.

American judo is first and foremost a sport. It makes use of holds and throws, rather than of striking techniques; there is more emphasis on speed and balance than on brute strength, though the big man still has an advantage; and competition is arranged by weight class. An important part of judo training consists in learning to fall properly, as one can be thrown against a mat with considerable force. But judo is nonetheless safer than karate, in that it can be practiced between experts without their having to restrain themselves.

Judo is not ideal for self-defense, since in order to use it the opponent must be grabbed, and grabbing is difficult to do in the face of kicks or punches. This is not to say that a judo master is not a formidable opponent but rather that you would have to be a master before judo alone could adequately serve you in a street fight.

AIKIDO is very like judo, in that both are derived from jujitsu; the difference is more in application than in basic technique. Aikido is not a sport in the Western sense; rather, it is a method of spiritual advancement. Like t'ai-chi, aikido is even a mystical art; specifically, the student is told he must learn to control the *ki*, a vital force that is said to permeate all things. There is only one school of aikido, and the art has been less Westernized than most others; the student must therefore submit to a rigorous regime, involving self-discipline and spiritual awareness more than might be expected with judo. On the other hand, aikido practitioners can do some near-miraculous things in the way of turning aside assaults—whether by virtue of technique or spirit, is hard to say.

JUJITSU, as it was once practiced in Japan, is taught almost nowhere in the U. S. The name jujitsu, however, has been given to a variety of self-defense systems, which in some way or other resemble classical jujitsu. Most of these make use of some throws and twists and of jabs and gouges to sensitive parts of the anatomy—though the idea of pressure points, at which a single touch will destroy an opponent, should be laid to rest. Pace, *Our Man Flint*. The arts called jujitsu are what's taught at Ys and in the large chain-store-type jujitsu, karate, and self-defense schools, as well as in the army; they also get advertised in the backs of comic books and pulp magazines. (One ad offers to teach "In just two hours . . . a secret Oriental art of self-defense that turns your hands, arms, legs into paralyzing weapons.") Obviously, such courses are only as effective as the work a student puts into them. A three-week course cannot make an undergrown ten-year-old capable of beating up a 16-year-old bully. Self-defense is actually more a question of skills than of tricks.

Nonetheless, there *are* useful tricks, and they are regularly taught as ancillary to standard programs in karate and judo. According to one teacher, half the problem is simply to teach a more brutish attitude. "It's not hard to show someone how to gouge eyes, and you don't need a black belt to master the technique. But most people wouldn't do such a thing even if their life depended on it—and, of course, it often does." Chuck Merriman says, "If a woman really wants to protect herself, let her carry a hatpin."

Inevitably, people will ask which is the most deadly of all the Oriental arts or how they stack up against boxing. Most experts refuse to discuss such questions or to derogate any one of the arts. Douglas Wagner, a New York karate black belt who teaches philosophy at Columbia University, puts it this way: "The most effective martial art is machine-gunning. After that it's a question of the weaponry involved. A karate man would beat a boxer of equal size and ability if the boxer were constrained from kicking and the karate man were allowed to kick. If not, it becomes a question of how well boxing champion George Foreman can kick, and I've never seen him do so." The best policy, certainly, toward the master of any of these arts is deference and politeness. The same, for that matter, goes for Mr. Foreman. ▣

JEROME MACKEY: the Arthur Murray of self-defense

To get to the 32nd-floor apartment from which Jerome Mackey runs his Judo, Inc., a visitor must be screened by the phalanx of guards and doormen now customary in New York. New Yorkers are running scared these days. They are willing to pay plenty for a sense of physical security. And Jerome Mackey, along with the locksmiths and rent-a-cop agencies, is cashing in. Depending on who you talk to, Mackey is either the Andrew Carnegie or the Arthur Murray of self-defense.

Mackey is a personable, soft-spoken Oklahoman who moved to New York 25 years ago to study piano at the Juilliard School. To support his studies, he found a job teaching the then peregrine art of judo, which he had begun to learn as a boy at an Oklahoma City YMCA. But he soon realized that there was a more lucrative future in mayhem than in music, so in 1956 he opened New York's first commercial judo school. Now Judo, Inc., is a publicly owned corporation with 16 schools—some of them operated under franchise—and more than 5000 students.

Mackey teaches judo, karate, and a self-defense course called makedo 1000—get it? Mackey: makedo—which combines, according to its founder, the best techniques of a number of arts, including ubi-waza (finger pulling), rope binding, and methods of walking tiptoe. (Pressed, Mackey admits that its principal analogue is classical jujitsu.) The instruction is unexceptionable. Many of the teachers are recruited from Tokyo's Kodo-kan school, the Oxford of judo, and without question a Mackey student can get good formal training in that art. Most of the students, though, are more interested in learning to defend themselves against street crime. And, in his television advertising, Mackey leans hard on the fear of unexpected violence.

Mackey's New York is a commonwealth only slighty less hazardous than Bagdad during the sack of Tamerlane. One typical ad has Mackey seated on a stool, dressed in a judo-gi, while adepts practice judo and karate moves in the background. "Enrolling in one of our schools is like buying insurance against bodily harm," Mackey says.

Mackey has also mastered the lesson of the health spas and the ballroom-dancing studios. Pupils are required to sign contracts that commit them to a whole course of lessons—and to pay whether or not the course is completed. Contracts may range up to five years, depending on the persuasiveness of the salesman; there is even a contract that guarantees that the student will be given instruction for as long as it takes to get a black belt in the art of his choice. The fee is $1875. If the student drops out before completing the course—and more than half do—his unpaid account is turned over to a collection agency.

Mackey's sales methods have piqued the curiosity of both state and local authorities. "They're trying to interpret contract law favorable to the consumer rather than favorable to what the laws are," Mackey complains. But Mackey is optimistic. "Remember, I'm a judo man," he says. "If they pin one shoulder, I'll just come up with the other one." He foresees an empire of more than 50 schools: "The market is so vast, and it's barely been touched. I believe these arts satisfy a basic need. Everybody is a potential customer." —G.N.

BILLIE JEAN KING *"One of my mother's pet quotes is, 'Always be a lady,' whatever that is. She would tell me that I should be more feminine and not be a tomboy, because I might hurt myself."*

(Continued from page 114) playing, it's very rare that money pops into your head. If it does, you're in trouble. Out there, on the court, it's total involvement. Most people don't realize why there is such a letdown when they achieve what society has called success—dollars or winning or whatever. It's because the real happiness is in the actual striving. When I'm out there, I'm onstage, I'm playing. There's excitement in the air, and I hit the most beautiful shot in the world and I know even before I've hit it that it's going to be a perfect shot. Tennis is like dancing. There are moments when you can feel your balance, feel how good it is, and the balance of your body in relation to the face of the racket. It's just unbelievable. And when people start thinking they've won the tournament and they've won the trophy and they're standing there—I have news for them. It's all over. I don't care if you make a million dollars or one dollar, it's the self-expression that turns you on.

OUI: How about the roar of the crowd? Doesn't the excitement and their approval do anything for you?

KING: I like the crowds. I like entertaining. But . . . a lot of people enjoy losers a lot more than winners. It's dangerous. You can find yourself almost wanting to lose to get gratification from the crowd. I think that's what Evonne is going through. I think she's letting herself down, not gaining or growing according to her potential. It's a gift, you know, given to you by God, if you believe in God; if you don't, it's still a gift. I wish Evonne wouldn't do that; I think she loses sometimes because she has an excuse to lose. She wants the gratification. She wants to act the way the crowd wants her to act. I know she cares a lot—I mean, you can look into her eyes during a match and you see her dying out there. That's the way she should feel. She doesn't have to go and live with all those fans who think today you're wonderful and tomorrow you're nobody.

OUI: But she became a star very suddenly, whereas you had a lot of time to grow up without all the pressures.

KING: A lot of time. God, that's true. From the time I was 17 until 21, I was a very sloppy player. I practiced maybe five months a year, I didn't pick up a racket from September to March. Why, I don't know, because I really loved to play. It was just a fun time in my life. I was learning about people and communicating. And I kept putting my decision off, not really committing myself to being the best. Larry, my husband, was a big factor in that decision. I used to talk to him at school, saying, "Gee, I've really got the ability to be number one." And he said, "When are you going to stop apologizing? Your heart's in tennis; you open the sports page every day and look at all those kids over in Europe and Australia and think, why aren't you there? You're crazy. Why are you here? You don't go to classes. You didn't go to final exams. You didn't go to midterms. What are you doing?"

OUI: What were you majoring in?

KING: In history. It was a joke; I didn't learn anything. It was my own fault. So I said, "OK, Larry, I really want to play." But we were going to get engaged about that time and I didn't want to leave him. I was really typical. I would give up everything for Larry: I lived for Larry, through Larry—the whole bit. And he says, "I'm not like that and you're not going to waste all that potential just because you're a woman."

OUI: Were you under any pressure from your family or friends to forget all this casual, teenage athletic nonsense and settle down and raise a family?

KING: I think I was always raised to be in a supportive role and be a wife. One of my mother's pet quotes is, "Always be a lady," whatever that is. She would tell me that I should be more feminine and not be a tomboy, because I might hurt myself. I think they were really happy when I got married because they thought I was going to lead a normal life. And when I started really playing, I said, "Mom, this is normal for me. I've found out what I'm really about." I like business; I love tennis; I like traveling. I remember the first day I ever picked up a racket. I got back into the car and told my mom I was going to be number one. I *knew*. I remember dropping the ball and hitting it forehand, and I remember the eucalyptus trees out back and the beautiful blue sky, and I knew I was going to excel.

OUI: You make winning sound as if it comes in a vision. Or is it just psyching yourself?

KING: I get certain feelings about winning sometimes, and every time I've had one I've been right. It's never failed. I don't know what happens. I don't know if my alpha waves are working overtime or what. It's uncanny. I knew I was going to win Wimbledon last year; but for some reason, not this year. And last year a funny thing happened at the French championships: I was aiming toward Wimbledon and I got to Paris and I said, "Well, this will be good for me. It will keep me in shape." Remember, this is on clay, and when I was younger I was terrible on clay, even that firm European clay, because I was primarily a volleyer. I started thinking about the French a little more heavily. I was staying at this hotel in a really small room, a matchbox. Every day I'd go down to the desk and I'd say, "I want a room up on the top, the one I had last year; it was so much bigger. I'm going crazy in this little room." And he'd say, "OK, OK." And one day he told me I'd change tomorrow for sure. So I woke up the next morning and I had this vision: *don't leave this room whatever you do and you're going to win the French championships and lose only one set.* It just bombed out into the clear, just as I was waking up. And I looked around the little room and I thought: *I'm not leaving you now, you've got me.* So I went down and told the guy that I didn't want to move, and he thought I was crazy. So I played the French, and won, and lost just one set. It's a little scary.

OUI: Virginia Wade has been quoted as saying that she would rather lose a beautiful tennis match than win a bad one. What do you think?

KING: Bull. Ginny, however, has an interesting style. She just hits the bloody ball very hard. She slices off the backhand, very rarely comes over it. If she comes over it, generally she'll go cross-court. She's a lot more predictable than one would think, looking at her stroke production. Her first serve is very nice. She doesn't hit a heavy ball.

OUI: What's a heavy ball? Besides the opposite of a light ball?

KING: It's hard to describe. It has nothing to do with the speed of the ball. Two people can hit a ball at the same speed, and one of them will hit a heavy ball and the other won't. When the ball is heavy, it's harder for you to do anything with it. It doesn't have anything to do with a spin, either. I've tried to find out what it is. It's not the velocity and it's not the spin; that's all I know.

OUI: Would you like to talk about officiating?

KING: Not much.

OUI: Why?

KING: Because it's so poor. It's no fault of the officials, of course, because everything's still voluntary. That's what we need schools for. You need professional umpires, people who make their careers at it. They should have to pass a written test about tennis, and they should have to pass a physical, as well. At least an eye test. When you go to a club, they just have people who belong to the club out there calling lines. They are going to call lines one week out of the year. If I play tennis one week out of the year, how well can I play? How well can they call lines? A lot of linesmen don't understand when I get upset at them. It's nothing personal. I know they're doing their best. But I'm upset about the system. Women's golf doesn't get half the publicity that we do, and yet their tournaments are run so much more

professionally. At Denver last year, we had to wait five minutes for more balls to be brought out. I mean, where's that at?

OUI: Is the situation getting better?

KING: Oh, sure. It's much better now than it used to be. I think that's because I just kept speaking up, kept plugging at the problem, and so did the other girls. At Forest Hills last year, I talked about the purses—how unequal they were between men and women—and the press said I was just being greedy. But I know I'm right. OK, Hitler thought he was right, too, but it's ridiculous. Even Billy Talbert at Forest Hills admitted that we outdrew the men. So why don't we get paid as much?

OUI: What about the number of players permitted to enter—isn't it smaller for women?

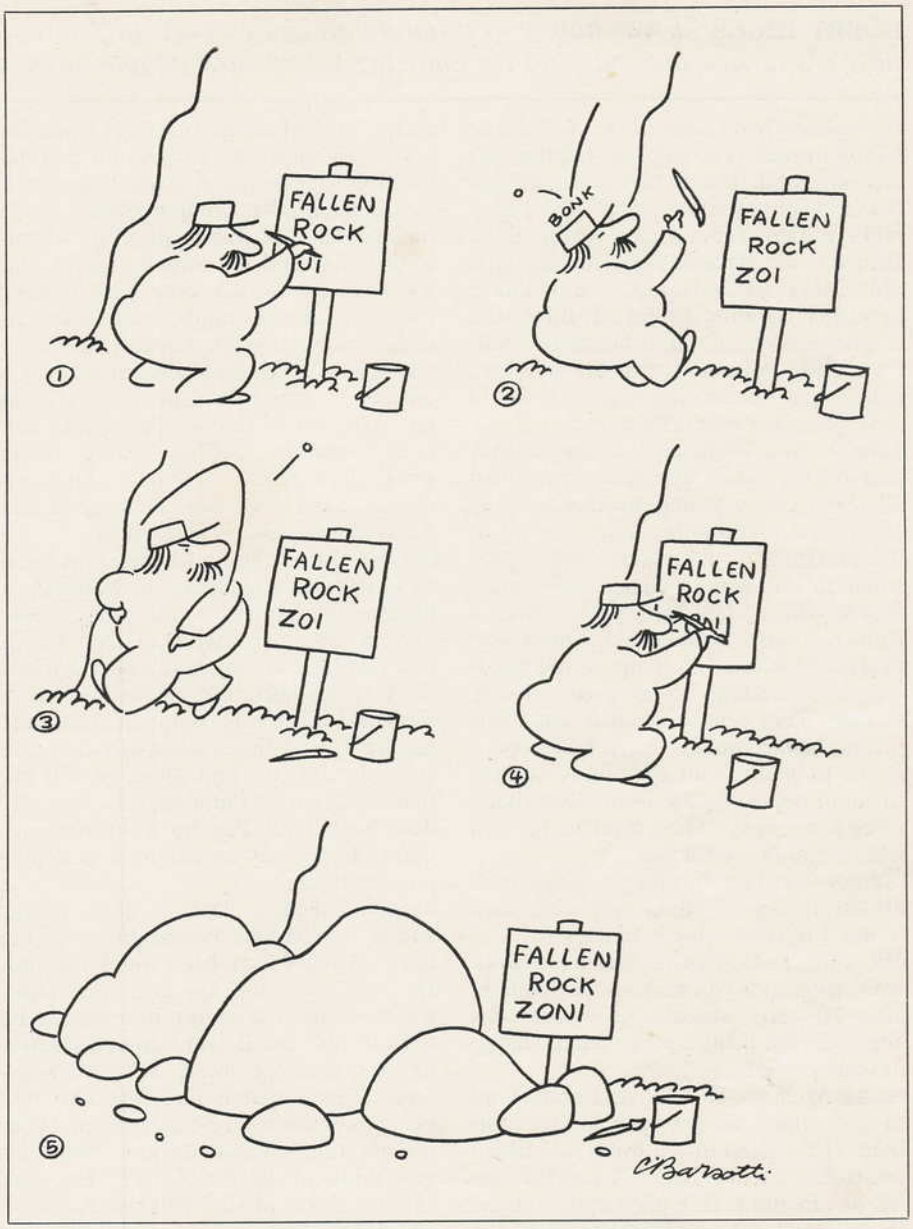
KING: Yes—the draw. At Forest Hills it was only a 64 draw for women and 128 for men. Granted, we don't have the depth that the men do, but we never will until we get the same deals. Wimbledon had 96 women and 128 men, and the qualifying tournament turned away women. You couldn't even qualify to qualify. So why do they keep our draw at 96? Give women the same shake, and in ten years you're going to see some great athletes in the game because they'll have the respect and the personality. They'll make money for the promoters. From an entertainment *and* an emotional point of view, I think the women have every bit as much to offer the public. I think that's what people buy. The men keep saying that they've got the better game because they play longer—three out of five sets. When you go to watch the Rolling Stones in concert, you don't go because they're going to be on three hours and somebody else is only going to be on an hour and a half. You want to see the Rolling Stones. Period. You don't even know how long they're going to be up there.

OUI: Wouldn't you like to stop being Billie Jean King for a while?

KING: I really would. I went to a baseball game yesterday and did not get to see one inning. It was an autograph party. Sometimes I wish I could just play tennis and not be famous.

OUI: Does it interfere with your family life?

KING: When I first married, I wanted to have ten children. But even then, I think I realized marriage is unnecessary. When we were married, Larry liked the name Moffitt, and I liked King. We thought, why don't we just trade names? But we couldn't, then. I don't like the connotations of being a wife. I'd rather deal with someone as a lover or as a friend, rather than as a husband. But now I do what I want; Larry does what he wants. I like to be myself. How much time you spend with someone doesn't have anything to do with whether you love him or not. Larry and I have talked about it a lot. Now, I'd rather not be married. Larry and I could be together when we wanted and apart when we wanted.



OUI: Did you ever think of getting divorced so you could live together comfortably?

KING: We thought about it. But as long as we have our agreement, everything works out OK. I don't see why you have to decide one way or the other. For example, I definitely want a child. People say, "She got an abortion, so she must hate children." I don't at all. Anybody who's seen me with kids knows that. I think they're precious responsibilities, and right now, I'm doing something else.

OUI: And the future . . . ?

KING: I really don't want to play the circuit. I'm not supposed to say that.

OUI: Why?

KING: I am bored and tired. The money trip is not there. I can make more money in commercials than I ever could on the circuit, and I wouldn't have to sweat my guts out to do it. Of course, I like sweating my guts out sometimes. I don't need the money. I think I want to be a recluse for about two years. I've thought about going back to school and taking some courses I like. I could get more heavily sucked into the business end of Tennis America. I have all these various modes I can take. When I was younger, I used to say that I always wanted to have a choice. I'm not sure that's such a profound statement anymore, because it gets you in trouble. Decisions are difficult. I don't want all the hassle I've had in the past. I want a trainer to be there to take care of my little bod. I want my contracts signed in peace and quiet. I know I love sports; I love being outdoors. Maybe I'll just be a sports bum and have a baby. I don't know. I really don't.

OUI: One last question: do you intend to marry Bobby Riggs?

KING: Are you kidding?

Interviewed by Arthur Moody

BOBBY RIGGS *"I was happy as a family man, I was on stage one for my small group of followers. But now it's turned around, and it's amazing to see how people have responded."*

(Continued from page 113) 6-1, I'd be happy to pack it in and say that the girls are too good. But it was close enough that I want a return match. I've got to make it right for the guys again. Billie Jean had to make it right for the girls after Margaret Court lost, so now I have to make it right for the guys. If Billie Jean is any kind of gal, she'll honor her contract obligations and give me a return match, the sooner the better. I would have given her one if I'd won.

OUI: Do you think one of the reasons you lost the match was because you had all those pretty young women hanging around you? You didn't have so many at the Margaret Court match. Didn't your situation with women change quite a bit?

RIGGS: That's right. Everybody loves a winner. I was a winner and a hero, and everybody wanted to jump on the bandwagon, including some pretty young women. They sensed the fact that I was making some money; there had been a lot of publicity, and everybody wanted to jump on the gravy train. Everybody loves a celebrity. They want to be seen with me and pose for pictures.

OUI: Do you ever feel they're using you?

RIGGS: It doesn't make any difference to me. I use *them* just as much.

OUI: You've said that playing tennis with women has put you back in the spotlight after 20 years' absence. How does this jibe with your being a men's tennis champ in your prime?

RIGGS: Well, it's all relative. I'm the kind of guy who's always been in the spotlight. If I walked into a room and began to arrange a tennis match, I was the center of attention. If I played golf at the Bay Shore Country Club with some big bookie or some low-handicap player, everyone knew we'd be playing for a lot of money, and there might be 200 people following us around the golf course. I always generate excitement and attention and have the number-one court position. It's no different now, except that the media follow every move I make.

OUI: Has this attention changed your life?

RIGGS: Yes, of course. I was a family man for 20 years. I was home every night for dinner when I was in town. I went to the office every day. I was on a pretty close schedule of family life. Now I'm free and everything is helter-skelter, everything is impromptu. I can do pretty much what I want to do, pick up and go at the drop of a hat. So, from that point of view alone, it's changed. And now I've been made into a celebrity. There's a rebirth of a personality that's always been there and that's actually getting the recognition and the focus that I could have tried to develop years ago but didn't have the incentive for. I stayed in the barn for 20 years, stayed under wraps, and when my marriage was over and I was all alone, I came out and decided *now is the time*. I was happy as a family man, I was doing my thing, I was on stage one for my small group of followers. But now it's turned around, and it's amazing to see how people have responded. For example, I was in Pips, a club in Los Angeles, not too long ago. As I was leaving, Frank Sinatra was coming in, and he put his arms around me, gave me a kiss on the cheek, and said, "Attaboy, Bobby, you're doing great. I'm proud of you." That, of course, was before Billie Jean upset me. I don't know what he'd say now.

OUI: Have the other older men pros identified with your challenge to women?

RIGGS: There aren't too many older players my age, other than Don Budge and Gardner Malloy and Frank Parker. They've all been for me. All of them thought I could win. Some of them feel, gee whiz, isn't there some way they can start playing girls and get in on this big money they hear I'm making?

OUI: But didn't Pancho Gonzalez, another old pro, say something contemptuous about you?

RIGGS: Pancho's been a great player and a tremendous personality, but the last two years have been tough on him. He didn't win the 35s at Forest Hills, which is the first senior tournament he tried to play in. If you know Gonzalez, he's not a happy loser. Ask him questions after a match like that and he's going to be furious no matter what. Well, the question was put to him, "What do you think of Bobby Riggs?" He said, "He can't play at all. I can beat him love and love." He said he could beat the girls. Well, everybody knows that. If Pancho had time to think and reflect on it, he could have said, "Hey, how about that Bobby Riggs? Isn't he a great old guy? Isn't it fantastic that he's making more money than the rest of us?"

OUI: Apart from their feelings about mixed singles, the old pros seem to be quite bitter about open tennis—a feeling of regret that they missed out on it. Do you share this regret?

RIGGS: It's one of the terrible tragedies of my whole career. To think of all that money around now. If there was ever a money player, day in and day out, it was me, and I didn't get a chance at it. But I'm very flexible, very innovative, so instead of staying on the sidelines I came up with this format of mixed-sex tennis, and I'm back in the act. I'm doing it for the sheer excitement. It's great to be a celebrity and walk down the street and have everybody know you and ask for your autograph.

OUI: And you love it.

RIGGS: I love every minute of it. Of course I do. It doesn't affect me—I try to be friendly and outgoing and respond to it very nicely. But that's my opinion.

OUI: Does your bitterness toward open tennis tie into your feelings about women's tennis—in other words, it's bad enough for the younger men players to be getting rich, but the women, too?

RIGGS: You could have a point there. Since I was a senior hobby player and had financial security, I never really seriously thought senior tennis players should play for anything but the fun of it. I reverted back to a simon-pure kind of a guy, paid my own expenses, went every place. But for a talking point, when Billie Jean King started saying the women should have equal prize money, she left me with a natural opening, a way to say, "Hey you've gotta be kidding. Your girls play pretty nice tennis for girls, but equal prize money? Forget it." I said, "Not only don't you play half as well as the men, but I don't think you can even play as well as I can, and believe me, I'm so bad it's ridiculous. I'm 55 years old with one foot in the grave." So that's how it all started.

OUI: You said you seized on it as a talking point. You mean you don't really care if women get equal prize money?

RIGGS: I don't care when they're playing by themselves if they get *more* prize money. It's their event, they draw it in, it's their selling point.

OUI: You haven't said that all along.

RIGGS: Yes, I have. When they play by themselves, OK. When they play at Wimbledon and Forest Hills, I don't think they should have equal prize money.

OUI: I see. I didn't understand the fine points. But don't people want to see them just as much at Forest Hills and Wimbledon?

RIGGS: That might be so. I would concede the point that maybe women's tennis might be just as colorful as men's. I concede the point that maybe they are just as entertaining. I concede the point that Chrissie Evert saved the tournament a couple of years ago, she was the draw. But that's a freak. I'm not willing to concede the point that because she was the darling and the star of the tournament we should now put up equal prize money for all women. We may not have another Chrissie Evert for 30 years.

OUI: Would you have had a worse time against Chrissie than Billie Jean?

RIGGS: My old friend Jack Kramer is of the opinion that, because of her style of playing, she would be the toughest of all the girls. I would agree with that.

OUI: She couldn't be much tougher than Billie Jean was. What did Billie Jean do that was so devastating in your match?

RIGGS: Billie Jean was too impressive,

LAUZIER

too quick all over the net. When I got the ball past her, she not only ran over to get it, but she made a better shot off of it so that I couldn't reply. She didn't get a break in the match, and she still won.

OUI: Some of your critics think it was your dissipation that put you out of shape for the match. In fact, some have said that you were trying to prove the opposite of what you said about there being no sex after 55.

RIGGS: That was just a joke. Sex right now is better than it's ever been because I'm getting a lot of variety. When I was married, I was a homebody. As I said, I never missed a dinner for 20 years. I was what you call a faithful husband, believe it or not.

OUI: Do you regret your second marriage breaking up?

RIGGS: Yes, I miss the home life. I genuinely loved my wife very much, and I felt she loved me, too. It's a bitter, bitter pill to swallow when, after 20 years, someone tells you that she'd be much happier with you out of her life, which is basically what she did.

OUI: What was your reaction?

RIGGS: It put me in an absolute state of shock. However, as she said to me, "Bobby, I don't know why you're surprised. I've told you for years I might do this. Our friends aren't surprised, so why are you?" But you know, someone can tell you many times that they want a divorce, and then you kiss and make up after a spat and tend to forget they said it. It just didn't ever really sink in that she meant it. I just felt so confident, perhaps overconfident. Perhaps I didn't have enough romance about me—flowers, roses, candy, theater tickets—the little things women appreciate so much. I felt our relationship was the Rock of Gibraltar and no matter what I did it couldn't be taken away from me. Well, I missed the boat. I should have realized that if you have a beautiful flower, no matter how strong that flower is, you must water it once in a while and nourish it along, or it will perish.

OUI: Did your antics have something to do with your breakup?

RIGGS: She's a very lovely lady from a wonderful family and a woman of great financial wealth, and she didn't need my antics, not at all. She often said to me, "Why do you do that? You're a millionaire. Whatever I have is yours." But I didn't feel that way. I would get a great deal more satisfaction from winning $1500 on the golf course or in a tennis game. I would feel, *Boy, I really outsmarted those guys, I really played. I made a birdie on the last hole to win all the bets.* I got a great feeling of satisfaction, like a concert player doing a fantastic performance at Carnegie Hall or something. That's what turns me on. Even trying to guess the football game on Saturday is very exciting to me. She didn't enjoy that. She wouldn't put some money into the pot so we could root together. She wouldn't even watch the games with me. At one point she sent me to an analyst.

OUI: What did you talk about?

RIGGS: My problems.

OUI: What problems?

RIGGS: Like why I couldn't leave a gin table to get home for dinner. I had to rush home for dinner, had to leave in the middle of a game, and I would be late once in a while, and it would be bad for me. She'd rake me over the coals pretty good for that. I'd get on the golf course, and there would be so much money involved and a guy would want to play nine more holes. I just couldn't resist, and I'd be late again for dinner. I would take that chance to get on stage one, be the big ham, be performing out there, love it, make a few hundred dollars in bets, and she would conclude that she was second fiddle. There were a number of these episodes over the years, and it just came down to the fact that she didn't want to live with my kind of activity forever. My wife said to me, "Bobby, I know that you love me, but, frankly, I just don't think you're capable of the deep, meaningful, close kind of love that I crave." It's taken me quite a while to get over it, because I'm really not a guy who was terribly fond of women, ever. I mean, some guys really like women. They like pretty women, like to make a game out of women, like a conquest. They develop a very smooth technique: they send the flowers and candy and theater tickets. I never had the opportunity to do that because I've been married all my life. Right after I divorced my first wife, I met my second. I was strictly a family guy, and I was happy with it. And because you have it, you sometimes neglect what you have a little bit. But I'm not the kind to let a disappointment or a heartbreak destroy me, because perhaps I'm not that deep, see? But if I stop to reflect, she may be right about my capabilities.

OUI: It has been suggested that part of your current motivation for success is to prove to your wife's family that you really can do something on your own. Is there any truth to that?

RIGGS: That is one of the treats, one of the joys, one of the pluses of what's happened. I had such a dream situation handed to me on a silver platter when I married her. I was executive vice-president of the family firm with a $100,000-a-year salary, and I could do my fun things, come and go when I wanted to. My brother-in-law was the number-one big shot in the company. He was just as happy to see me go play golf, just as happy to see me goof off, just as happy to say, "See, we really can't depend on Bobby." I would have some business suggestions from time to time, but I sensed he didn't care. So I didn't try too hard, dogged it a little bit, didn't really want to take over responsibility. I've been pretty good at ducking it all my life, so I would be free and clear to do the impromptu things I like. But now, I'm out of the family, out of the business, out on my own, and in no time at all I've had instant success, instant celebrity. I'm making a lot of money on my own ability to be colorful and play tennis, and nobody's hitting the ball for me, nobody's doing my talking for me. I have to get a big sense of satisfaction about that. And I get kind of a kick out of saying to all those people, "Do you see what the personality was? It was there all the time but nobody wanted to put it to use in a way that it could have been directed." See, they made it very easy for me for 20 years, but something for nothing is worth zero. Things that are handed to you are never appreciated as much as the things you get out and work for and gain on your own.

OUI: Doesn't it make you angry that they didn't love you when you weren't a winner?

RIGGS: I've always been the kind of guy to turn the other cheek. I could take a heck of a lot of abuse and insult when people got on the golf tee with me and were nasty. I would say, "OK, the handicap should be three and three," and they'd say, "Are you kidding, we read about you in *Sports Illustrated*. Don't try to hustle us." But I've always had great patience. I could say, "Listen, you're nothing but a jerk and a half-assed guy. I need to play golf with you like I need a hole in the head." But I never did that. I would listen, laugh, talk them out of it, and, finally, always, give in. I always let the opponent have his way and then try to rise to the occasion and win the contest on his terms. I've never taken people to the extent that they don't like me afterward. That's the genius of it.

OUI: What about that reputation you have of betting against yourself?

RIGGS: It never happened. I never bet against myself in my life. Let's be reasonable. You can't go to a bookie's office. Bookies don't know anything about tennis. They don't take tennis bets. It kind of burns me up when people say that, because it's so obviously stupid.

OUI: It's not easy, then, to be known as a hustler?

RIGGS: In the old days, somebody was a hustler if he came into the pool hall, threw off his game, and then won. When

they found out they'd been hustled, they broke his fingers and didn't pay off.

OUI: But that's not your style?

RIGGS: Of course not. Everybody knows me. How am I going to disguise myself? I think of myself as a fun guy who likes to bet, likes to give action, and gives the craziest and fairest bets in town. And I tell the truth about my golf game. I was only a fair golfer, just barely better than an 80 player. But where the mythology comes in, where the reputation comes in—I would play another fellow just about as good as I was, we'd play for money, and I wouldn't choke. I'm likely to make the clutch shot. I'm likely to come out of the trap and make the putt. But many times when I did that, instead of thinking I'm a good sport, instead of wanting to give me credit, the tendency is for people to say, "Jesus, that Bobby Riggs is a hustler. That son of a gun can shoot anything he wants." They would have me playing with Nicklaus and Palmer and Trevino. It's so ridiculous and so asinine that it isn't even funny. Titanic Thompson said that that's the kind of hustler he was. He shot only what he had to shoot. Now, that's a hustler.

OUI: Can you shoot any score you want in tennis?

RIGGS: How can I at 55? I'm old and tired and I can't really move.

OUI: I had the feeling that you could have done anything you wanted at the Margaret Court match. As you put it, you didn't have to come out of the barn.

RIGGS: I didn't have to. She just disintegrated, so I didn't play. I was just out there pushing the ball back and running around.

OUI: Why did those roses you gave Margaret Court before the match look like a funeral spray?

RIGGS: I told them to make up a lovely bouquet. I never thought it would be interpreted as a funeral spray. But so much the better. I can't take credit for it, but I get credit for it. Just like lots of people said I knew all along how it was going to come out and I conned everybody, hustled everybody so that I could get bets all over the place. I really didn't know how it would turn out, but they didn't believe me. I'm just doing my thing, just telling the truth, being open and aboveboard, and nobody accepts that.

OUI: Frank Costello once said he had the same problem.

RIGGS: My background, my color, my whole story is that I'm a con man, a hustler. I can't overcome it.

OUI: What's the most money you ever made on a bet?

RIGGS: Well, one time I was playing golf at the Greenbriar Hotel with a high roller, a big oil man, and before the week was out I had barbecued him for $180,000.

OUI: Why did the man keep on betting?

RIGGS: Because he wasn't playing as well as he thought he could play. He was a 100 shooter. At the time I was a 90 shooter. So I could give him ten shots, and we'd have an even match. He played lousy the first game, so then I gave him 15 shots. He still played lousy. I gave him 20 shots. Now, he has a license to steal with that, if he's playing his normal game. But he wasn't an athlete. He kept playing more and more because he had an unlimited amount of money. He got stubborn and kept thinking he was going to play better any minute, but he never did. By the time the week was over, he had lost half a million dollars. I got about $180,000 of it. If I can't play for a lot of money, I'll play for a little money. And if I can't play for a little money, I'll stay home in bed.

OUI: What about all those bets you make to play tennis with you holding suitcases or with poodles tied to your legs?

RIGGS: They're just fun things for $100. No meaningful money. It's what I do if I can't play somebody any other way. I have one friend who just lost $500 to me, and I offered to tie his favorite dog Spotty to my legs, but he's got so much respect for me—he's watched me play tennis and he's hardly ever seen me lose a bet—so he just says, "Well, if he says he can do this, I'd better just believe him." Or he says, "I've earned my Purple Heart. I've got my badge that says I've been hustled by Bobby Riggs."

OUI: Before the Billie Jean King match, you said an awful lot of things about women and women's liberation. What do you really think of women?

RIGGS: I'll tell you. I say all this stuff about women staying in the home barefoot and pregnant, but here's what I really think. When I was growing up, my brothers taught me to do everything—running, pitching coins, marbles, jumping off roofs when I was three years old. I'd bet a kick in the pants if I lost and a pat on the back if I won, and that's what turned me on—the pat on the back, ten cents to go to the movies. When I was 12 I started playing tennis, and that's really all I did. I had maybe two or three dates in high school, and I wasn't really good with girls. I wasn't smooth. I always made the move too soon. I never really knew what to say to them. I was too busy playing tennis. All my life everything has been a contest. This so turns me on and I love it—I love the competition—and that's the thing I crave, like some guys crave alcohol and other guys crave women. I crave the game. I crave the contest, the excitement. I love the locker-room talk. I love the after-game talk. I love to perform. I love that center stage, more so, perhaps, than I enjoy being with a woman. I've never developed any relationships with women other than the two that I married. So to answer your question, what do I think of women, I never thought about them that much. I don't know much about them.

OUI: And what do you really know about women's liberation?

RIGGS: You're not going to believe this. Nothing.

OUI: Nothing?

RIGGS: Women to me are just someone to go to bed with or to be mothers or housekeepers or what have you. That's the way I view them. Does that make me an antiliberation type?

OUI: Oh, yes.

RIGGS: That's where I really like them,

my two favorite places, the bedroom and the kitchen. It goes way back. My mother was a home person, did all the washing and cooking and sewing for six kids, and she got a little tired of it, I can tell you. She wore out early in life. Believe me, she'd be a libber, my mother would. One curious thing, though. If I'm all that antiliberation and all that antiwomanhood, why is it then that I didn't want to play the part of the strong dominant father in the home? I was perfectly content to let my wife take over the responsibilities of the children and the running of the house.

OUI: That's completely consistent.

RIGGS: Is it? I thought that if you thought women were only good for one thing, you would get in and run the show, tell the gardeners and the maids and the butlers what to do. But I was perfectly willing to let her do it.

OUI: Most male-chauvinist pigs don't get into household matters.

RIGGS: I wouldn't know how to change a light bulb in the house. I wouldn't know how to go down and fix the boiler if the heat went off. She would talk to the gardeners and decide what clothes the children would wear. She used to say to me, "You're just like a boarder. You just come in here and have beautiful meals and beautiful sex and then go about your business." She complained of that quite a few times over the years.

OUI: I'll bet she did.

RIGGS: You see, I don't really know if I'm a male-chauvinist pig or not. I'm trying to level with you so you can help me define it.

OUI: Did you ever change a diaper?

RIGGS: No.

OUI: Wash a dish?

RIGGS: No.

OUI: Cook a meal?

RIGGS: Not while I was married.

OUI: I'd say you're a pretty good male-chauvinist pig.

RIGGS: I see. I'm the real thing then. But it's not by design. It's just the way it happened. But tell me this—why is it that when I'm through doing what I do all day, playing games, when it comes to nighttime I want to have the company of a woman? Why is it that if they're such a pain in the ass, I go out of my goddamn way and treat girls great?

OUI: How are you treating them so great?

RIGGS: Taking them out to fucking $30-a-plate dinners at the best restaurants in town. Playing tennis with them—and they're a pain in the ass. They can't play at all. Bullshitting them and blowing smoke up their ass. . . . I think maybe I have a viewpoint toward women like my last wife told me—my viewpoint is that I've won her and it's a trophy and I can put it on the shelf and look at it and it's beautiful and it's nice and there it is. And when I want it, I can take it off the shelf, see? My girls are just prizes to me, and I like the game and I like prizes. So this is the game at night. The night game. I can't think of a better explanation than that.

OUI: Do you think you're immature?

RIGGS: I would imagine so, in many areas. I don't know what they are, but I'm sure you might be able to detect some.

OUI: Well, what about the other night, when you ripped that woman's blouse off in a bar?

RIGGS: I don't consider that immature. I consider that ultrasophisticated, the very opposite of being immature, because few guys would have the balls to do that. I knew that I was on safe ground and she would love it as much as I would. Which is exactly what happened. If I was going to risk getting slapped in the face and insulting somebody, that would be immature.

OUI: How do you feel about your reputation for never picking up a check?

RIGGS: I think it's a lot of shit. I've picked up more tabs than anybody in my circle, because I only go with guys who are riding on me. But if there's a potential other guy who can pick the tab up, I'm not fighting him. Like my manager Jerry Perenchio. Like my friend Steve Powers—I'm supposed to fight them for a goddamn check? I pick up appropriate tabs, where it's in good taste for me to pick them up. More than I should.

OUI: Why is it that when you're in Los Angeles, you stay at Steve Powers' house instead of a hotel?

RIGGS: Because there might be some hot and cold running girls at his place.

OUI: Well, someone could conclude from that that you're a freeloader and would rather do anything than stay at a hotel.

RIGGS: That's not it. I like excitement, and around Steve's house there's a lot of excitement. I don't think I stay there because of any feeling of insecurity or any deep-seated meaning, like some people might want to think. But it does seem as though I don't try to be alone. I don't try to jockey to be alone. I try to jockey the other way, to have people around. Of course, someone might look at this and say, "The guy hates himself so much he can't stand to be alone with himself. He has a sense of insecurity. Can't stand himself."

OUI: What about it?

RIGGS: What about it? I think that's a lot of shit, looking for any deep meaning. I just do what I like to do and I happen to like to be around people. It's more fun.

OUI: I get the feeling you think it's a mistake to look for any deep meaning where you're concerned.

RIGGS: Yes, I think that's true. My philosophy is echoed in the way I live my life.

Interviewed by Nora Ephron

"Well, speak up, Barrows! Is it the elephants' graveyard or isn't it?"

MOTHER TUBE *Get that peanut butter off your privates.*

(Continued from page 139) Sterling is still showing full nudity, though not hardcore sexual action. "The whole furor was a media creation," program director Jack Banning recalls. The FCC issued no reprimands or new regulations.

Cable TV poses one other curious problem. Cable systems have more channels than anyone can fill, so the FCC requires that at least one be set aside for "public access" on a first-come, first-served basis. Sterling reserves channels C and D for video amateurs. Until recently, this meant mostly boring community discussions. Then the video-freaks discovered the potential. Seemingly, with all those empty channels, it might be permissible to set aside channel K for kinks; but both the FCC and the cablecasters are horrified at the prospect that public access might turn into pubic excess. The trade association of cablecasters recently asked the FCC to clarify the responsibility of cable operators to censor video porn, and in the meantime, they're playing it safe. No more spaghetti rubs.

Nonetheless, if televised hardcore is your fetish, it does exist in a variety of forms beyond the reach of the FCC. Closed-circuit TV, for example, unlike cable, is not federally regulated. An increasing number of motels offer stag films in your room at a surcharge of five dollars. Students at Syracuse ran *Deep Throat* on the university's closed-circuit system. Underground video groups have been showing porny tape collages at video theaters for some time, and portable half-inch video equipment (at about $1000 a set) presents endless do-it-yourself possibilities. Imagine the potential when *two*-way video comes of age.

Still another possibility is pay TV. In San Diego, the local cable company leases one channel to a pay-TV system that offers subscribers uncut versions of serious R-rated films, such as *Klute*. Unfortunately, when pay TV hooks up with a cable system, it's back in the FCC's bailiwick. And the FCC doesn't like the idea of R (or even PG) films coming into the defenseless living room. The fear is that kiddies can get a glimpse of stuff they can't get into theaters to see. "What happens," asks a nervous pay-TV executive, "when there's no P around to provide the G?"

What, indeed? Perhaps the FCC will design a scrambler device so that whenever the electrons are in the configuration of a human breast, the screen will automatically go black (or blush red).

Last spring, the Commission conducted a closed-door investigation of the "prurient filth" Dean Burch speaks of. In fining station WGLD $2000 for the offending installments of *Femme Forum* (the peanut-butter dialogue was one of them), the Commission majority observed solemnly: "If discussion in this titillating and pandering fashion of coating the penis to faciliate oral sex does not constitute broadcast obscenity within the meaning of 18 United States Code 1464, we do not perceive what does or could. . . ." The station chose to forfeit the $2000. The FCC's lone dissenter was gadfly Nicholas Johnson, whose term expired last summer. Johnson commented, "I do not believe that this Commission should sit as a program-review committee, imposing its tastes upon broadcasters and the American public." He quickly added that he personally found the peanut-butter episode "extremely distasteful."

What all this furor means is simply that nervous broadcasters can be expected to steer clear of the prurient filth that annoys the gentlemen of the FCC and stick to the common or garden video garbage we know so well. Nobody ever lost a license for broadcasting reruns of *Lucy*. An informal survey of trade-journal writers in Washington produced an overwhelming consensus that it will be a long time before the networks get around to prime-time hardcore. With one exception. An anonymous correspondent for the trade weekly *Variety* commented: "There's screwing on network television right now. The viewer gets screwed." ▣

THE SCARLET BBC *Penises in the middle distance.*

(Continued from page 141) In 1967:

• Wilson used his authority to appoint a new chairman to the Beeb. His choice was Lord Hill, then chairman of the competing commercial network and a former politician in the rival Conservative Party with the dubious distinction of once having given medical tips over the air as *The Radio Doctor*. The appointment of the Radio Doctor to cure the Beeb of its sick humor led to the premature departure of Director-General Greene.

In 1968:

• Lord Hill issued a 3000-word rulebook that said: "Many people are deeply offended by overt reference to and portrayal of sexual behaviour . . . the BBC must not cheapen or destroy the moral standards which are traditional in normal society . . . there is goodness in the world apart from sordidness."

In 1969:

• Lesbians were seen screwing when the current-affairs program *24 Hours* reported on the making of a pornographic film. "We have never seen anything like it before," said Mrs. Whitehouse.

In 1970:

• A Ken Russell documentary on Richard Strauss depicted the composer screwing in front of an orchestra and then being "ravished" by nuns.

In 1971:

• There were constant protests over the endless screwing in a Casanova series.

In 1972:

• Mrs. Whitehouse protested the playing of Chuck Berry's *My Ding-a-Ling*.

In 1973:

• Litigation failed to prevent an Independent Television broadcast of a documentary on Andy Warhol made by the photographer David Bailey. During the hassles, the Beeb scooped Independent Television by showing tit-fondling in excerpts from Warhol's *Heat*.

• In a recent play, it was clearly implied that a man was being sucked off. The man was played by ex–James Bond actor George Lazenby. The play dealt with corruption in local government, and some sequences had been filmed in the genteel commuter town of Tunbridge Wells. There were protests from the town.

• On occasion, penises have turned up on the screen. They are always limp and always in the middle distance. Still, they are penises.

• "There's an awful lot of fucking going on these days," says one TV critic, "but you have to be careful not to blink at the wrong moment. A lot of it is heaving boobs and quick flashes of pubes, ecstatic faces, and quick pans into the fire. But that sort of eroticism can be a lot more exciting than a tacky blue film. When some of today's movies reach the television, then we will really get down to it."

Since the movies are far ahead of television in sexual explicitness, old films have already brought some horny scenes to the tube. And, because movies do not receive the same critical previewing as new programs made expressly for television, they are unlikely to be withdrawn in face of advance furor. In any case, the silent minority and the media alike have become confused about the precise position of the outrage threshold.

• Mrs. Whitehouse and her fellow anti-erotics have been encouraged by the appointment of yet another new chairman to the BBC, a nonentity with a worrying weakness for unworldliness. Insiders, though, are skeptical about the ability of any one person to control the Beeb. With two national TV networks of its own now and, in addition, regional satellite channels and a host of local radio stations, the Beeb is a seething tangle of interest politics conducted by the most ambitious brains Oxbridge can create.

The Beeb is unmanageable. And that, ultimately, is its strength. ▣

THE KINGDOM AND POWER OF SCREW *Buckley says he's often hostile toward Al. "I see in his work an imbalance, so that everything seems the same. He overestimates the charm of vulgarity."*

(Continued from page 82) arrested.

Next, Goldstein married Lonny (she is not available to reply to his calumnies) and became a life-insurance agent, taking up his frequently interrupted quest for middle-class respectability. At first he was a very good salesman, ranked number 13 in a field of 7000 eager-beaver Mutual of New York touts. But the salt soon lost its savor. His ranking began to slip. Lonny left him. He quit his job. He fell into a profound depression. Desperate, he became an industrial spy for the Bendix Corporation. Goldstein's first job was to infiltrate a Bendix subsidiary in Long Island City, to spy on United Auto Workers union organizers who were trying to sign up plant workers. Subsequently, he sabotaged the UAW with a last-minute propaganda barrage. He was then asked to infiltrate a competitor's plant for a little ordinary secret-mongering, and Goldstein went to Seneca Falls. He lasted only two weeks. Sick of soul, he came home, went on welfare, and met his second wife.

Some two years after the event, Goldstein wrote about his experiences for a small underground newspaper called the *New York Free Press*. It was his first published work of nonfiction:

"The Bendix Corporation, with its home office in the Fisher Building in Detroit, Michigan, is one of the largest corporations in the world and one of the biggest contractors involved in the $50 billion spent on 'defense.' Following true to form to the old adage that 'birds of a feather flock together,' it is as immoral and dishonest as the CIA-saturated Federal government.

"The exclusive facts in this article are a case in point. Let the company I spied on know what happened and it will strike back in the courts or via its own brand of sabotage, but I must admit to pangs of guilt when I rationalized my integrity away to spy on a union I rather respected."

It was all there. The confessional, raging Goldstein style, the bewildering syntax, the lifelong contempt for authority. And all have been transferred now to the pages of *Screw*.

Prophetically, Goldstein had only one objection to the way the Bendix piece was handled: "In order to be a good spy, I didn't want to get involved with women, because I was afraid that in a moment of sexual intimacy, I might say, 'Hey, I'm not a factory worker, I'm here from New York as a spy.' So I brought up this artificial pussy, and I would fuck it a lot. I put that in the article, but it was the only paragraph they cut out, which is when I knew where the underground and the Left were at. They were antisex. They didn't mind me badmouthing Bendix, but they did object to my fucking an artificial pussy."

In the aftermath of the spy incident, Goldstein met Jim Buckley: "I remember seeing him looking like a Nazi standing over his typesetting machine. I never saw anyone who could do such a dull job with such complete concentration. He was the typesetter at the *Free Press*—they gave him the title managing editor, but he was the typesetter. He hardly ever wrote stories. He was this weird person and he owned stock, and I figured what the fuck was somebody with stock doing on an underground paper? But if I hadn't sold that article, if I hadn't been a spy, then I never would have met Jim. And I wouldn't have started the paper by myself, and Jim wouldn't have started the paper by himself, he's such a fuck-up. He didn't come into the office at all in the early days. He used to come in at 2:30, can you believe? It took me three years to shape him up."

Some of the elements of the famous Goldstein/Buckley feud have undoubtedly been concocted with an eye to the circulation figures—there's nothing the readership of *Screw* likes more than an exchange of invective between the two co-owners. But they truly are conflicting personalities. Jim Buckley is a slight, almost delicate man, a nonsmoker, softspoken, handsome. He is of English and Irish extraction, a suburban kid. He spent four years in the Navy, some of it in the Gulf of Tonkin. He kicked around Europe for three years, living in caves and other people's houses, meeting and leaving a bewildering collection of women. One reason that he dislikes the encounters between Goldstein and himself is that his natural reticence makes it difficult for him to match Goldstein, who will say anything to win an argument or silence his opponent.

"The rivalry is real enough," Buckley muses. "Very often I feel a hostility toward Al. I see in Al's work an imbalance, a crassness, so that everything seems the same. He overestimates the charm of vulgarity."

So how came these disparate souls to put up with each other for so long?

"I was aware of the kind of sex market the *National Mirror* had," Goldstein offers, "and I was also aware of fuck films and Henry Miller and correspondence clubs, because that's what I was into. Jim was a typesetter, Jim had the facilities, and he said, 'Let's do a paper.' The sex was me and the paper was him, sort of."

"Al was more outrageous than I was, and he was a good salesman," says Buckley. "I felt we needed that."

"Jim told me once that he figured I'd take the paper away from him within a year, because I had a reputation for being unscrupulous."

"Unscrupulous," echoes Buckley.

"I mean, I had been spying for the Bendix Corporation. Where was my moral sense? I *felt* a victim. I would do anything."

Later, in privacy, Buckley is asked the question again. Why Goldstein and him? Buckley gazes off into space for a long time, massaging his fingers. "You can say," he says carefully, "that Goldstein and I have stayed together all these years because Al gives good head."

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Al Goldstein sits alone in the hushed tenth-floor courtroom of the Federal Courthouse in Foley Square. An ancient trial groupie peers in, shakes her head, and withdraws. Goldstein stirs. The door opens again, and Goldstein's lawyer enters, followed by an Assistant U.S. Attorney and *his* assistant. Al Goldstein is appearing as a defendant in *The United States of America* v. *Various Articles of Obscene Merchandise*. To put it another way, customs has seized some dirty books mailed to him from Holland, and Goldstein wants his smut.

Goldstein, with his gift for easy intimacy, strikes up a conversation with the Assistant U.S. Attorney, whose name is Barker. They discuss the horrendous case load for government porn fighters and the pornography collection of the U.S. Justice Department, New York division.

"What, in your opinion, is the best porn magazine in the world?" asks Goldstein.

"I think *Private*," says Barker, mentioning a European stroke book of stunning quality. "Of course, I don't know what my criteria are, ha ha. I mean, what's good?"

Goldstein is silent.

"But I was showing my wife all that stuff," Barker continues, "and that's the stuff she thought was the dirtiest."

"It's a very hot book," says Goldstein.

The offending material is brought out. Barker thumbs through the pages, decides that it's innocuous enough to fall outside the meaning of the act. Documents are exchanged, and Goldstein gets his smut.

"Well, good luck" says Barker. "Everybody down here really likes your magazine."

"Thank you very much," says Goldstein, sweeping toward the door.

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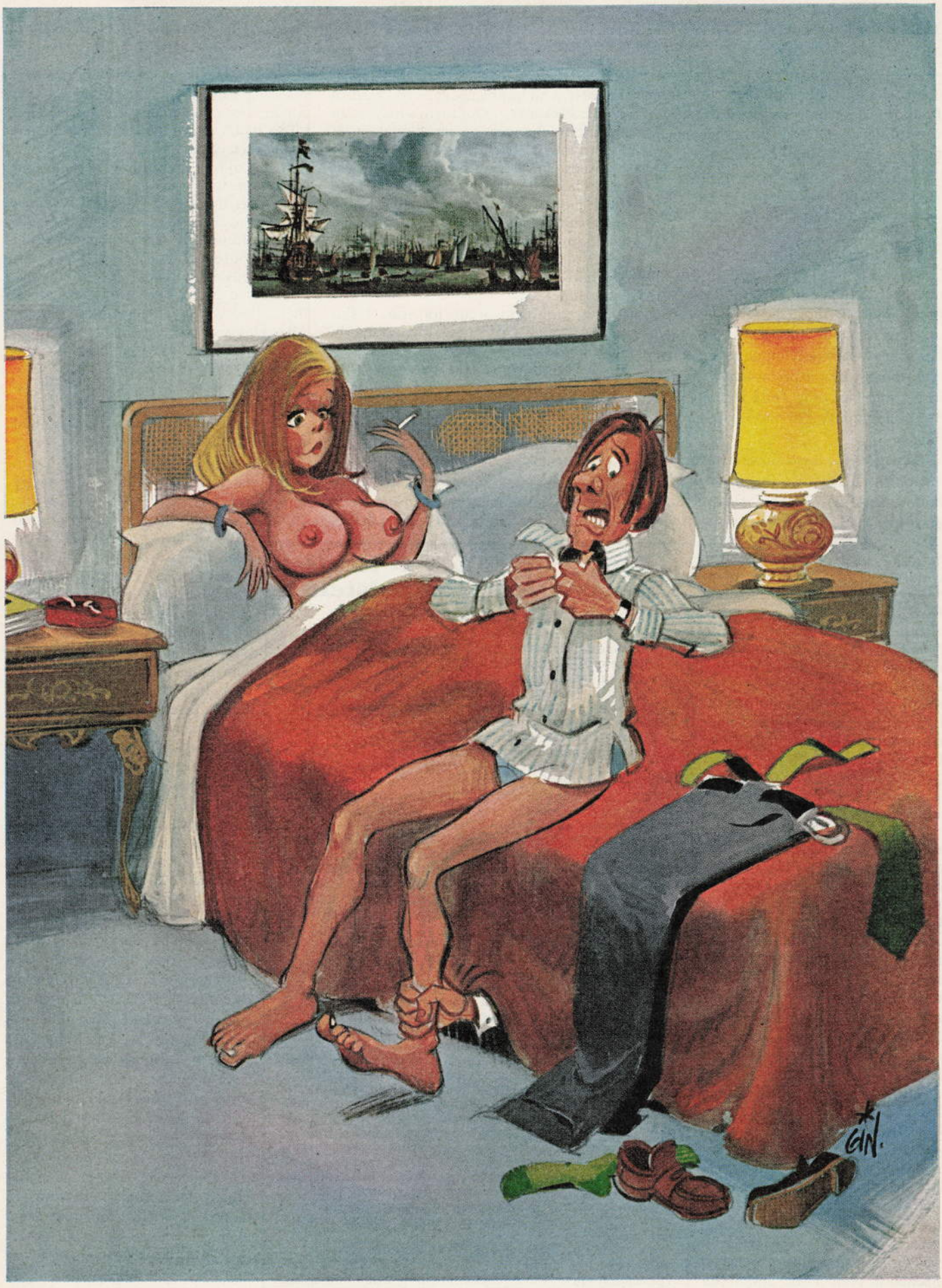
When *Screw* first appeared on the stands in November 1968, it was not, to the great surprise of its creators, immediately busted. The authorities were apparently waiting for the upstart magazine to go broke. When they finally got around to busting it for printing a



"I take it you won't accept a check, Miss Larue?"

composite nude allegedly depicting John Lindsay performing an unnatural act, it was too late—*Screw* had enough money to fight the censorship. Since then, according to Goldstein, *Screw* has been involved in 140 legal hassles and has lost all but five of them. Goldstein himself has been arrested ten times, but has yet to serve time for a conviction.

He is not, however, sanguine: "In the next three years, I'm sure I'll be serving time. With all those people out to get us, they're going to get us. They got Ginzburg—they got him on a stupid law, even though he's a prick—they're going to get me. Not only am I running a lot of pornography, I'm proud to be running it."

Some of the near-misses have been exciting. There was, for instance, the famous child-pornography ring in Mineola, New York. A group of stalwart citizens in Mineola were using *Screw*'s pages to advertise for children to be used to perform sexual acts in front of cameras. Now, one of the few areas in which a taint of scruple can be found on Alvin Goldstein's sexual libertarianism is pedophilia. He hadn't got the word on what the arrest was all about, however, when he journeyed to Mineola to turn himself in. By the time he found out, his picture had appeared in the New York papers as one of the leaders of a kiddie-smut cartel.

"We won that case on a technicality," Goldstein recalls. "The court devised a fourth test for obscenity, wholly apart from the three devised by the Supreme Court. They said we were obscene because we didn't bother to find out what was going on. A higher court threw it out. I'd love to win on the issue of whether or not obscenity is proper, whether or not I have a right to be obscene, but, of course, that won't happen."

The odd relationship between Linda Lovelace and Al Goldstein has also been peppered by lawsuits. It may fairly be said that Al Goldstein discovered Linda Lovelace, in the public sense of the word. *Deep Throat* had opened and closed in Los Angeles within two weeks without raising a noticeable ripple. It opened in New York, and Goldstein, in his role as movie reviewer for *Screw*, went to see it. He gave it an unprecedented 100 percent on the Petermeter, Goldstein's method of describing the sexual-arousal quotient of a porn movie. The word was out.

Goldstein, having made a star, was determined to interview her. He did, then inquired politely if Linda would mind sucking his cock. Linda didn't mind at all, and Buckley's slightly fuzzy pictures of the consummation between journalism and art ran in a subsequent issue of *Screw*.

But Goldstein went too far. ("I'm in the business of going too far.") He turned up photos purporting to show Linda Lovelace caught in carnal embrace with a shaved Afghan. Goldstein put the bestiality pix in the magazine. Linda, through her lawyers and in her autobiography, alleged that she'd never done it with a dog. Goldstein must have been thinking of two or three other people or lying through his teeth. Goldstein, his journalistic ethics stung, responded by slapping a slander suit on Linda. The countersuits are deadlocked. "Too bad," says Goldstein. "She could really suck cock."

The most interesting lawsuit in *Screw*'s history was one that didn't happen. After the Italian magazine *Playmen* ran photos of a young woman, allegedly Jackie Kennedy Onassis, sunbathing nude on a sequestered beach, *Screw* ran a generous sampling of the photos accompanied by an outrageous text block that alluded to, among other things, Mrs. Onassis' generous display of thigh in the moments after her husband was shot in Dallas. There were many protests from *Screw*'s friends as well as enemies, but not a peep from Mrs. Onassis or her representatives. "They wanted it to die down," says Goldstein.

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Against all odds, *Screw* is a happy ship. Goldstein earns $1000 a week, while other staff salaries hover around $300 or less, but the *Screw* offices offer something rarer than money: *Screw* is a kind of mature aberrant's playground that actually pays you to fool around. That's why Dean Latimer, the brilliant and prolific writer who contributes much of the best and most bizarre stuff in the magazine, stays on. Goldstein and Buckley understand him, let him dress the way he wants, smell the way he wants, and work the hours he chooses. Peter Dvorkas, the managing editor, stays around partly because he can admit he's gay and nobody gives a shit—they're not tolerant, they're just indifferent. Stephen Heller, the original *Screw* art director who left for several years and returned, thinks that the atmosphere at *Screw* is as good as it's ever been. "Part of it is Goldstein," says Heller. "He used to be such a tyrant. One time, in the early days, we had a meeting where we seriously discussed getting together $2000 and finding some guy who would bump Al off. Murder seemed the only answer. But Al is much calmer now. He rules with a benevolent fist."

As the magazine gained stability, the founders diversified. Goldstein writes for other sex magazines now—although never as well as he writes for *Screw*—and Buckley has discovered movie production. The first, vastly successful movie, *It Happened in*

Partial Inventory of Items Displayed on Al Goldstein's Office Walls

Picture of Al Goldstein and Henry Miller.
Picture of Al Goldstein and Germaine Greer.
Picture of Al Goldstein and Gore Vidal.
Picture of Al Goldstein and Dwight Eisenhower.
Certificate of Accomplishment from the staff of the Four Seasons Wine Symposium.
Framed, laminated *Time* story about *Screw*.
Laminated note from Judith Crist, praising *Screw*.
Laminated copy of *Cavalier* article, "From the Garbage Pail," by Al Goldstein.
Laminated copy of OUI article, "Do You Beat in the Nude?" by Al Goldstein.
Two framed checks from *Playboy*.
Picture of Al Goldstein and Dirk Bogard.
Picture of Al Goldstein and Marilyn Chambers.
Framed, laminated picture of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, together with a note thanking Alvin Goldstein for his "thoughtful gesture" of sending the photograph to her and regretting that Mrs. Kennedy could not reply personally.
Picture of Al Goldstein and Julie Newmar.
Picture of Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley.
Picture of Al Goldstein and Hugh Hefner.
Picture of Al Goldstein being arrested as part of a child-pornography ring in Mineola, New York.
Picture of Al Goldstein with a very large fish.
Instruction-in-Flycasting Completion Certificate.
Picture of Al Goldstein and Adam Clayton Powell.
Poster of porn star Marc Stevens, personally inscribed: "To Al Goldstein: My cock is bigger than yours. Marc."
Letter from the Magazine Institute dated January 10, 1958: "Dear Mr. Goldstein, We regret to inform you that, on the basis of the information provided by your aptitude test, we do not find you eligible for professional training in writing. Writing, of course, represents a considerable investment of time and energy, and we cannot recommend any such investment in your case at this time. Sincerely yours, The Editors of the Magazine Institute." (Goldstein says: "They'll teach illiterates. They'll teach a cow. They turned me down. People wonder why I'm paranoid.")
Certificate of Achievement, Nikon School.
Membership Certificate in Mensa, the high-IQ club. (Goldstein says: "I lost respect for them when they asked me to speak. The fact that they invited me to join meant I lost interest in the organization.")

—J.C.

Hollywood, was Buckley's project from the beginning—although, typically, it was Goldstein who captured the bulk of the publicity.

Hollywood is the story of a young girl, Felicity Split, who wants to make it big in porn films. She makes her way to the top in the traditional way—fucking her agent, fucking her photographer, fucking the producer, fucking the director—and lands a leading role in a Biblical sex epic. In the movie-within-a-movie, the King of the Philistines gets sucked off by an anonymous lovely who reverently deposits his sperm in a silver dish. The King of the Philistines is played by Al Goldstein: "I put money in *Hollywood* because I fell in love with the star, Felicity Split, because she was so thin. I love thin women, small boobs. I was supposed to have a role in the movie where she'd suck my cock or I'd eat her, but Buckley lied to me. Felicity is very strange. She read *Screw*, and she answered our ad for actresses because she thought it would be a turn-on to do a fuck film, but it's really a boring job, and she hated it."

What about his part?

"Listen, that was an act of courage. When someone eight, nine inches shows cock, fine, but for me to do it? I'm really great at hard-ons, although sometimes I block coming. There was a lot of action on the set, and Buckley was off to the side hurling invective at me, I was ruining the budget. I came in 20, 25 minutes. They didn't shoot a lot of the pumping. Later, I asked the girl out to dinner, but she wouldn't go with me. That's the kind of business we're in—she'd suck my cock, but she wouldn't go out to dinner."

Hollywood was not the first time Goldstein used his position to help him work out his fantasies. A long-time, guilt-ridden antifeminist—he seems to hate their lack of humor and their stridency more than their precepts—Al has attacked Gloria Steinem in the pages of *Screw* frequently. When Steinem's lawyers got in touch with Goldstein concerning some particularly vile bit of slander, Al sent Gloria a Candygram. During Goldstein's travels in Europe—Al does not go as often as Buckley, whose wife is French, but he travels louder—he and *Screw*'s London correspondent, Tuppy Owens, were kicked out of a restaurant in Amsterdam when Tuppy was discovered giving Al a blowjob under the table.

Goldstein and Buckley used to pay a woman $20 apiece to come and give them blowjobs at the office, Tuesdays at four.

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The guests at the orgy, some naked, most not, wander around the large, sterile New York apartment. Nobody seems to know what to do. The wine is very bad. Al Goldstein lies naked on a bed. A lady to whom he has paid $100 sucks his cock desultorily. People come in to watch, to comment. "This orgy eats shit," says Goldstein, sitting up. He leaves, lady in tow. "Christ," he says later, "I'm swearing off orgies. That was the worst."

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Goldstein has been systematically cheating on his third wife Gena since their marriage one year ago. This may seem like an ungentlemanly revelation, but Al reveals it himself, frequently, in the pages of *Screw*. It's not that Gena doesn't turn him on—on the contrary, he waxes ecstatic about her more intimate charms. So why cheat?

"Gena was talking about how sexually unfair I am, and so I said, 'OK, kid, I'll take you to an orgy,' and she said that would be no good because she couldn't relax and have a good time because if I caught her smiling I'd get pissed off and divorce her. Then we got into this thing about how my sexuality is different from hers. I will fuck anything—whether it's a male mouth, a female mouth, an ass, a cunt—it's a hole. I'd let a guy blow me, but I won't suck cock. Someday, I may want to suck cock, but at this point, basically, I want to *come*. I don't care how. I jerk myself off, but I'd rather come in something warm, a mouth or an asshole, and there's really no difference between a male asshole and a female asshole. Most men happen to be better cocksuckers than most women. There'll be times when I go to this theater on 14th Street, I'm horny and I want to see fuck films, and I'll let some guy blow me. The point is, I'm very detached about sex. I come three times a day. If I'm not getting laid, I'll jack off. I'm very horny. It's not even a boast. Gena has to decide how much she wants me, whether she wants me enough to accept my life style. If I'm doing this out of insecurity, she has to say, 'Well, he has to fuck around because he doesn't feel secure with just one person, and he's a child who (a) has trouble saying no to food, (b) has trouble saying no to gadgets, and (c) has trouble saying no to other women. But I love him, and I know he can detach his cock from his brain when he fucks somebody else.' I'm content being neurotic. I think you have to be true to your own neuroses. I'm happy to be a showoff, an exhibitionist. I like being a child. I'm a hard-working child. I really don't hurt people. I write 15,000 words every month. I'm a hard-working, self-indulgent six year old."

"Aren't you," he is asked, "purposely setting up situations in which you'll be discovered cheating on your wife? Isn't this interview one of them?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"It's more exciting that way."

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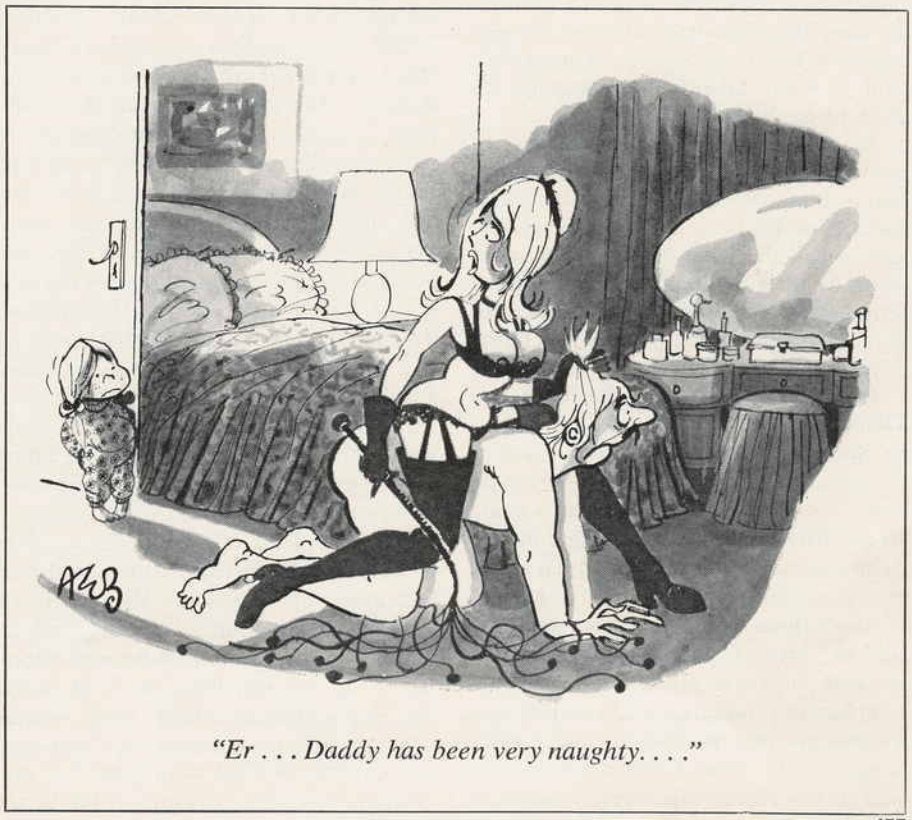
Once, when I was out of the room, Al Goldstein spoke into my tape recorder. He said: "Jon Carroll is a faggot who likes to take it up the ass. He's been giving blowjobs to everyone at *Screw*." I heard it when I played the tape back, weeks later. Good old Al. ▣



"Er . . . Daddy has been very naughty. . . ."

(Continued from page 150) charters are running, Parker's entire expenses for a ten-week visit are going to be around $300. Ten weeks in a rustic setting in the United States sometimes runs $1000 at a bare minimum for rent alone. Says Parker, "I'm going to work on it bit by bit, putting it into shape gradually. It's terrific knowing the place is there waiting for me any time I need to get my head together."

The price Parker paid for his farm is, of course, the exception rather than the rule, but the principle is the same wherever you go. Once the house is paid for—and in most instances, as a foreign buyer, you'll have to pay in full at the outset, unless you're very thick with your banker—you are home free, to use an exact phrase. Two thousand dollars or $5000 or even $10,000 amortized over a lifetime's vacations comes out to very little. And the beauty of it is that if you manage with care, you may easily recover the entire price of the house in a few years by renting it to American visitors. Few European hotels are ever less than ten dollars a day in the season, and that's per person; you will never have any trouble finding someone entranced by the opportunity of renting your Tuscan farmhouse for a month each summer. Generally, Americans travel in Europe a lot. If your place has hot and cold running water, electricity, and at least some vagrant source of heat, you should be able to get $2000 for 12 to 14 months. Renting like this does you out of your vacation home, of course, but at that rate it won't take long to recoup the price of the house.

An even nicer aesthetic advantage of owning your home abroad is that after two or three visits you begin to put down roots. You begin to know the neighbors and to call the wine merchant and fruit seller by their first names. Living among strangers is one of the disturbing parts of foreign travel. When you buy a house you acquire a home town along the way.

In places like Ireland, the Yorkshire Dales, and some of the farther reaches of Scotland, you can still find bargains on the order of Parker's, but, more typically, a second house in Europe is going to run between $2000 and $10,000. Bob Sennish paid $9000 for his, which seems like a lot until you consider what he got.

"I get three months off every summer, and the idea of owning a second house seemed natural to my wife and me. We kept hearing about run-down farmhouses in Brittany that were going for various songs, so in June 1971 we flew over and began to drive leisurely, southwest from Paris. We got down into the Loire Valley, a place called Montsoreau, where we found a marvelous hotel fronting on the Loire. The room was four dollars and the dinner six dollars. The next morning we drove out to see the abbey at Fontevrault, where Eleanor of Aquitaine and Richard the Lionhearted are buried, and on the way back we saw a sign saying HOUSE FOR SALE. We turned down the lane where it pointed, and about a hundred yards farther, came to an old stone farmhouse where a young guy with long hair was stripped to the waist, scything the front yard. We asked him who the owner was. He said he was and showed us around. There were three rooms downstairs—two bedrooms and a utility room, all in good shape but needing decoration. Then we went upstairs, and we knew we had it. There was a big living room, a really huge dining room with tile floors and beamed ceilings and stone walls, a kitchen, and a bathroom. There were fireplaces in all three rooms. Everything was in absolutely perfect condition. The guy had done it over himself, and it was all brand new. Across the road was a huge stone barn—two barns thrown together, really. My wife kept gasping and cooing in French until finally I told her in English, 'Cool it, you dumb broad.' Then it turned out that the guy spoke English.

"Well, it wasn't Brittany. He was asking 45,000 francs—about $9000—which was more than we wanted to pay. We said we'd think about it and drove back to Montsoreau and sat in a café over a beer and began justifying it. A half hour later we drove back to the house and asked him to hold it for us. We simply shook hands on the deal. When we drove up the next day, the FOR SALE sign was gone, and I knew I was dealing with an honest Frenchman. Ten days later we were living there. I had got part of my money in cash. When I walked into the house to pay the guy, I threw 10,000 francs up in the air like a handful of leaves; and then I cooked him barbecued spareribs and made cole slaw to introduce him to American cooking."

A lot depends on where you happen to look. Northern Europeans are just as interested in houses in the south as Americans are. But Europeans tend to cluster around places that become popular. They are less likely to hunt down that undiscovered village than Americans are. Obviously, then, you will stay away from the Cote d'Azur or the condominium forests growing on the Costa del Sol, but here are a few ideas you might start with:

Majorca: The Balearic Islands were oversold in the 1930s by Robert Graves and Norman Douglas, and the sudden eminence of Clifford Irving didn't help matters much. But the eastern end of Majorca, particularly around the area known as the Costa de Los Pinos, is relatively unsettled. I say relatively because the condominiums are already going up on the seacoast; but scattered around the countryside inland are hundreds of abandoned *fincas*—farmhouses that can sometimes be bought. Nobody knows why they're empty. One story says that the area was hit by a plague; another that the men were driven out during the Spanish Civil War. Whatever the reason, the houses are empty. In most cases they need a lot of work, but there are likely to be olive trees in the front yard, and if you're lucky you can find a place with a view of the sea. Then, too, the law prohibits private ownership of a beach. You're entitled to swim in front of the house of the Duchess of Alba, who has a place there. Prices should be $5000 or less. However, negotiations in Spain are tricky. You may have to have a Spaniard to front for you; the dealing is likely to go on for months.

Yorkshire Dales: The weather in the north of England can be miserable, and if you become suicidal easily, this is not for you. But the great, bare hillsides slope down into valleys where streams tear over rocky bottoms, and if you like isolation, you've got it. The hillsides are dotted with stone cottages, some of them 500 years old, in varying stages of disrepair. Some are used by local sheepherders for shearing sheep or storing fodder; but if you can find an owner you can often make some sort of deal for very little money—a few hundred dollars, perhaps. Questions of ownership are tricky, and nobody wants to sell land, but sometimes you can work out one of those 99-year leaseholds the English are so fond of.

Tuscany: Prices here are high and going up all the time, because the area has cachet, but there are sounder reasons, too. There is an official organization in Italy called the Belle Arte that is responsible for preserving monuments and the like. They've decided to preserve the entire Tuscan countryside as a beauty spot, which is undeniably wise. Farmers are being subsidized so that they will stay on, and there are stringent limits against development. In fact,

homeowners can't change house exteriors without permission. For beauty, good weather, and convenience, Tuscany is hard to beat. However, house-buying in Italy is something an amateur shouldn't attempt. Property is usually left to all the sons, so ownership is always questionable. People are forever getting into negotiations only to discover after six months that the guy's brother owns half of the place and he doesn't like the price. Fortunately, there's an Englishwoman named Nadia Goedhuis who has set herself up in the business of selling Tuscan properties. Most of the properties on Mrs. Goedhuis' current list are in the $15,000–$25,000 range, but she has a few for around $10,000—for example, one seven-room place with fireplaces, electricity, well water, and 25 acres of land, with views of olive groves and cypress trees. More rarely, she can turn up a place for around $5000—small and needing work. These prices are steep, but Tuscan food is classic, and you can expect to eat outside almost into December. Write to Mrs. Nadia Goedhuis, 21 Crescent Grove, London, S.W.4.

The Dordogne: The south coast of France has long been priced out of reach for most of us, but inland, in the southwest around the province of Dordogne, the interloper trade has been modest. A medical-student friend recently bought a stone farmhouse near a village called Verfeil. The house dates to 1825, has vast stone walls, exposed beams, a kitchen with a huge fireplace, plank floors upstairs, and a view through trees and across fields that ends with a church steeple in the far distance. There's electricity, and the water comes from a well. The price was about $6000. There are still some houses like this left in the area, although it takes a bit of looking. (Verfeil itself is worth a visit. A town of 500 inhabitants, it has the Chez Sudre, where you can get a six-course meal, including wine, for around two dollars. Madame Sudre catches her own trout and raises her own rabbits.) One big advantage of the area is that there's skiing two hours' drive north, in the Massif Central at Mont-Doré.

There remains the question of pitfalls. In many parts of Europe the concept of real-estate agents is unknown, and where there are such creatures, they are primarily concerned with expensive properties and won't even know about the farmhouses you're looking for. You will be more or less on your own. If you don't speak French or Spanish or whatever, take along a friend who does. Then begin asking. When you find a promising area, ask at cafés about places for sale. Check with the concierge at your hotel. Ask the maître d' at the restaurant. You'll get an awful lot of bad steers, but persistence will pay off.

As far as price is concerned, the only way you can tell if it's reasonable or not is to check it against other prices you've been given. Attitudes toward bargaining and that sort of thing (like cheating) vary from country to country. In the north, especially England and Scandinavia, the original figure will be reasonably close to fair market value, although obviously you'll want to test a counteroffer. In southern Europe, the custom is to charge what the market will bear and double every number in the presence of Americans.

When in doubt, see the nearest American consulate. Their trade people should have some idea of the going rate for real estate in the area. The least they can do for you is give you the name of a reliable lawyer. As a matter of fact, you're going to need a lawyer anyway.

Watch out for properties being disposed of by estates. European inheritance settlements can be Byzantine. If it's a question of an estate, you absolutely need help.

Finally, be patient. Negotiations and red tape can drag on for a year or even longer. Look on your acquisition as a long-term project, not something you're going to do overnight. It can be worth the time. Leaving aside entirely the pleasure you'll get from the place, growing population, increasing European affluence, and faster and cheaper transatlantic flights are hardly going to drive the worth of your house down. As an investment alone it makes sense. And then, how many of your friends summer in Tuscany every year? ▣

THE HOUSE THAT JOE BUILT *"In fact, the person who really runs it is Sally, my wife. She knows this business way better than I do. She knows how to talk to girls."*

(Continued from page 146) provided its owner with the wherewithal to get into the cement business, open a second brothel, and build himself a cozy $200,000 night club in the Comstock country outside Virginia City—Joe Conforte's Cabin in the Sky, advertised around the country on big seven-sheet billboards half devoted to a smiling picture of Joe. He was a son of Sicily who had reached the point in life where he could journey home every spring and be there for his saint's day.

While it was true that everyone knew him and knew his business, Joe was still the only brothel proprietor in Nevada who seemed to glory in it, who talked about it, who had risen above the cautious discretion habitual to the trade. One is tempted to ask him about the old code of *omerta* and why he had departed from it so grandly, but before a question can be shouted over the theme from *The Godfather*, Joe gives a routine display of the prescience that has made him unbeatable betting on baseball games, prize fights, and elections.

Turning down the music, he comes in right on key: "You know, lots of people say, 'Why is the guy blabbing his mouth?' They don't see that the object is to try to show the public that this business is not as bad as some people thought it was. I'm trying to show that this can be a clean business, something necessary, something every community should have.

"I came over from Sicily when I was 12 years old. And small as I was, it registered on me that in my town, Augusta, where they had these places, you never heard of a rape case. Never! And you could understand these things, even then. So after I got out of the Army and was driving a cab in San Francisco and Oakland—it was during the Korean War—there were a lot of guys back from overseas, back from the front, a lot of them. And if one of these guys should get into my cab, the first thing he'd ask is, 'Hey, where can I see a girl?' Naturally, at first it was green to me. I didn't know nothing. But I caught on real fast, and whenever I was able to say, 'Yeah, I know a place,' they were always happy and smiling. Content. But when I said, 'Sorry, I can't help you, fella,' they'd get a real sad look on their face. That was the beginning. This was what made me think: what's wrong with it if it makes people happy?

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The girls, however, are not happy. Not on this night, when the parlor is full of rustic boys down from Idaho, beer drinkers and ass slappers who let hours slip by daring each other to pick a girl. Some of the girls go to heroic lengths to make believe they're partying, but the older ones, the tired ones, are pitiless in dealing with these rough, reluctant johns. Alberta, the parlormaid, finally puts it to the boys: "Do you want to fuck or don't you?" And, as it happens, they do. Down beneath crusty layers of shit-kicking Boise *machismo* and tender adolescent shame, that's what they want to do, that's what they drove 300 miles for, and, as awkward as truants in fear of being expelled, they go meekly down the corridors in pursuit of exasperated pussy.

The girls at Mustang Bridge work 21 days in a row. Then they take a week off; that takes care of "their flowers," as Joe demurely puts it. During the three weeks they're working, they stay inside the strategic hamlet except for such measured excursions as the house might permit—the odd date, an afternoon riding the five young horses in the pasture back of the brothel. They work 14-hour shifts, arranged so that everyone is on duty during the busiest hours, from ten P.M. until four A.M.

The whorehouse never closes. Part of the appeal in being the biggest whorehouse in the country is the ability to satisfy any taste at any hour. You can appear at the door at a quarter to seven in the morning and ask to be tied up and spanked. Welcome, stranger! It will happen for you.

•

Between errands in Reno, between dazzling tellers and cashiers with the size of the roll he pulls from the pocket of his white linen pants, Joe is explaining why running a whorehouse isn't all gravy. "I've got security men. I've got maids. I've got a parlormaid who's been with me 18 years. There's a manager, a dishwasher, a handyman, cooks, you name it. See, a lot of people think that I *run* the place. I don't. The actual running of the place is done by a woman, because only a woman should run other girls. Not a man. In fact, the person who really runs it is Sally, my wife. She knows this business way better than I do. She knows how to talk to girls.

"The place works like a rooming house. The girls get to keep all the money they make, except they pay room and board. We're not saying what they pay for room and board. There's no limit to what they pay for room and board. But if they book less than $50 a night, they don't pay anything at all.

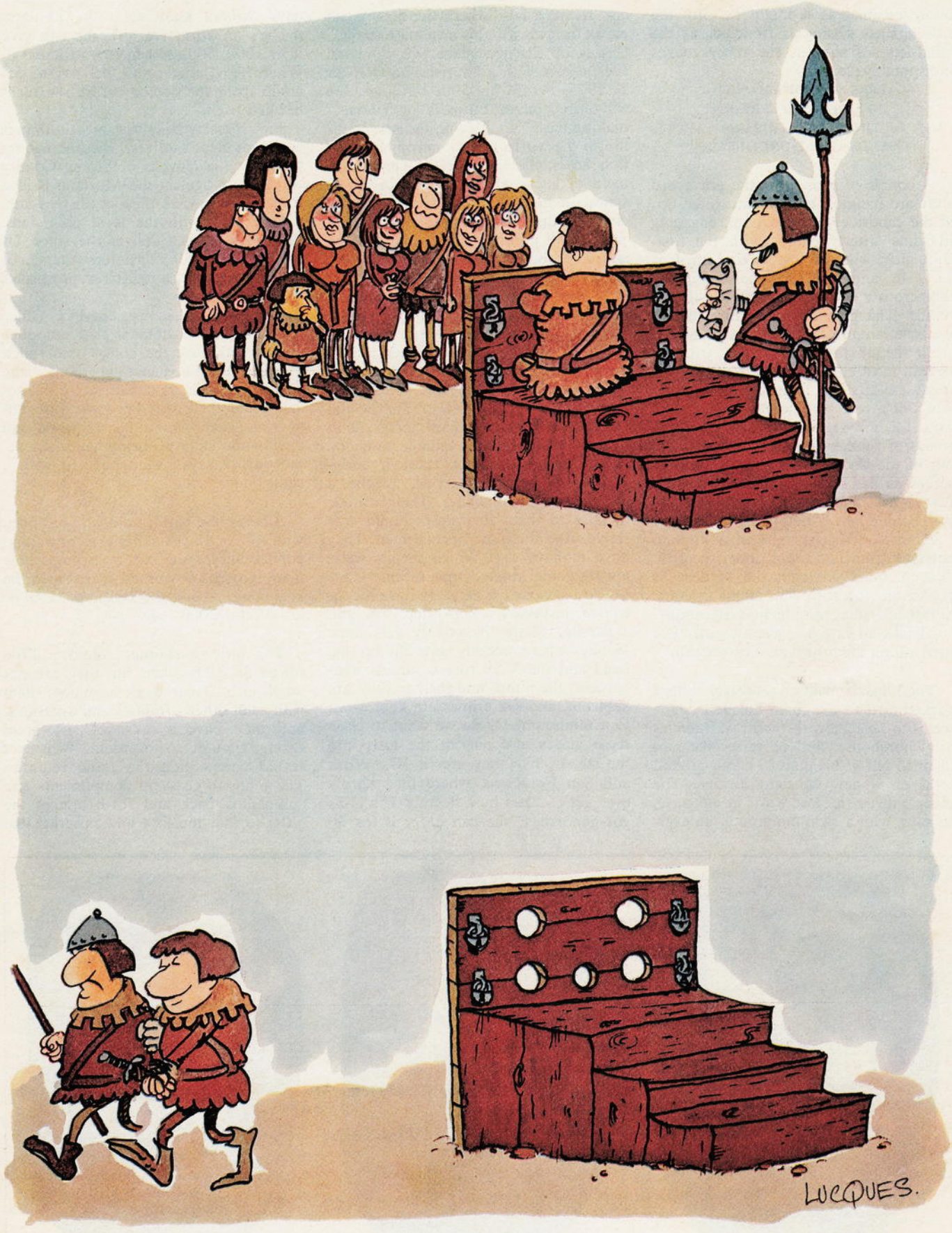
"Girls just keep showing up and asking for a job. There's so many coming that we haven't hired one for about two months now. And we don't even have our number listed. We got two or three right now, when they came here, it was their first time. Never turned a trick in their lives. I mean for money. Naturally, they probably did it with their boyfriends. Nine out of ten, maybe 19 out of 20, they like it here and stay. Because there's nothing to it. It comes natural.

"We never have any problems with a girl not wanting to do what a customer wants to do. That's not a problem. Never has been. If a man only wants to spend ten dollars, he gets . . . his needs. He gets what he came for and plenty of time to do it in. But naturally, if he wants to spend more, we don't stop him. That's up to him and the girl. He can do anything, anything that doesn't include hurting the girl, anything not too derogatory. This is something the general public should know. We do cater to a small percentage of the public that we call freaks. Let me repeat, a very small percentage, because I don't want to alarm the world. But we do have facilities where we can protect the customer and the girl, and these freaks still get their satisfaction. The girls know they're going to get some unusual requests. This is probably told to them by someone, maybe their boyfriend, maybe their girlfriend, because they know what's expected when they show up."

On the way out to Mustang Bridge, the telephone rings in the Bugazzi. "Hello," says Joe. "You have what? A tan coat? For who? I hear you, but I don't understand. Oh, ho, I get it. Where are you calling from? Oh, listen, I can't accept that. I can't talk to you across state lines. You do what you feel like, but I can't help you. Sorry." Joe breaks out laughing as he hangs up. "Somebody wants to put a girl from Chicago to work. 'A tan coat.' That's the way she said it. That shows she's in the business and knows the law. So she says, 'I have a tan coat,' when she means a colored girl."

•

Few of the girls at Mustang Bridge will admit to being the least bit aroused by their customers. Quite the contrary. Many of the men who go there are fighting impotence. Some are unpleasant about it. Some hope to play out scenes of dominance and mastery nowhere available in the real world. Often tricks will claim an inability to reach orgasm without a little kissing, some show of love. Of all the perversions the girls are acquainted with, this one takes the cake. "We're whores," Delores says firmly. "We don't kiss and we don't come." Strictly speaking, it is not true that the girls never experience an orgasm,


LUCQUES.

THE HOUSE THAT JOE BUILT *The girls are discussing the incredible amount of business they did while the air show was in town. "That's what you call a real Mentholatum weekend," says Lil.*

unprofessional as it might be. But the rule against kissing is ironclad, as the hand-lettered sign in the office makes indisputably clear:

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLOWED
TO KISS CUSTOMERS ON
THE MOUTH. IT IS UN-
SANITARY AND UNETHICAL

•

A couple of girls from the graveyard shift are hanging around the coffee urn in the cabdrivers' ready room, engaging in some sisterly banter with the first-shift girls, who are just waking up. It is 11 A.M. and the sunshine is lapping dangerously at the edges of the drawn blinds. The girls are discussing the incredible amount of business they did while the air show was in town, with the fastest, most efficient workers turning as many as 25 tricks a shift. "That's what you call a real Mentholatum weekend," says Lil the hairdresser, provoking a round of raunchy laughter. Lil is standing in the doorway of the cubicle that serves as her salon. BUSINESS A LITTLE SLOW? asks the sign tacked up on the wall behind her. COULD IT BE YOUR HAIR?

A soft and sleepy girl in a kimono emerges from her room down the hall. "Listen, hon," Lil calls out to her, "if you're not too sore, you ought to come horseback riding with us this afternoon."

"That's all I need," says the girl. "I've been riding them in here all weekend."

•

The Bugazzi makes a powerful collage parked next to the chain link fence. Joe seems to sense how the contrast humbles his whorehouse, and he seizes the moment to tell of his plan to break ground soon on a new Mustang Bridge. The place will be the last word in elegance, he says, with a swimming pool, an exercise room, a lab "where the doctor can check the girls with his own microscope." Setting up the new place will close out Joe's career with a flourish. On October 1, 1975, before his 50th birthday, Joe will retire from the business "on a money-making basis" and devote the rest of his life to the works of a nonprofit foundation he is planning for the encouragement of legalized prostitution in all 50 states. In his talks to service clubs and civic groups, Joe has acquired great poise and polish in his stance as a stand-up fighter against pimps, street crime, V.D., and narcotics.

"Society today doesn't have the choice: do we want prostitution, or do we don't want prostitution? I will grant you, if we did have the choice, better not to have it. Say a person could go next door to his girlfriend's and say, 'I feel like doing something, let's do it.' That would be better. But some men today don't have women readily available to them. They don't want to go through a rigmarole of getting married, maybe a divorce two months later. Their attitude dictates to them that they should stay single. And these are normal men. They have to have sex. Which means we're always going to have prostitution.

"So I say, isn't it better to have it controlled, inspected, where they issue you a license, where the county gets some money, where nobody gets hit on the head and the V.D. rate is almost nonexistent, the pimps and the narcotics are kept out, and sex crimes are kept down to a minimum? Or do we want to close these places and put all the girls into the streets, like they are in New York and San Francisco, where they hardly ever get checked by a doctor? If a girl's got gonorrhea, she can carry it for 30 days without knowing it. In 30 days, if she's an attractive girl, she can give it to 1000, 500, 200 men, you name it. Where here, that same girl has to get a slip from the doctor before she turns her first trick."

Joe's proselytizing for prostitution is based on clear motives, since he has no fear that the citizens of Storey County will rise up against the Mustang Bridge Ranch. He has, as they say in Nevada, a little juice with the local politicians. Moreover, he can deliver the votes. Of the county's 850 registered voters, 45, or five percent, are registered prostitutes working for Joe.

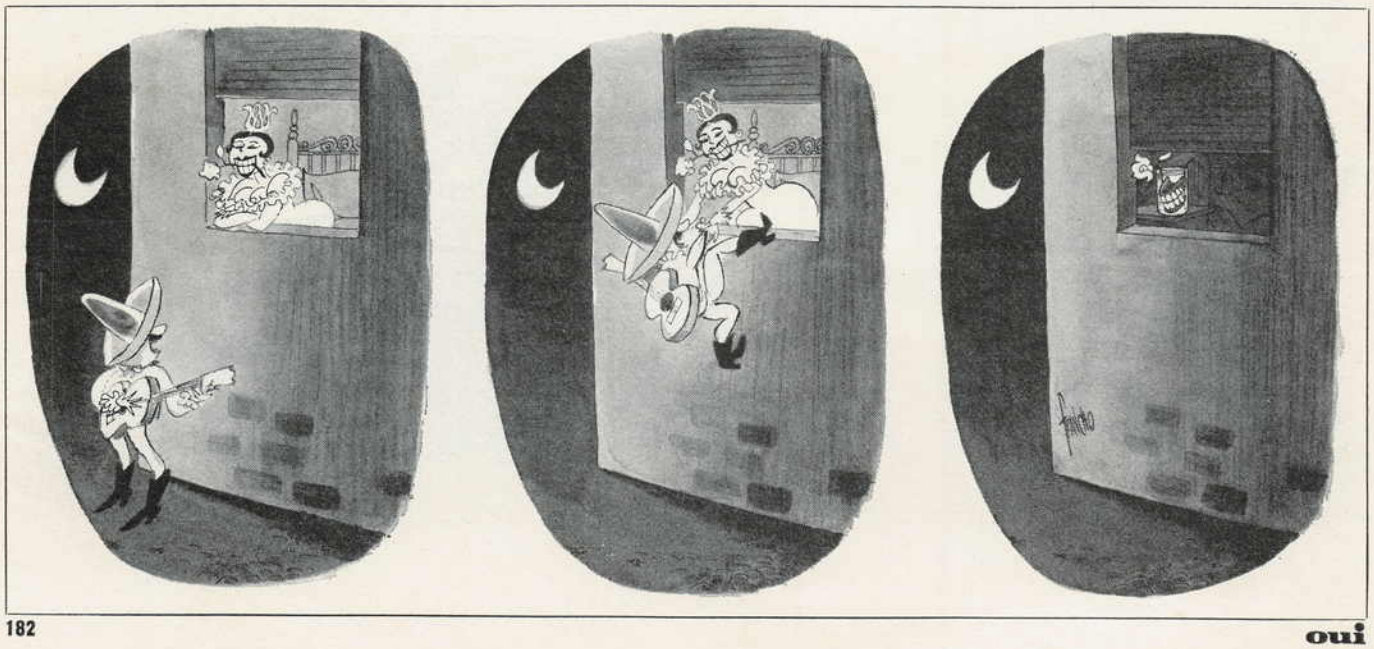
The Storey County Sheriff's Office confirms Joe's statement that not once in 18 years have the police been called to quell a disturbance at the Ranch. "The only time I recall we ever got called out there was once when an 89-year-old man had a heart attack and died while he was being entertained," the deputy says. "And he died with a smile on his face."

•

Alberta, the parlormaid who has been with Joe for 18 years, has to sit down and ponder before she can even guess how many girls have worked there since the beginning. At last she looks up. "I *know* it's at least 2000," she says.

•

The girls sometimes sound a little rough on each other, but they are not tough girls. Their work acquaints them with each other's frailties and aversions, and they have a sense of sisterhood strong enough to overcome whatever sexual competition the trade requires. The johns often swap compliments and complaints back and forth among the girls, so that the joys and miseries that



occur inside each cubicle do not go unrecorded. By any standard, it comes as a triumph of communal living when the girls at Mustang let it be known that next time you come by, you could do worse than asking for Chi-Chi.

•

That night Joe decides to go into Reno for dinner and a show. He takes Sadie and Carol to the best restaurant in town, where he gives the chef a free pass to the whorehouse in exchange for the salad-dressing recipe. Then, killing time before his friend Sonny King goes onstage at Harold's Club, he strolls around the casino with the two girls in his wake, making lightning strikes at the craps tables and giving radiant greetings to the dealers, pit bosses, and change girls who come up to say hello. Sadie grows a little pensive over her champagne while waiting for the show to start. Joe notices the change in her mood and gives her a hug. This right here is my favorite tomato, he says. "She's got something upstairs and something downstairs, too." Sadie smiles, but it is a smile of distraction: she has something she wants to say.

"As soon as I think of another profession in which I can do as much for people as I can in this one, I'll change professions," she begins. "It's been the most fantastic growth experience for me. To actually *touch* all these people. I once made it with a guy who came up to about my waist. Another time, the guy had, like, terminal acne. Once there was a man who was paralyzed from the waist down. He almost drove me crazy.

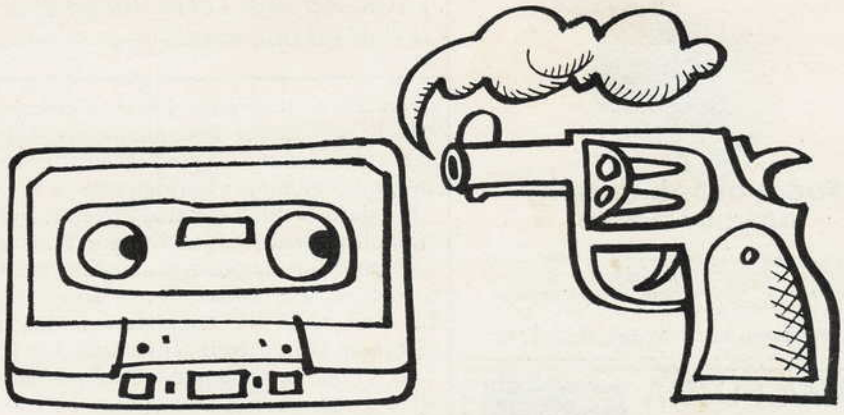
"One kind of guy, we call them in-like-a-lion, out-like-a-lamb. And this one guy, he was the worst ever. He came in and sat around the parlor calling everybody names. Finally, he chose me and we went back to my room and I told him, 'Look, it's just you and me now, so you can stop trying to impress everybody.' And I said, 'Hey, what's eating you, anyway?' And suddenly he just started to cry, really weep, and he told me that he'd been in this horrible car accident where his wife and his parents were killed and he was the only survivor. 'Why did I deserve to live?' he kept saying. I couldn't help from weeping for him myself, so we had this tremendous crying experience."

Onstage, the New Christy Minstrels, a wholesome group if there was one, is just getting around to the Mustang Bridge joke that is obligatory with Reno lounge acts.

"Hey, man, you look terrible," one Minstrel says to another. "You better get your tail out to Mustang Bridge."

"Hey, man," says the second Minstrel. "Where do you think I *have* been getting my tail?"

Joe laughs the obligatory laugh. He squeezes Sadie's shoulder and orders more champagne. ■



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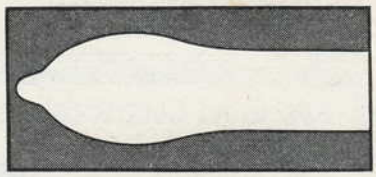

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TACK *All that keeps Jacqueline Susann's books from being tacky is that no one would take them seriously in the first place.*

(Continued from page 136) *Chinoise*, which any viewer not completely buffaloed by Godard's overwhelming trendiness must admit are boring pictures.

Godard is still a talented director. But when his talent leads him to an effective metaphor for the political situation, such as the French traffic jams in *Weekend*, he can't resist the temptation to louse things up with a political lecture, just in case no one gets the point. And political lectures are particularly clumsy as subtitles. Not to mention tacky.

Tacky Fiction. Camp novelists are easy to spot. Ronald Firbank, Max Beerbohm, Christopher Isherwood, Oscar Wilde—all exhibit that certain manneristic epicene style identified with camp.

Tacky novelists are much more difficult to discuss. Novelists who are simply bad don't qualify. For instance, Harold Robbins is not a tacky novelist. Robbins has no pretensions about the enduring quality of his stuff. He simply writes fast-paced, easy-reading action yarns that millions of people buy; then he sells them to the movies for big bucks. That his name is never mentioned in *Modern Fiction Studies* probably bothers him little, if at all. Violette Leduc *is* a tacky novelist. Her work is full of the sentimental stuff of soap operas, with the added fillip of lesbianism and a French (ergo, classy) author.

Jacqueline Susann is an interesting borderline case. Her novels exhibit the same virtues and defects as Robbins'. Although *The Adventurers* has more physical action than *Valley of the Dolls*, the latter is faster paced; Susann doesn't like to waste time on exposition. Yet, unlike Robbins, Susann has been heard maundering on talk shows about how she realizes that her books are popular fiction, but, after all, they teach popular fiction in some college classes now, and gee whiz, Dickens and Dreiser wrote pop fiction in their day. Susann has all the pretensions. The only thing that keeps her books from being tacky is that, unlike Leduc's, no one would mistake them for serious fiction in the first place.

Radical Tack. The process that Tom Wolfe described as Radical Chic is really a form of tackiness in reverse. The classic tacky situation involves an unsuccessful attempt by a working-class person to emulate the middle or upper classes; say, Bobby Seale attempting to move on Leonard Bernstein's level.

Radical Chic is the diametric opposite: the *bourgeoisie* takes the proletariat as an ideal and tries to emulate it. No matter how convincingly Otto Preminger learns the five-slap or greets his colleagues with a cheery "What it is!" one suspects that he will never make a convincing Panther.

Laff Tack. Joey Bishop is a tacky comedian. That is, he represents himself as being something that he obviously is not: funny. He's only tacky in context, though. Bishop may well be a fine fellow, and he probably would have been an adequate accountant or veterinarian.

Mercantile Tack. Bloomingdale's department store in New York is America's capital of feverish middle-class consumption. Right after the Ping-Pong Summit, the U. S. inaugurated a liberalized trade policy with the People's Republic of China. Bloomie's, as sensitive to the scent of public gullibility as a vulture to signs of weakness in a dying animal, immediately opened its China Passage Boutique.

Since the new *Ostpolitik* wasn't liberal enough to cover the exchange of any vital goods, the boutique's selection ran to Mao jackets, wicker baskets, and bamboo back-scratchers, the sort the Japanese make for five bucks per million and sell to PTAs to give away as prizes at school carnivals. Naturally, all of these trendy yummies were sold at Bloomingdale's regular (outrageous) prices.

And, naturally, thousands of otherwise reasonably sophisticated New Yorkers came barreling into Bloomingdale's to paw and proclaim over the Oriental exotica. *NBC News* showed one blue-haired matron who appeared to be about 130 years old buttoning a Mao jacket over her spindly frame and cooing, "Oh, I just *know* these are going to be all the fashion this year!"

During the first week that China Passage was open, thousands of shoppers carted home carloads of overpriced Chinese junk, including the boutique's most expensive item, an enormous 200-dollar wicker basket used by fishermen to store fish on deck. Two hundred dollars for a wicker basket. The ideal thing for storing dead carp in your living room. "Hi, Marge, c'mon in. What? Oh, *that?* You mean that four-foot wicker basket where the coffee table used to be? Well, you won't believe this, but Dave bought that at Bloomie's, and it comes *all the way from China.* Yes. *Red* China! Isn't it *fab*ulous?"

Of course, none of the happy shoppers would have been caught dead with any of this Altar-and-Rosary-Society-Annual-Raffle-booby-prize stuff if it had been domestic in origin. But it was Chinese. *Red* Chinese. So mobs of otherwise discriminating people, lusting for a taste of the exotic, rushed to be the first

on their blocks to Buy UnAmerican. And they returned with thousands of cheap, useless, tacky Chinese goods. Not that there is anything intrinsically tacky about a wicker fish basket—if you're a Chinese fisherman. But the 200 bucks the basket cost in New York would have paid that fisherman's rent for two years.

Tacky Wedding of the Decade. If there ever was a styleless, colorless pair, Tricia and Eddie Cox are it. As a result, they were completely swamped by the preparations for their wedding, which proved to be the most ostentatious White House spectacle ever. All the attention went to their wedding cake, not to them. The big running news story was whether that Chrysler Building wedding cake was going to collapse, sending the plastic Barbie and Ken replicas of the Coxes to the basement layer. Who cared about the participants? The cake was much more interesting; it held the potential of an enormous fuck-up in the midst of all that Byzantine planning. Tacky.

Achievement Tack. Tackiness can result from overachievement as well as from overreaching. It often happens that a styleless soul scrambles into a position that demands a certain amount of style. For example, President Eisenhower was a tacky president. Homespun, Old Soldier, a face like a benevolent Grade AA hen's egg—no style. (It is no coincidence that his wife's maiden name was Dowd.) And Ike knew it, knew that his personal force was unequal to the Presidency, and that nothing he did would impress his own mark on the office or on the country. So, rather than embarrass himself by vain attempts, he did nothing for eight years.

Lyndon Johnson, by contrast, was a monster, but the leering old Texan had style. A president who, as David Halberstam reports, sits down to take a shit, then calls an aide in for a toilet-bowl-side conference is anything but tacky.

Thanatacksis. The cruelest thing about tackiness is its utter finality. Things that are simply vulgar are often redeemed by becoming camp after a time. Things that are tacky, unless they are legitimated by becoming fashionable, almost always stay tacky. Who can conceive of Lawrence Welk being redeemed by time? There are some exceptions, but they are rare, and they involve a transcendence of categories that is difficult to make.

Forest Lawn is one such. When it opened, the cemetery promoted itself vigorously as the world's loveliest, most elegant memorial park. No one was fooled. Plainly, it was just another bone yard, more vulgar and overblown than most.

But after a while, deluged by Forest Lawn billboards, TV commercials, bus-bench signs, and coloring books, people began to look on the place with a degree of affection. The Forest Lawn guided tour became a thing for hip young couples to do on Sunday afternoon. They walked around and admired the three chapels, the world's largest collection of fake Michelangelo sculpture, and the world's largest religious painting, a Foster-and-Kleiser-scale reproduction of *The Last Supper*. Forest Lawn became more than just another graveyard.

Indeed, it became more than *any* other graveyard. It is now generally recognized that there are cemeteries, and there is Forest Lawn, an entirely separate phenomenon. It's Southern California's very own necropolis, a sort of Disneyland of death. The locals aren't ashamed of it. It's a landmark, like freeways, smog, and Knott's Berry Farm.

Some More Tacky Things. The King Sisters, the Partridge Family, the Waltons, Las Vegas, Erecto-Cream, Walt Disney Productions, double-knit suits, Joe Namath, any store with the word "city" as part of its name (Tie City, Optical City, Stereo City, OB-GYN City), Ann-Margret, Fifties nostalgia, pre-tied ties (especially bow ties), frozen gourmet foods, Liza and Desi, AstroTurf, the American Basketball Association, plastic vomit, Miami Beach, falsies, trading stamps, things you get with trading stamps, Bible World, Johnny Carson, pet cemeteries, Naugahyde, the Chevrolet Camaro, primal therapy, the Mafia, chewing gum, Junior Achievement, methadone, book clubs, the F-111, Corfam shoes, the College Outline Series, eye make-up for men (unless you're a declared transvestite), Miss Teenage America, matching bedroom sets, David Susskind, the *auteur* school of rock criticism, alternative marriage ceremonies, finishing high school in your spare time, things you get in boxes of soap or free with ten gallons of gas, silver-studded jeans from Bonwit's (unless you're Puerto Rican), David Frost, Oral Roberts, Day-Glo anything, the New York Dolls, poo cushions, *Pink Flamingos*, Liza and Peter, Richard Speck, headlines on fan magazines (THE NEW MAN IN BESS TRUMAN'S LIFE), Lance Loud, *Great Moments in Opera*, voyeurism, platform clogs, Buddy poppies, anything advertised on TV after midnight, Billy Graham, the punk school of rock criticism, Hitler-period nostalgia, crazy-daisies, the Oakland A's, Xaviera Hollander, Baltimore, beef Wellington, Alice Cooper, the pre-1972 George Wallace (ambulatory model), Henny Youngman, the films of Jerry Lewis, *Cosmopolitan*, pictures of Jackie Onassis without her bra, nose jobs, Liza with a Z. ▣

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WE'RE ALL ONE *Rao was accosted by muggers who beat him and robbed him and left him lying on the pavement, a dark lump with no aura, a miserably broken Indian at one with no one.*

(Continued from page 102) the right kind of life. The great Swami looked down upon the old man and asked, 'Are you dying the right kind of death?' "

"Yeah, right, man!" Jack would say.

And Jack would tell a tale: "There was this here *gu*ru, baby, who, like, was at a very high place?"

Jack always said his important sentences as if they were questions. This made sense, of course. It was because he wanted to know if everyone understood what he was talking about, and it was a shortcut way to find out. When you are from an outside world that is a ghetto, you never really know if people understand you, and you have to use shortcuts. But, still, for his part, Rao felt that saying sentences as if they were questions was not a very direct approach. He was sure that Jack would never amount to much.

Gene's tale followed Jack's. And Rao noticed that each one was longer and more difficult to find a moral in than the previous one. It seemed almost as if these people, his wife and friends, were *competing* with their tales, just as Rao did in business; and so they were not being spiritual at all. But Rao did not say anything. He was somewhat embarrassed that he, an Indian, was the only person who did not know any deeply moving Hindu tales or messages from the Upanishads. Sometimes, however, he might just allow himself to say *Shanti*, and he would clasp his hands—all of which sort of means peace.

Gene would play his Indian sitar, an instrument that Rao knew next to nothing about, except that he had heard and seen many sitars when he lived in Delhi, just as he had heard and seen many gurus. It was hard for Gene and Jack and especially Delphinia to believe, but Rao did not *like* classical Hindu music. Rao preferred Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennett, and Brasil '66. He sometimes conjured up his uncle Sri Shikara, who, Rao said, used to say that classical Hindu music, like spirituality, was not for everybody. But Gene would sit quietly, playing his Hindu instrument, while Rao's ears tightened up. Gene would put on a very benign and spiritual Eastern expression. Jack would say to Rao, "You ain't got no *soul*!"

Once, it should be mentioned, Rao did attempt to join in the ritual of smoking. He did it only because he was in love with Delphinia. And he tried with a ferocious determination. Rao took the joint passed to him by Delphinia and he inhaled with the same clawing energy that had made him a successful capitalist, that had dragged him out of the slums of Delhi; he *inhaled*, sucking like a vortex Sutra!—or at least so Delphinia later described his zeal—and then he swallowed the J. He *swallowed* it. There was laughter. Jack said, "You got to be cool, man!" And Delphinia said, "Well, it's not for *everybody*. That's what my notable uncle-in-law says." Rao was glad for the darkness of his skin so that no one could see him blushing.

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"I want to meet Swami Sri Shikara," Delphinia said one day. "I want to meet my uncle-in-law!" It was about one month since she had married Rao.

"The Swami is inside us—as we do the work we are daily meant to do," Rao replied.

"That's such a Western, bourgeois thing to say," Delphinia replied. And then she repeated herself: "I want to meet Sri Shikara. I want to go to India." Actually, Delphinia said "my *native* India."

Rao began to wish that he were alone again. He did not want to return to India. At night, when Delphinia slept, after sucking her Js like a noxious vacuum, Rao would stare at her in the light of the candle and watch shadows dance along her pallid face. He would see scorpions and lizards and bats flapping their wings, and he seldom fell asleep. Rao no longer said spiritual words to his customers. He no longer cooked so well. He could not tolerate that repetitious, primitive Hindu sitar music that played over the Taj stereo system.

But Rao did not go crazy, and he did not kill anyone. Instead, one night, hunching home from the Taj Mahal, worn out though he sat and said little to any customers that day, Rao was accosted by muggers who must have sensed an easy target and who did not believe that All is One and who beat and robbed him and left him lying on the pavement, a dark lump with no aura, no Love, a miserably broken Indian at one with no one, like the dark millions who stain the streets of Delhi and Calcutta.

In the hospital, Delphinia suggested a vacation. She said India. Rao was weak. Gene and Jack came to visit. They smoked Js in Rao's private room. Delphinia said India. Rao leaped from his hospital bed, grabbed Gene's sitar, cracked it in half over one of his weak knees, cracked the thick, hollow bottom part over Gene's head, and then, still brandishing his musical weapon, he headed for Delphinia.

Suddenly, like a Calcutta sunset, Rao dropped dead. A heart attack.

"A real American death," said Delphinia at the cremation. "Rao was attacked by the commercial aspects of life."

"He should have been buried, like Americans are," said Gene, who plunked his new sitar, which Delphinia had paid for with Rao's insurance money.

"No. He should not!" said Delphinia. "Rao was Hindu. He was attacked by the commercial aspects. Even if he didn't know that himself." Delphinia's dark eyes were large and full and deep, and they seemed to be seeing through to another world. The next day she flew off to India.

She wrote letters describing it. In the beginning, the letters were full of words like beautiful, incredible, holy, and far out. They spoke of swamis and gurus and peace. Even the beggars and the dying. Delphinia wrote, were very holy. You could tell from the way they looked. Even some beggars sat in the lotus position—a revelation that caused some Wows and some *Om Shantis* to be chanted at the Taj Mahal when the letter was read out loud by Jack. But then a later letter spoke of disease; and another spoke of death, and how impossible it was to be spiritual—really spiritual—here, with all this decay decaying all around. What was necessary here was money! Calcutta needed a boost in its economy. Delphinia asked Jack—who now managed the Taj Mahal—to send her money. She wanted to open up an authentic American restaurant. It would be called the Delhi Katessen. Delphinia wrote: . . . *Here in India there are some very wealthy and snobbish people who look down on their native culture, as if they are too good for it or beyond it or something like that—sort of like Rao, even though he didn't like delicatessen himself, ha! ha! And these Indian snobs who imitate all our awful Western habits would really freak out over an authentic New York deli (I mean Delhi, ha, ha), with corned beef and cole slaw and potato salad, etc., etc. It would really be an "in" thing.* Delphinia was very excited, and she signed this letter with a larger than usual *Shanti* and *Hare* and *Om*: *From Your Eternal Sister, Delphinia.*

At the Taj Mahal, Jack had passed months talking ghetto to beautiful New York women, many of whom looked like models. He did very well, though with him as manager and Gene as sitar-playing aura painter, the restaurant soon went broke. Jack wrote back to Delphinia that there was no money to send. *I'm sorry, sister,* he wrote.

So Delphinia went to the American consulate, declared herself as Sarah Rao, indigent, and waited with her legs crossed in the lotus position until they sent her home.

Back in Greenwich Village, Delphinia painted beautiful red Ss on Superman's chest. And there was some hunger in her eyes. ▣

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